















AN  
ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIPTIVE  
GUIDE  
TO THE  
GREAT RAILWAYS  
OF  
ENGLAND,  
AND THEIR CONNECTIONS WITH THE  
CONTINENT.

— 1855 —

Morton & Co.



## ON THE WING.

OUR life of to-day is a life of change which is constantly developing. The world has grown older, wiser, and more epicurean. If we eat less and drink less, we make up for these shortcomings by an imperious demand for more subtle enjoyments. Our claim is for new scenes, new emotions, and new phases of life, and one result of this is, that we are constantly on the wing. We crave for change as our forefathers craved for the excitement of boxing, bull-baiting, and rat-killing. In our wider intellectual sympathies we bring the world within our ken, and railways and steamboats minister to our wants. One man essays to reach the North Pole, a second takes a holiday trip through Central Africa, whilst a third passes from continent to continent until he has girdled the earth in his peregrinations. These are the more marked features of our life of to-day. In its modest phases, it flits to and fro between those localities which are famous from their associations with the past or fashionable from their connection with the whim of the present. In the quieter portions of the country the older residents migrate to the sea shore and enjoy the sea air at one or other of the watering-places scattered round our coast. Their numbers testify to their wide popularity and the general advantages they bring. Men who are weary of work, equally with men who are weary of monotony, find renewed health springs from the change, and they gather new life as they linger on the borders of the sea. Whitby and Morecombe, Brighton and Ilfracombe, Scarborough and Torquay, illustrate the various positions from the far north to the extreme south. At one and all there is the same teaching, a desire to reap the charm of the hour, and they find that which they seek, either in some quiet nook where the ceaseless plash of the waves on the shore brings a lulling sense of repose, or amid some brilliant throng where excitement kills care. Amid such conditions men and women find new charms in life and reap fresh enjoyment from the undying law of change.

The great railways of England minister to the wants thus indicated. In the summer time the night express carries thousands to the Scotch mountains and Scotch moors; in the late autumn the same travellers pass south, and find a temporary resting-place at Eastbourne or Ventnor, Bournemouth or Hastings; whilst in the early days of winter they bridge the Channel by way of Calais or Boulogne, and flit with the swallows to warmer and more genial climes. Amid it all, the love of change and novelty remains paramount. Each locality furnishes fresh sources of interest, and each year brings a livelier sympathy with the teachings of the past. Our great cathedrals in their pinnacled beauty are appealing to a more educated taste and a more appreciative sense. The remains of mediæval abbeys, splendid in their decay, compete for supremacy with the ruins of the castle embosomed in ivy or overgrown with moss. Men clamber over the stones or rest under the shadow of their walls, and recall the days when the Church was supreme

## *On the Wing.*

and carried alike the temporal and spiritual swords. All these scenes of interest are scattered with a lavish hand throughout our English soil. Memories of the past arise at every step. The battle-fields where English freedom was fought for, won and secured, are to be found far and wide. The modest homes where great men were born constitute shrines to which human sympathy clings with an ever-growing intensity, and towards which the steps of the traveller turns with an ever-increasing zest. Stratford-on-Avon is a spot where devotees from every quarter of the world are constantly thronging. In a lesser but not less true sense, the locality of the Ayrshire ploughman is becoming a central thought to millions of English speaking men. All these things are true of our own soil, and they are equally true with respect to the various places on the Continent. It would not be difficult to point out localities in Germany, France, and Italy that would vie with the noblest of ours at home. We have no mountain scenery like that of Switzerland, no winter climate like that on the borders of the Mediterranean, and no wonder like that of the disinterred Pompeii. We have teachings that come close home because they are our own; but, in a wider sense, no education can be described as perfect, that has not embraced Continental thought and associations. This can only be done by personally mingling with the people on the Continent. This feeling is widespread, and large masses of our people are constantly availing themselves of the opportunities which exist for travelling both well and cheaply. The railways have formed connections with the Continent at various points. Thus the Great Eastern have perfected their arrangement for connecting London with Amsterdam, Rotterdam, the Rhine, and the North of Europe; the South Eastern with Paris and the Continent by way of Folkestone and Boulogne; the London, Chatham and Dover with Brussels and Cologne by way of Dover and Calais; whilst the Brighton links with Dieppe and Normandy, and the Great Western and South Western unite the south coast with Cherbourg and the Channel Islands. From the various points here indicated, the foreign railways branch forth, bringing into close connection every part of Europe.

In these days not to have seen the Continent is to have been excluded from some of the most exquisite sights that the world can yield. The far-famed beauties of the Rhine, with their vine-clad sides and ruined castles, must be seen to be loved. The glories of Alpine scenery and the vigorous stimulus of its strong air bring back new conceptions of life as they bring back new tone to the nerves. The unique beauties of Venice, absolutely alone in their special characteristics, linger like the refrain of a rich melody on the memory, and once seen are never forgotten. In Avignon, Marseilles, and the cities that border the Mediterranean, we have associations that carry us back into the far past, and living facts that give charm to the life of to-day. When London is shrouded in fog, the sun shines and flowers bloom at Nice, Cannes, and the long sweep of the Riviera. Lower down is Genoa, with its palaces and terraces rising ever upward, giving finish and beauty to



## *On the Wing.*

one of the loveliest positions in the world. Still further south we reach Pisa with its falling tower; Florence rendered immortal by the great names enrolled in its history, and enthrallingly beautiful by the matchless treasures that are enclosed within its churches and palaces. In the far distance lie Rome, Naples, and Pompeii: the first with its myriad claims, the second with its matchless beauty, and the third with its unapproached interest as the most marvellous relic in the world. All these and a thousand other sources of interest, information, and wonder are scattered over the highways of the Continent. All these claims to attention and appreciation are accepted by our keen cousins across the water. They imbibe knowledge with a passionate zest, and measure distance with a careless indifference. With them a visit to Europe is regarded as a pleasant interlude among more serious questions. A trip across "the herring pond," and a scamper through the Old World cities is reduced to the level of a holiday outing. The perfect finish of ocean steamers and the vivid recognition that change prolongs life is producing a somewhat similar feeling among ourselves. Cheap through routes available for two months add to the temptation, and we thus find that the class of those who travel is ever growing.

We now append three routes for the Continent which embrace the most special points of interest.

### *Italian through line.*

TONNERRE.  
DIJON.  
AIX-LES-BAINS.  
CHAMBERRY.  
CENIS TUNNEL, ETC.  
TURIN.  
MILAN.  
VERONA.  
VENICE.

### *Turin to Brindisi.*

PARMA.  
MODENA.  
BOLOGNA.  
ANCONA.  
FOGGIA.  
BARI.  
BRINDISI.

### *Turin to Naples.*

GENOA.  
PISA.  
LEGHORN.  
CIVITA VECCHIA.  
ROME.  
NAPLES.

AND

### *From Paris to the South via Dijon.*

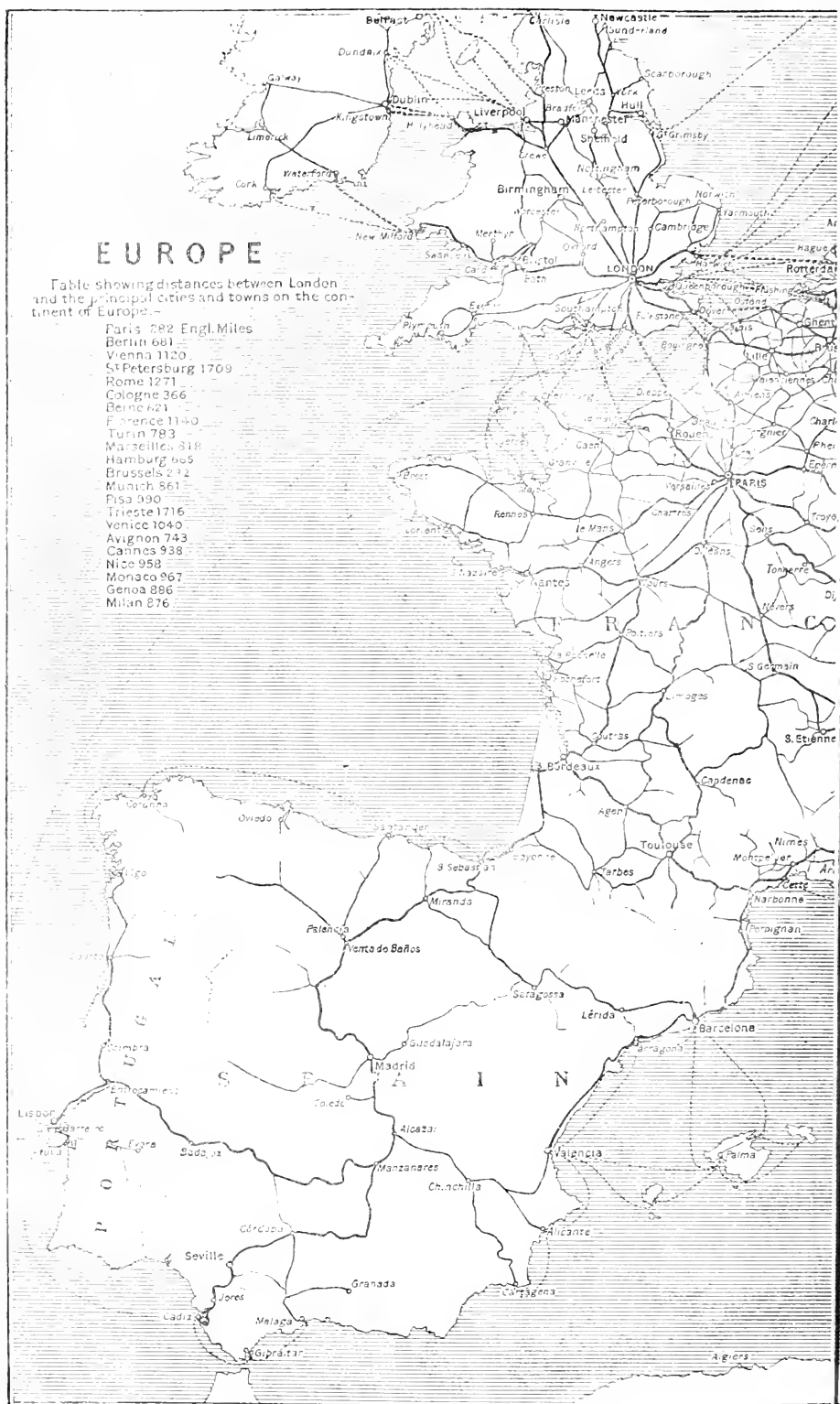
LYONS.  
AVIGNON.  
TARRASCON.  
ARLES.  
MARSEILLES.  
TOULON.

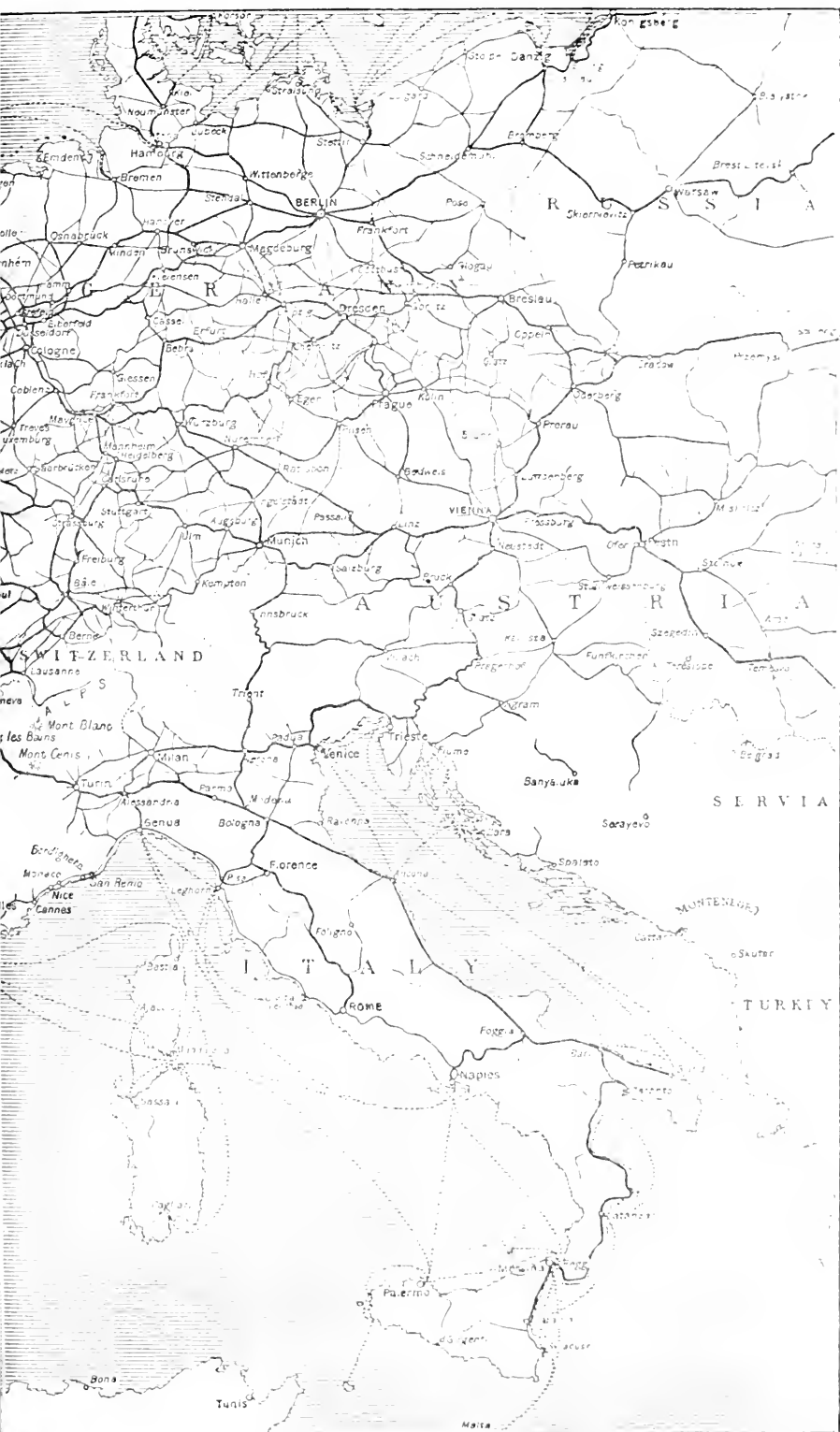
CANNES.  
NICE.  
MONACO.  
MONTE CARLO.  
BORDIGHERA.  
SAN REMO.

# EUROPE

Table showing distances between London and the principal cities and towns on the continent of Europe:-

Paris	282 Engl. Miles
Berlin	681
Vienna	1120
St Petersburg	1709
Rome	1271
Cologne	366
Brussels	212
Florence	1140
Turin	783
Marseilles	618
Hamburg	605
Munich	561
Pisa	990
Trieste	1716
Venice	1040
Avignon	743
Cannes	938
Nice	958
Monaco	967
Genoa	886
Milan	276





# Memoranda.

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## Memoranda.

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# UNDERGROUND.

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THE construction of the Metropolitan Railway illustrates very vividly the density of London life, and the mode in which engineers have grappled with the difficulty. To run a line from Paddington into the City three courses were open. One was to choose the road level, and thus practically block all other traffic. This was obviously inadmissible. A second was to construct it on pillars level with the first floor windows as in New York, or on brick arches similar to that of the Blackwall line. Both these ideas were not only expensive but open to many other objections. A third course remained, which was to run beneath the level. This was finally adopted and received in common parlance the title of "The Underground." The original idea has been largely extended, and that which at the outset was a mere branch from Paddington to Farringdon Street, now runs from Aldgate, through Paddington, to Hammersmith and Richmond, and through Notting Hill Gate, Kensington, and Westminster, to the Mansion House Station, forming the completion of the inner circle. At first sight few things could look so little needed as a Guide to the Metropolitan Railway, yet in reality there are few lines in England where such information is more essentially necessary. It may be pointed out that almost all the great railways which have termini in London, either have running powers over some portion of the system, or are placed in direct relationship with it. To make this clear, it will be better to mention the more salient points connected with each station. The present terminus of the Metropolitan Railway is at Aldgate, which is the station nearest to the Docks, the Tower of London, and the Fenchurch Street Station of the Blackwall Railway, from which ready access can be obtained to any of the eastern parts of London. The next station is that of Bishopsgate: here are the termini of the Great Eastern Railway and the North London Railway. Passing onward the next station is that of Moorgate Street; here several of the larger railways have booking offices, and their trains run into this station. These railways are the London, Chatham, and Dover, the Midland, the Great Northern, and the Great Western. Passengers can book through to any station on their respective lines. Aldersgate Street Station is the next, and is the point nearest for St. Paul's Cathedral, the General Post Office, and the locality of the general Manchester trade. The next station is that of Farringdon Street, near to which is the Holborn Viaduct and Newgate. One step further on is King's Cross, where the junction is formed with the Great Northern and Midland Railways: whilst Gower Street is the point nearest to the British Museum, and also the station nearest to Euston, the main terminus of the London and North Western Railway. After which we arrive at Portland Road for Regent's Park, and Baker Street for St. John's

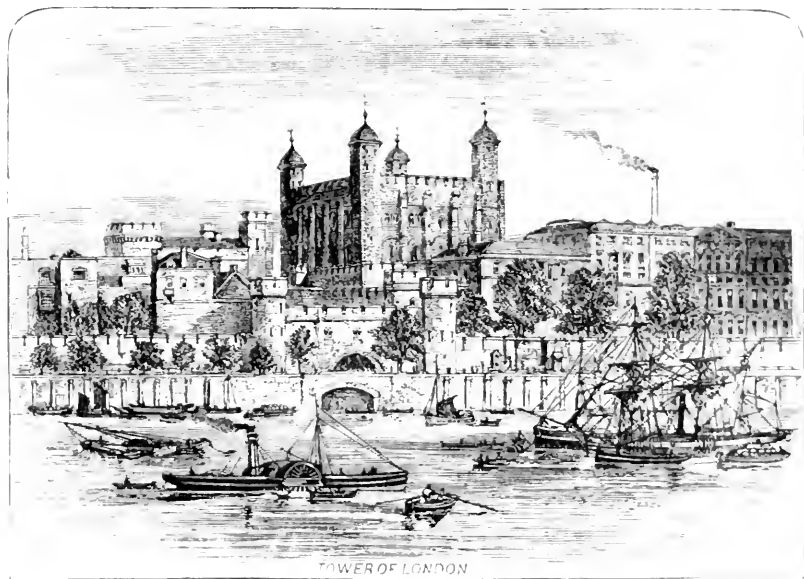
## *Underground.*

Wood, where passengers have to leave their carriages and pass over the bridge into the St. John's Wood Railway Station, the line of which is now extended to Harrow. The next station is Edgware Road, the great junction of the line, for here the train sweeps either to the right or the left; if to the right then through Bishop's Road Station to the Hammersmith branch. At this point the Metropolitan Railway joins the Great Western line (the main terminus of which is at Paddington), and passes onward through Westbourne Park, Notting Hill, and Hammersmith, to Kew Gardens and Richmond. At Notting Hill there is a junction with the middle route for Addison Road, Kensington, whence the line continues to Gloucester Road Station, rejoining the Inner Circle or main line at that point. To complete the Inner Circle it is necessary to return to Edgware Road. After starting, the train sweeps to the left at the junction and passes through Praed Street, Notting-Hill Gate, South Kensington, and Westminster, to the Mansion House, which is the terminal station on this part of the route. In a rough way this indicates the grouping and connection of the Metropolitan Railway, the more specific details of stations and the points of interest which are nearest to them are given at page 40. Special care has been taken to protect passengers from mistakes, by placing at each station a notice board, on which is indicated the destination of every train before it enters the station. We turn from these matters of detail to point out that the Metropolitan Railway runs through a district that in certain respects has no equal in the world. No capital can boast of parks equal to Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. No museums equal our South Kensington and British Museums, in fulness of resource, untold wealth, and abundance of example. No gallery combines the same groundwork of scientific teaching and artistic treasure, illustrating alike the past and the present, as our own National Gallery. More splendid paintings illustrative of particular schools, or particular men, occur in almost every gallery of note in Europe, but in its combined aspect it may challenge any that can be named. It has risen out of chaos, and has before it a splendid future. In a somewhat similar sense the surroundings of Westminster Abbey are absolutely unique. No other spot exists where the most illustrious examples of the past are entwined so closely with the virile life of the present, while in mere architectural beauty it can fairly hold its own. No one would compare London with Paris so far as mere beauty is concerned, yet on our Thames Embankments there are phases of grouping which will vie with the most superb points of view of the Paris Quays. All these localities, with numberless others, lie on the route of the Metropolitan Railway. Those who want to see London should remember that, like all great cities, its objects of attraction and interest are endless; they grow out of every struggle and are increased by every epoch. Yet in a rough way there are not above a dozen special sights whose reputation is world-wide, and all of these can be readily reached by the Underground Railway.



## THE TOWER.

BEFORE we descend to the platform of ALDGATE STATION, we feel bound to avail ourselves of our proximity to the TOWER, and pay a visit to that venerable fortress. Passing down the Minories, a wide thoroughfare occupying the site of an old City ditch, and named after a convent of minoresses suppressed in 1593, we soon emerge upon an open space. Looking across the wide moat of the fortress, now laid out as a garden and drill-ground, there rises boldly and commandingly, behind a double line of battlements, the glorious old pile known as the *White Tower*, the most remarkable relic of Norman architecture in England. Built for William the Conqueror, by his famous engineer and leader of the church militant, Bishop Gundulph of



TOWER OF LONDON

Rochester, this keep of the ancient fortress, in its simple grandeur, contrasts most advantageously with the pretentious buildings of more modern date which surround it. On his way to the entrance-gate the visitor passes Tower Hill, the former place of execution. Sir Simon Burley, the faithful friend of Richard II., was the first whose head fell here beneath the axe, in 1389, and the long list of victims of royal tyranny, religious intolerance, or political intrigue closes in 1746, with Lord Lovat, the Jacobite, who was the last person beheaded in this country.

At the Lion's Gate, near which the King's menagerie was kept until its removal to the Zoological Gardens, in 1842, we provide ourselves with tickets, and are then conducted to the principal sights by Warders, attired in the costume of Henry VIII.'s body-guard. Crossing the moat we find ourselves in the "Outer Bail." On our left rises the Bell Tower, in which the Princess—afterwards Queen Elizabeth—was kept a prisoner.

The Governor's lodgings adjoin it, the council chamber, in which Guy

Fawkes and his accomplices in the Gunpowder Plot were subjected to a "rigorous" examination, forming part of it. On the right yawns the 'Traitors' Gate, through which prisoners brought by water were admitted; and nearly opposite to it stands the Bloody Tower, the traditional scene of the murder of the sons of Edward IV. Passing through a gateway of massive and melancholy aspect, with a portcullis hanging above it, as befits a prison, we thus enter the "Inner Bail." Right in front lies *Tower Green*, the place of execution of Queens Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, of Lady Jane Grey and the Earl of Essex. Together with other victims of those bloody times, they have found a last resting-place in the unpretending church of St. Peter ad Vincula, which we see at the bottom of the green.

But our attendant Warder, anxious to perform his round of duty as expeditiously as possible, scarcely allows the memory to linger over the historical associations which a visit to this ancient fortress, prison, and royal residence call up before us. Hurriedly we are conducted through the *Horse Armoury*, which, in addition to the effigies of twenty-two knights in armour, contains an invaluable collection of ancient weapons and military equipments. A staircase leads thence to an upper floor, and passing through the wall of the White Tower, seventeen feet thick, we reach *Queen Elizabeth's Armoury*, thus called because it contains some spoils from the great Spanish Armada. An effigy of the Virgin Queen occupies a recess at the lower end of this apartment; but visitors will turn with more interest to the dark dungeon in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for twelve years, and to the block and axe used at the last execution on Tower Hill. Returning by the way we came, we once more find ourselves on Tower Green, and are then conducted over the White Tower, perhaps the most dainty arsenal in the world, the trophies formed of rifles, sabres, bayonets, and ramrods being most creditable to the taste of the men in charge of this famous repository of warlike weapons. *St. John's Chapel*, which extends through two stories of the Tower, is typical of the rude vigour of the age in which it was constructed. It is one of the last apartments into which the visitor is conducted, but certainly not the least interesting.

When our Warder finally takes leave of us we issue once more upon Tower Green, opposite to the castellated Wellington barracks. A squad of incipient guardsmen may possibly occupy our attention for a few minutes. But before leaving a locality so rich in historical associations we ought to have a look into Beauchamp Tower, named from Thomas de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, who was confined within it in 1397; and which is popularly, though erroneously, supposed to have likewise been the place of imprisonment of Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey. We should, before leaving the Inner Bail, turn into the Record Tower, and have a look at the Crown Jewels, which are kept there in an iron cage.

It may here be stated that the Armouries and Jewel House are thrown open free on Mondays and Saturdays, but that one shilling is charged for admission on the other days of the week.

## THE HEART OF THE CITY.

ALIGHT at Moorgate Street Station, and pass through the block of houses facing the station so as to reach the main thoroughfare that lies beyond ; then turn to the right, when five minutes' walk will bring you to the Bank of England, Mansion House, Royal Exchange, and Guildhall, each one of which has associations, either in the present or the past, that render them worthy of being seen. Round these centres moves the great whirl of business life, keen, pushing, and ceaselessly at work. No words can better convey the scope and force of its activity than those written by Heine, "Send a philosopher to London," wrote he, "and set him at the corner of Cheapside ; there as he listens he will hear the world's heart beat." This is

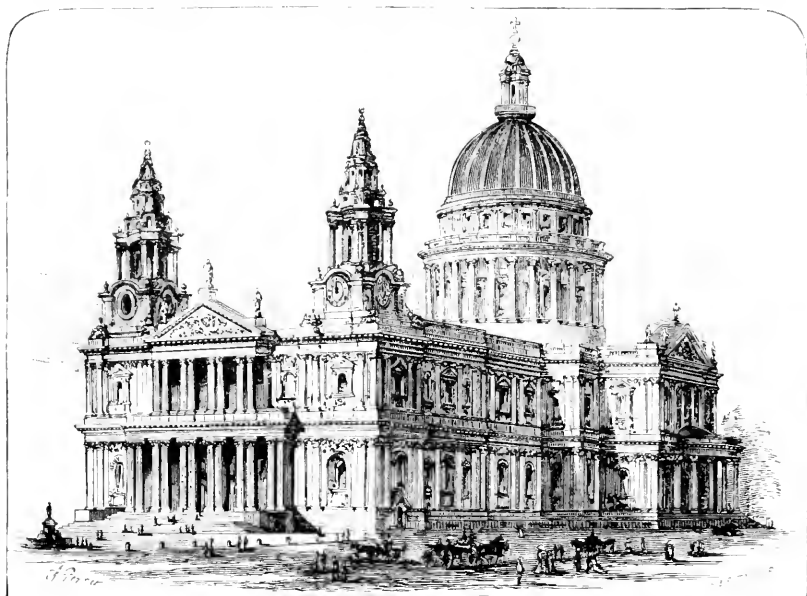


not only poetically beautiful, but substantially accurate. The City of London is *en rapport* with the whole world ; for within one hundred yards of the Bank of England a man may hold converse with every quarter of the globe. At the Submarine Telegraph Office, telegram follows telegram from every corner of the earth. East, west, north, and south yield up their secrets or pour out their wants within that Central Hall. Close by lie waiting those restless brains, ever on the watch to seize the phase of the moment by which to coin fresh wealth, either through the alchemy of journalism or the energy of commerce. On the outside pavement the tide sweeps to and fro. No sight is more impressive than the ceaseless rush : in its midst may be seen men of wealth, energy, and character either swaying in the great crowd or being jostled out of the path. Here are bankers and merchants, stock-jobbers and brokers, the wealthy and the broken-down, the light-hearted and the bankrupt, all moving in the great tide, and rising or falling in the gallant struggle for existence.

Whilst in the neighbourhood, London Bridge and the traffic which passes over it, or which lines the river's bank, is well worthy of being seen.

## ST. PAUL'S.

At nearly every one of the City stations we are within reach of localities of historical or actual interest. BISHOPSGATE STREET, spared by the fire of 1666, was until recently famous for its many picturesque old houses. They are disappearing fast. The site of the Bull Inn, where Hobson, the Cambridge carrier, used to put up, is now occupied by a pile of offices known as Palmerston Buildings. London Tavern, so noted for its dinners and public meetings, has been swept away too. But there still survives much in this quarter of the town likely to interest the antiquarian, most notable amongst these relics of old London being a portion of the mansion of Sir John Crosby, now converted into an eating-house ! *Sic transit gloria mundi !*



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The station in ALDERSGATE STREET presents even greater facilities to the sightseer. We are here close to Smithfield Market, at one time noted for its jousts and tournaments, its executions and burnings of heretics, and its uproarious "Bartlemy Fair," abolished in 1851. Hidden in an alley leading out of it, stands ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S THE GREAT, one of the finest old churches in London, and yet hardly ever noticed by the thousands who, upon business or pleasure bent, daily pass within a few yards of it.

A short walk in the opposite direction takes us to the curious old church of ST. GILES, CRIPPLEGATE, where Milton lies buried ; and remains of the Roman Wall of London may be seen in the churchyard.

The great object of attraction is, however, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL. Passing in imagination through the old City gate, in which John Day, an eminent printer of the Elizabethan age, had his offices, and where he printed the folio Bible of 1549, we reach St. Martin's-le-Grand. That old sanc-

tuary is occupied now by the General Post Office, a noble edifice of Portland stone, completed in 1829, lately supplemented by a vaster building on the opposite side of the street, in the construction of which utilitarian considerations prevailed over the claims of art.

We are now close to Sir Christopher Wren's masterpiece, erected in the short space of thirty-six years (1675-1711) upon the site of a Gothic edifice, which perished in the great fire of London.

The architect proposed to adapt his new building to the forms of Protestant worship, but was thwarted by his employers, who insisted upon the time-honoured features of a mediæval cathedral church being reproduced. But the genius of Wren rose above the obstacles which impeded his way, and produced a structure of marvellous unity of design, such as England may justly be proud of. The noble portico of coupled columns on the west front is justly admired, and the Dome, rising to a height of 365 feet above the pavement, forms a conspicuous landmark visible for miles around, its golden cross glittering in the sun whenever the pall of fog, which so frequently enshrouds London, is uplifted.

St. Paul's is a show-place, its guardians levying a tax of 3*s.* 2*d.* upon all desirous of seeing everything they have to show. To our mind, however, visitors may well rest content with a view of the body of the church, admission to which is free; a visit to the Crypt (6*d.*) and an ascent to the Golden Gallery (6*d.*). From the latter, especially on a clear day, may be enjoyed a marvellous prospect of London, its busy streets, and crowded harbour.

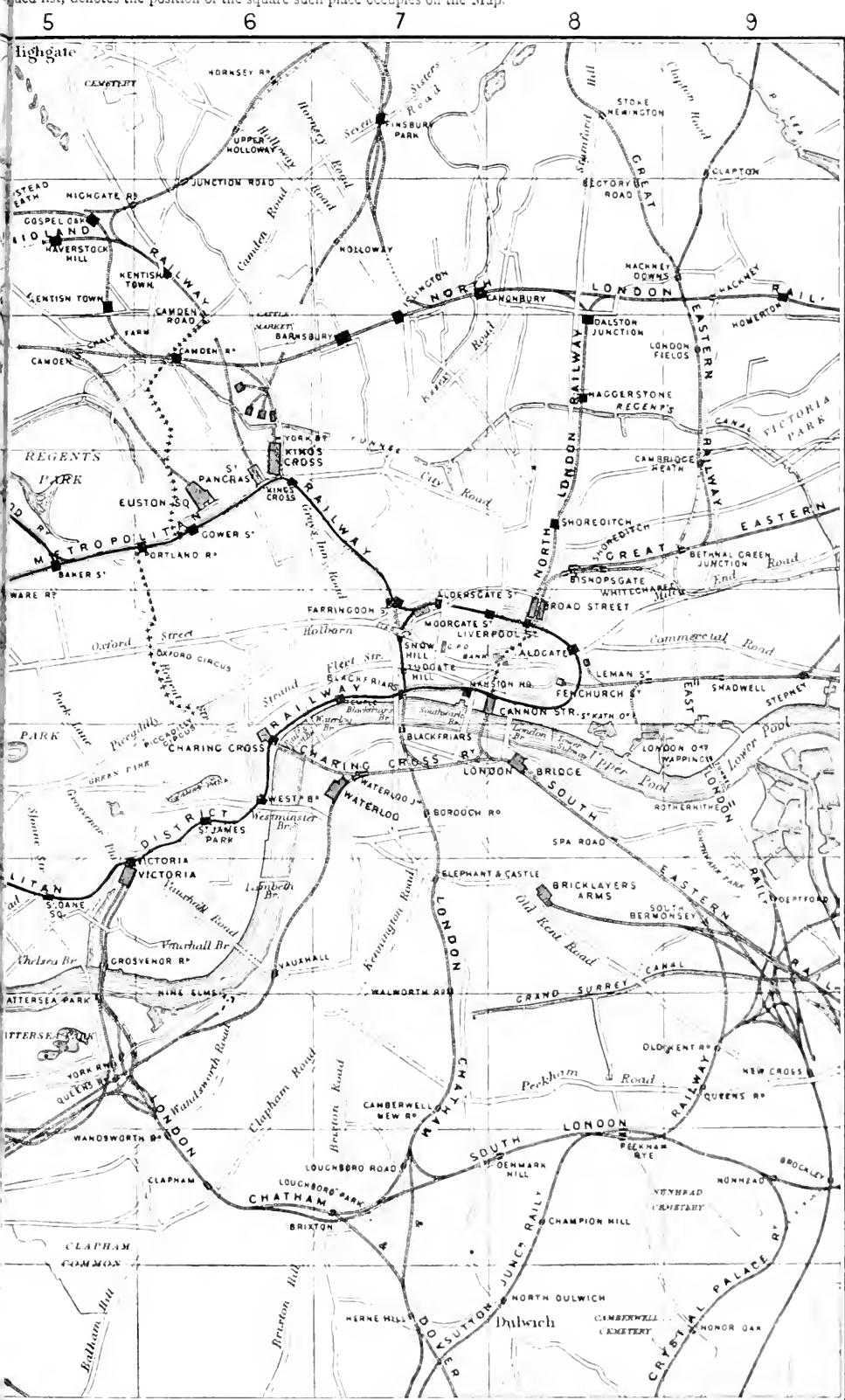
The interior strikes the beholder by the breadth and harmony of its proportions, no less than by its nakedness and want of ornament. This defect, however, is being repaired, for St. Paul's, which affords so splendid a field for the decorative artist, is being "finished" in accordance with the supposed intentions of its architect. Amongst the seventy monuments erected in honour of famous men, only a few are deserving of notice as works of art. Foremost amongst such are the statues of Howard, the philanthropist, and of Dr. Johnson, both by Bacon; of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Nelson, by Flaxman; and of Bishop Heber by Chantrey. Observe also the sumptuous monument erected to the Duke of Wellington in the old consistory court, as well as the fine carvings in the Choir by Grinling Gibbons.

The architect of the church lies buried in its Crypt, but far more conspicuous than his humble gravestone are the sarcophagi containing the remains of two of England's great fighters—Nelson and Wellington.

In the course of his ascent to the Golden Gallery the visitor will be able to gain some idea of the marvellous skill expended upon the construction of the Dome. There is an inner dome, visible from the body of the church, and an outer one covered with timber and lead; but interposed between these two rises a cone of brick, which supports the immense weight of the stone lantern. The stairs which lead from the Stone Gallery to the Golden Gallery pass between this cone and the outer dome.



and list, denotes the position of the square such place occupies on the Map.

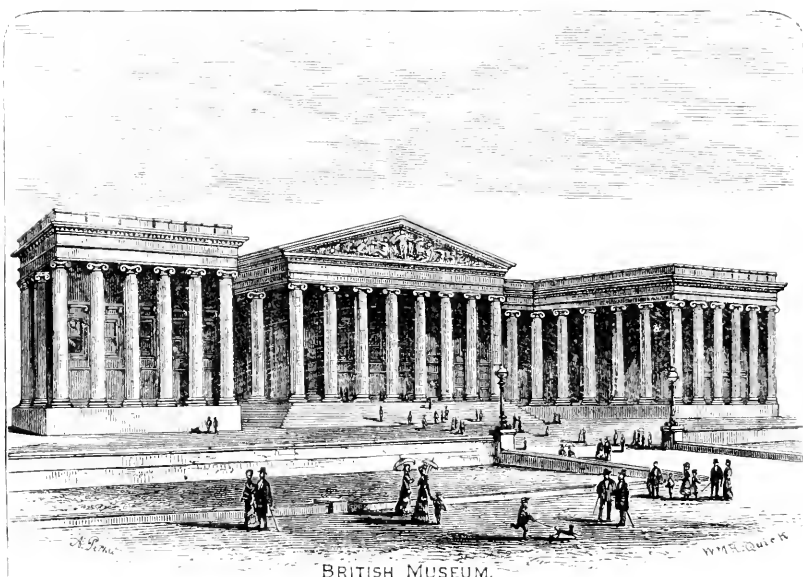


ION HOUSE ... ..	48	St. James's Park ... ..	54	TOWER ... ..	55
ONAL GALLERY ... ..	56	St. Pancras Station, Midland Ry. ... ..	56	TRAFALGAR SQUARE ... ..	55
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L ACADEMY ... ..	55	SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM ... ..	51	WESTMINSTER ABBEY ... ..	55

## THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

FROM GOWER STREET to the British Museum is not a long walk, and as it conducts the saunterer past University College, with its fine portico and lofty dome, and through the handsome squares that have been carved out of the estate of the Duke of Bedford, it is one that can be conscientiously recommended.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM, though one of the youngest institutions of the kind in Europe, is one of the wealthiest in treasures of art and science. Ascending the broad flight of stairs, and passing through a portico of Ionic columns, we enter a vestibule of noble proportions. The door in front gives access to the Reading Room, covered with a huge dome of iron and brick



140 feet in diameter. The rooms on the right contain a portion of the Library, and here the visitor may examine some of its most precious contents, exhibited in glass cases, and arranged chronologically so as to illustrate the progress of the printer's art.

The galleries on the left are crowded with the masterpieces of Greek and Roman Art, and the no less remarkable sculptures of Egypt and Assyria, which carry us back to a period two thousand years anterior to the birth of Christ. Foremost amongst these treasures are Phidias's famous statues, which Lord Elgin, in the good old days of Turkish rule, carried away from the Pantheon in Athens, and sold to Government for £35,000.

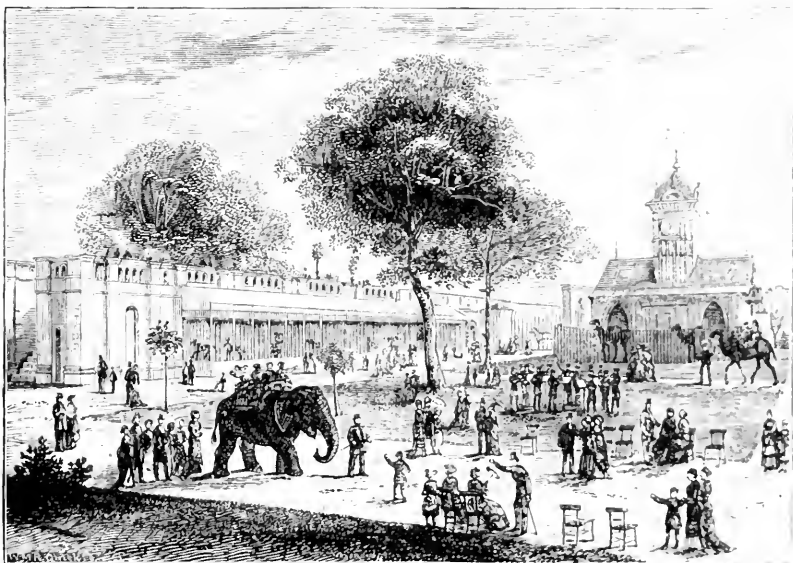
More varied are the articles exhibited on the upper floor. Visitors will do well to ask one of the attendants to direct them to the "Gold Ornament Room." It is there some of the most highly prized gems of the Museum are kept, together with the famous Portland Vase.

The Museum is now open every day in the week.



## REGENT'S PARK.

PORTLAND ROAD STATION gives access to a part of the town which owes most of its architectural features to Mr. John Nash, who flourished in the days of the Regency. It was he who laid out Regent's Park, and built most of the terraces of handsome houses which surround it. Regent Street is one of our most handsome thoroughfares, and Regent's Park may vie with any other in picturesqueness. Its most attractive features are the avenue gardens, with their many tinted flower-beds and a beautiful fountain by Westmacott; the broad walk, lined with rows of noble trees; and the environs of the boating lake. A considerable portion of it has been ceded to the ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY, whose gardens contain the largest and most



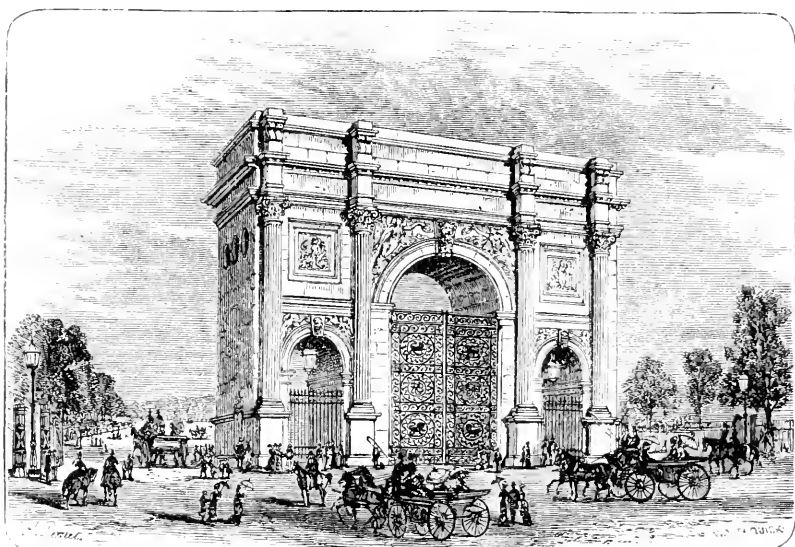
ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

curious collection of living animals in the world. Natives of every clime have been settled upon these few acres of land, and provided with habitations admirably adapted to render their involuntary confinement less irksome. Here dwell in close proximity the growling bear from the ice-clad north, and the roaring lion from the scorching sands of Sahara; the docile elephant captured in the jungles of India, and the chattering monkey from the primeval forests of South America; the dignified condor from the summits of the Andes, and the gay-plumaged, screaming birds from the tropics. There is no more delightful lounge in London than the gardens, especially on a Saturday afternoon, when a band discourses sweet music: nor a place where instruction can more pleasantly be combined with amusement. The lions are fed at 4 o'clock during the summer, and at 3 during the winter months. Remember also that the snakes are fed only once a week, on Fridays, at 3 p.m. The St. John's Wood branch of the Metropolitan Railway skirts the whole of the western side of Regent's Park, and extends beyond it to within a few minutes' walk of the breezy heights of HAMPSHIRE HEATH, with prospects unrivalled in the neighbourhood of London.

## HYDE PARK.

HYDE PARK may conveniently be reached from the stations in EDGWARE ROAD or PRAED STREET. A reduced copy of Constantine's famous Arch at Rome has been placed at the Oxford Street entrance, and is known as the Marble Arch. It stands close to the site originally occupied by the notorious Tyburn Tree, the common place of execution for several centuries. Upon the gallows there erected, the great Protector's mouldering remains were hanged after the restoration of Charles II., and then thrown into a deep hollow at its foot. But let us turn away from such painful associations and look upon the bright and cheerful scene that lies before us.

Hyde Park is the great lung of London. Though hemmed in now on all



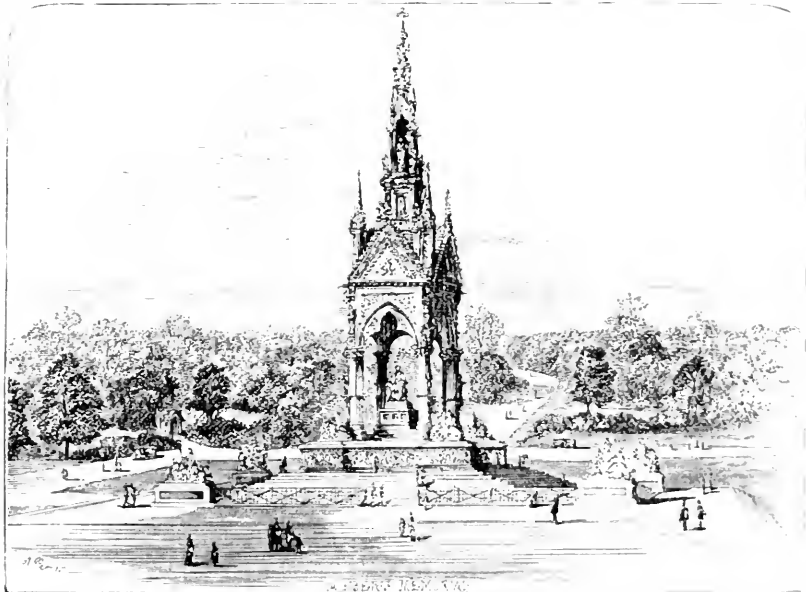
MARBLE ARCH

sides by houses, so great is its extent, so breezy are its higher tracts, and so little is it cumbered with trees, that fancy may roam afar. Standing upon the high ground near the Marble Arch we obtain occasional glimpses of the glittering Serpentine, through breaks in the fringe of verdure; the Houses of Parliament and other lofty buildings rear their heads above the foliage, and the hills of Surrey form an effective background.

The Park is a favourite locality for military displays, and is frequently resorted to as a place for popular meetings, but that which gives it a character of its own are its Ladies' Mile and Rotten Row, its processions of carriages and cavalcades of gay riders. All that London holds of wealth and fashion here disports itself in the "Season." The sight then to be witnessed of an afternoon surpasses by far similar scenes in the Bois de Boulogne of Paris, the Corso of Rome, or the Prater of Vienna. No other capital of Europe is able to furnish so large a number of spirited horses, of splendid equipages, gaily attired, beautiful women and expert horsemen.

## KENSINGTON GARDENS.

KENSINGTON GARDENS are noted for their fine old trees. The beech, a rare tree in our parks, here flourishes exceedingly; the noble Spanish chestnut grows to a mighty size, and many other trees, both indigenous and exotic, may here be seen at their best. Perhaps the most attractive part of the gardens is that which stretches along the eastern side of the Serpentine to the Italian Garden, with fountains that rarely play. The glimpses occasionally to be obtained here cannot easily be matched for picturesqueness elsewhere in London. Looking up a broad avenue across the Serpentine, an unpretending brick structure is seen afar. This is Kensington Palace, in which Queen Victoria was born, and where she held her first Council.



But though trees and secluded walks constitute the great feature of the gardens, it is not without other attractions deserving the attention of the visitor. The tropical plants which line the Long Flower Walk convey a lesson in botany in the most pleasant way; and the magnificent beds of Rhododendrons, near the southern bank of the Serpentine, attract crowds of sightseers in autumn, when they are in blossom. The view down one of the avenues terminates with the Memorial to the late Prince Consort. The gilded statue of the Prince is placed beneath an elaborately decorated canopy, and is surrounded by splendid statuary, the work of English artists.

### SOUTH KENSINGTON.

The number of museums which have been built upon a portion of the land purchased with the surplus funds derived from the Exhibition of 1851 has spread the fame of South Kensington into every civilized quarter of the globe. It is one of the merits of the Underground Railway that by its stations at South Kensington and Gloucester Road it has brought these museums and the Royal Albert Hall within the reach of all, and so have silenced the complaints as to their remoteness.

## *South Kensington.*

The collections brought together at South Kensington already fill a huge building. They are of the most varied kind, including specimens of ornamental art in all its branches, besides a well stocked library of reference, and an educational collection of great value. Many of the articles exhibited are real, others are careful imitations; and so varied is their nature that a person not able to find something to interest him must be difficult to please indeed. Glass and earthenware, articles of dress and of personal ornament, musical instruments, and in fact every conceivable object in the production of which Art has been, or is supposed to have been, the presiding genius, has found a place here; and there is hardly a



ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

country or an epoch which is not represented. But the gem of the entire collection is the set of marvellous Cartoons which Raphael executed for Pope Leo X. Exhibition Road separates the Museum, just described, from the somewhat straggling EXHIBITION GALLERIES, which surround the garden of the Horticultural Society. On an upper floor the National Portrait Gallery, a collection containing many works of art, has found a lodgment, whilst a National Training School of Cookery, and a Royal School of Art Needlework, have been accommodated in other parts of this extensive building.

On the north these galleries are connected with the ROYAL ALBERT HALL, an imposing edifice, erected on the pattern of a Roman amphitheatre, but covered with a roof much admired for its construction. It affords accommodation for 5266 auditors, and 1000 performers, and the organ placed within it is the largest in the world. All the collections at South Kensington are open free on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M., but on other days the Museum closes at 4, 5, or 6 P.M., a fee of 6*d.* being charged for admission.

## ST. JAMES'S PARK.

THIS is the oldest London Park. It was first enclosed by Henry VIII., then laid out by Le Nôtre, the famous French landscape gardener, for Charles I., and finally remodelled, as we see it now, by Nash, in the beginning of this century. It is small, but in beauty it yields not to any of the larger Parks. One of its finest features is a sheet of ornamental water, upon which the aquatic fowl of every kind, bred by the Ornithological Society, disport themselves, affording considerable amusement to the public.

The Park abounds in fine views, the lofty trees forming a most appropriate foreground, imparting an air of picturesqueness even to buildings



BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

which, as works of architecture, would hardly attract attention. Standing upon the bridge which spans the lake, we obtain a fine view of BUCKINGHAM PALACE, the residence of Her Majesty when she honours London with her presence. Looking in the opposite direction, the eye embraces the noble pile of the new Government Office, and ranges thence to the quaint turret surmounting the Horse Guards, and the two monumental columns, one surmounted by a statue of Lord Nelson, whose memory will endure as long as England is proud of her naval supremacy, the other dedicated to the Duke of York. On a clear day a glimpse may even be obtained of the dome of St. Paul's if we take a station in the western portion of the Park. A broad avenue of elm, lime, and plane trees, known as the Mall, from a game at ball formerly played there, separates the inner enclosure of the Park from ST. JAMES'S PALACE, still the official abode of the Court of England, though used now only on rare occasions of state, and from MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, the residence of the Prince of Wales.

St. James's Park Station is the most convenient point for the places here described.

## THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE new HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT have furnished art critics with a fertile subject for discussion: eulogized by some as a monument worthy of the nineteenth century, they are as unhesitatingly condemned by others as a mere piece of imitative architecture, altogether void of that thought and consideration for the fitness of things with which the architects of a bygone age are credited. The constructive skill of our modern architects and engineers is conceded, but they are denied the creative genius which enabled their predecessors to build for all time. Some truth there may be in this harsh criticism, yet what unbiassed beholder can be blind to the beauties of this seat of our national Parliament?



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

The exterior of the Palace is decorated with a lavish profusion of statues and armorial bearings. The interior—always excepting the Courts, which are mean to shabbiness—are equally rich, the painter's brush having freely been called into requisition to supplement the sculptor's chisel. Yet amongst all these hundreds of statues and pictures the visitor will search in vain for a memorial to Simon de Montfort, the true founder of our modern representative system, nor has Oliver Cromwell been granted a place amongst the rulers of England. Whilst Parliament is in Session, visitors will always be able to penetrate as far as the lofty Central Hall, whence corridors lead in opposite directions to the House of Commons and the House of Peers. On Saturdays, fortified with an order procurable at the Lord Great Chamberlain's office, at the back of the Victoria Tower, they may pursue the route taken by her Majesty when opening Parliament, and explore other parts of this truly national Palace.

Westminster Bridge Station is most convenient for the visitor to the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey.

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY must always be an object of veneration to Englishmen, not only as the place where all our kings and queens were crowned, from Edward the Confessor to Victoria, and where many of them are buried, but also as one of the architectural glories of the country. The Cloisters give access to the renovated Chapter House, in which the British Parliament sat for nearly two hundred years, and which was afterwards used as a repository for public records. When first you enter the Abbey Church, surrender yourself completely to the impression made by the grandeur and harmony of its proportions. Gaze up the lofty pillars, to the elegant triforium, one of the glories of the Abbey, the clerestory above, and the ribbed vault, forming the



roof. Then pass the screen of the Choir—modern work by Blore, but quite in the spirit of the ancient builders of the church; loiter in the transept, and penetrate the ambulatory behind the Altar. You are now close to the oldest tombs. Look aloft to the chantry of Henry V., an exquisite specimen of architecture, then pass through a gloomy porch into Henry VII.'s chapel. A blaze of light and decoration then bursts upon you. Arches of fairy-like grace support the fretted vault, "pendant by subtle magic," a marvel of constructive skill. The aisles of this chapel contain the monumental tombs of Mary Queen of Scots, and of her rival, Queen Elizabeth. Exquisitely beautiful is the elaborately panelled and pinnacled exterior of Henry VII.'s chapel, which replaces an older structure dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The porch, which for its extreme splendour was known as "Solomon's," is being restored to its pristine beauty. As to the monuments scattered throughout the Abbey, they are interesting as illustrating the history of British sculpture for five or six centuries. In Poets' Corner lie Chaucer, the father of English poetry, and Spenser, the gifted author of the "Faerie Queen."

## WESTMINSTER.

ON emerging out of the Underground Station at WESTMINSTER BRIDGE there bursts upon us some of the finest architectural scenery to be seen in London. Facing us is the stately Clock Tower of Westminster Palace. In front we have the gable of the venerable Hall, so skilfully incorporated with the modern building, whilst above the ornate ridges of the roofs peep out the elegant Central Tower, and the imposing Victoria Tower with its gigantic flag-staff. St. Margaret's partly conceals WESTMINSTER ABBEY, its puny size setting off to great advantage the vast proportions of its more famous neighbour. WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL hides the somewhat gaudy edifice known as the ROYAL AQUARIUM, but beyond it the eye may range along Victoria



Street as far as the lofty buildings near Victoria Station. And if we look eastward, over WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, we feel impressed by the immensity of space, for the houses of Lambeth lie far beneath our horizon, and only the pinnacles of St. Thomas's Hospital pierce the sky-line.

Irresistible curiosity impels us to direct our steps towards the bridge, and the prospect from its centre amply repays the exertion. The pavilions of ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL rise boldly above the Albert Embankment, which extends to old LAMBETH PALACE, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Further away still rises the ornamental, poison-vomiting chimney of one of the many potteries which give that part of London an unenviable notoriety. Turning back, the huge river front of the Houses of Parliament attracts the eye. It is somewhat monotonous, no doubt, but nevertheless a glorious sight in the early morning when its buttresses and pinnacles are thrown into relief by the new-born sun.

Our readers need hardly be reminded that across the bridge they will find "trams" to convey them to every part of transpontine London.

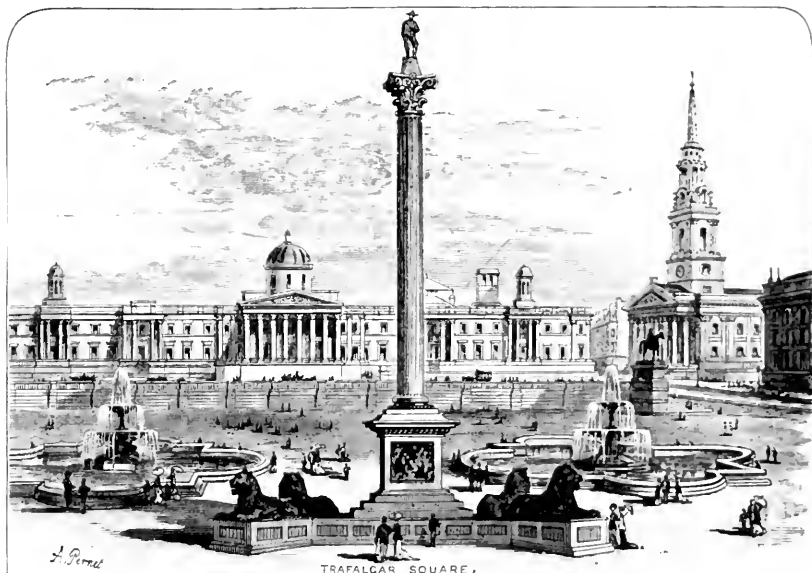


## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE best means of reaching the National Gallery is to take the train to Portland Road Station, and to proceed thence to Piccadilly Circus by the Metropolitan Railway Company's special omnibus.

The building which was erected for and still contains our national collection of pictures is situated on the north side of Trafalgar Square, occupying the vantage ground of that site which Sir Robert Peel with dubious accuracy defined as the finest in Europe.

With a rough and not inaccurate humour, the architecture of our National Gallery has been called the "pepper castors." The building was erected while the classic style was in full force, and the grotesquerie of the past was



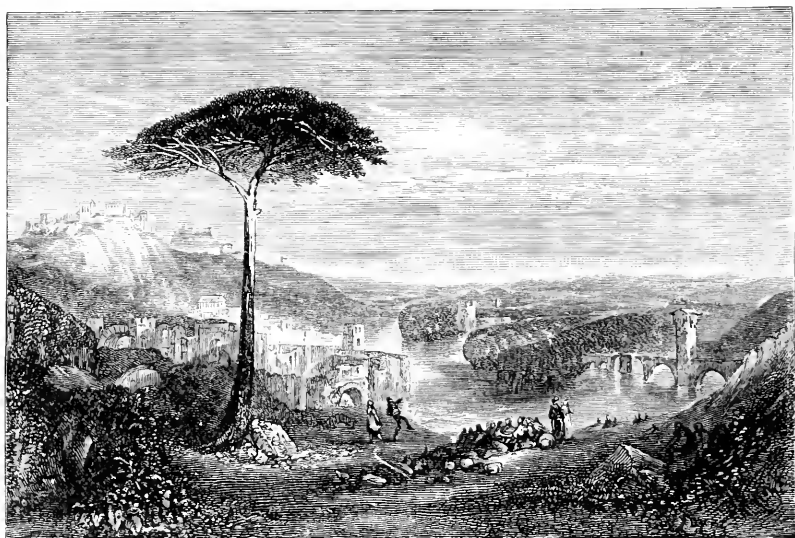
made to do duty in our midst with a happy disregard for appearances : the authorities of the National Gallery have considered how it was possible to render the walls useful for the purposes of teaching, and how a gallery worthy our nation could be gathered together without wasting time in disputing how far the outside was worthy the contents. In thus acting they have shown a wise discretion, for the uncertainties connected with building are always sufficiently abundant.

What are the essential characteristics of our National Gallery, and in what sense is it superior to the better known galleries of Europe? The answers are, It is not too large, it is carefully grouped, and it contains examples of modern painting that have neither rivals nor equals.

The collection of Turner's paintings is not only unique, but the pictures are productions of one whose works will become better appreciated as years roll by. It is not too much to say that Turner is not only the most magnificent landscape painter the world has produced ; but to this may be added the fact that the higher excellences of his work belong to the future

## *The National Gallery.*

even more distinctly than to the present. One of the most prominent features in all Turner's work is its nobility and grandeur; these qualities remain the same whether the subject treated be mountain, ocean, or sunset. It is these qualities that make themselves felt in "The Fighting Téméraire," "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," and "The Building of Carthage." The first two have been engraved and are printed among our illustrations. In the Gallery the last is placed side by side with "The Embarkation of St. Ursula," by Claude, for the purpose of instituting comparison between the two great artists, and was left by the painter for that purpose. The subject chosen by Turner is as nearly as possible the same as that treated by Claude, and tends to render the comparison more complete. What then is the difference in the work of



CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.—TURNER.

the two men? In the landscape by Claude you have the Italian purity of atmosphere, the brilliant sunlight, the glow of colour, and the careful, finished grouping; yet the whole picture is strikingly unreal and artificial to modern tastes. Turn to its companion picture and note its teaching. There is that wondrous atmosphere in delineating which Turner was so perfect a master, a glowing sunlight and a quivering sea. The figures are alive, and over all and above all is the stamp of nature. Essentially beautiful, it is at the same time profoundly poetic. The plants that cling round the columns or burst the stones asunder to droop in rich luxuriance, tell at once of the crumbling power of time and the eternal growth of nature: ever dying yet ever young. In the picture of "The Fighting Téméraire" the same general qualities are apparent. The story goes that Turner being one day on the river, saw the old war ship being towed up by a small tug on its way to the breaking up yard. The subject impressed him strongly, and the contrast between the noble lines of the old frigate and the puffing vigour of the small river steamer come out with vivid distinctness in the picture itself. In this, as in all his

best pictures, there is the same luminous atmosphere, the same marvellous distance. Each touch is put on with perfect mastery and perfect knowledge.

Few things are more conspicuously clear than the changes which are creeping over the general conditions of art. We are beginning to recognize that all true art must be the representation of the age to which it belongs. The Greek art drew its inspiration from the conditions of its own civilization and its own race. It spoke that which it felt. The same of the art of the middle ages: it was steeped in an atmosphere of religious thought and religious aspiration. It is not too much to say that we are outliving both the one and the other. In Greek art all the more celebrated and distinctive



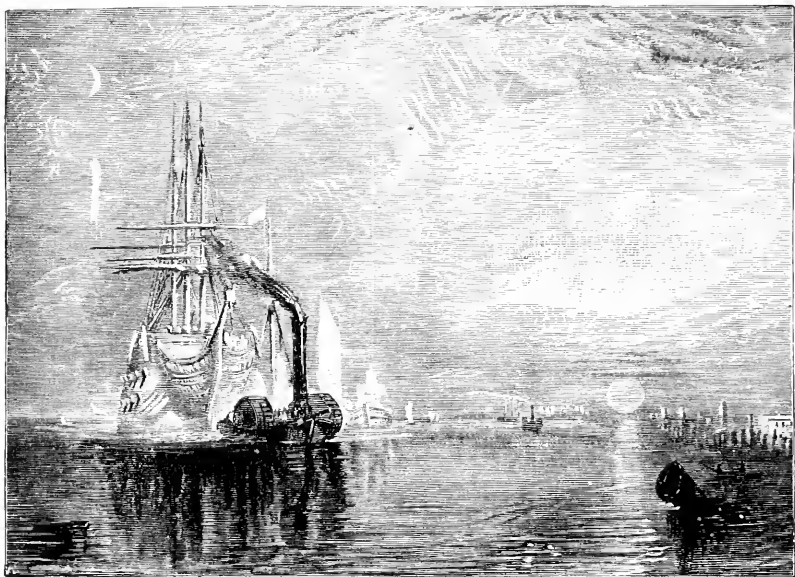
EMBARKATION OF ST. URSULA.—CLAUDE.

features were represented by the nude: a condition of life with which they were largely familiar, and, as such, had no touch of immodesty. The case is different with ourselves, and it is very apparent that the day is fast approaching when nude subjects will be practically things of the past. The same may be said in a different sense of the art of the middle ages: it deals with thoughts, aspirations, and ideas which are practically extinct among ourselves. Few artists would now venture to embody the features of the Almighty, from a sense of irreverence in the subject itself. Our conception of space, and the attributes of the Creator, is so immensely enlarged, that we are no longer dealing with the same thoughts. These influences will necessarily modify the art of the future, and it is not too much to anticipate that the subjects will be drawn from more purely every-day sources. Every-day life has in its development those phases which form the basis of all true art. To seize these points and to portray them so as

## *The National Gallery.*

to sway the sympathies of the cultivated and uncultivated alike, constitutes the true work of genius.

The same general reasoning will apply to the two landscapes of Turner, viz., "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*" and "*The Fighting Téméraire*;" they are generically similar yet broadly distinct. They both possess the same subtle distance, the same play of light, the same tender rendering of atmospheric effect. The artist and his power appear equally in both cases, but the conditions under which they have been produced are widely dissimilar. In "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*" we have a masterly conception of an ideal



THE FIGHTING TÉMÉRAIRE.—TURNER.

landscape, filled to the last touch with the sentiment and thought of Byron's great work. An artist translating an artist. In "*The Fighting Téméraire*" we have Turner speaking for himself through the pregnant facts of everyday life. At first sight few things could seem less calculated to make a great picture than a tug boat at work on the Thames. It is only when we catch the sentiment by the aid of the grand power of the artist that the teaching comes thoroughly home. A great artist feels as well as draws, and it is the power of rendering that which he feels which constitutes his special excellence. The mere technicalities of light and shade, colour, grouping, and accuracy of form, are capable of being brought within the range of most of us, but to appear with power as an artist a man must not only be educated technically but have a desire to give utterance to that sentiment which he feels strongly. The difference of temperaments, thoughts, and hopes in men, constitutes the substratum out of which is evolved the individuality of their work.

The subjoined engraving is from one of Gainsborough's landscapes, and is a good example of the early English school. Gainsborough has the merit of being one of the earliest students of nature, and one who was content to paint that which he saw. The present picture is simple in its accessories, quaint in its beauty, and of great general excellence. It has required some time to bring this artist's work to its due position, and it is not a little singular that during the height of his popularity as a portrait painter his landscapes were practically unsaleable. He was the pioneer of



THE WATERING-PLACE.—GAINSBOROUGH.

a new teaching, and the fashionable public of that day were still under the influence of the affectation of the classic school.

In comparing the two pictures of Gainsborough and Turner as they face one another on the opposing pages, the difference in the character of their work comes out with great distinctness. Both pictures are clothed in evening light, which in "The Watering-Place" gives a subdued and tranquil softness to all around. It is the hour of rest unbroken by hurry or bustle. In the picture of Turner, the glow of light is flung across the waters or leaps from cloud to cloud, until every point on the canvas is more or less distinctly under its influence. Is not this difference a growth in art itself? Is there not a higher conception of the capacity of light and a keener recognition of the value it can produce? It would seem as though Turner felt some such idea, for his later works manifest a daring abandon and almost a wild appreciation of atmospheric effect, and the boundless value of sunlight and colour.

## *The National Gallery.*

One of the gems of English landscape painting is "The Valley Farm" by John Constable. The whole picture is faithful to nature, is elaborated with great care, and manifests large and warm appreciation of English home life. No man could paint it as this picture is painted without sympathy. How thoroughly the particular spot appealed to Constable himself is best told in his own words—"I love every stile, and stump, and lane in the village: so long as I am able to hold a brush I shall never cease to paint them." This is the feeling to create the power to do good and faithful



THE VALLEY FARM.—CONSTABLE.

work, and the result is apparent in the landscape itself. Let any one look at the trees in the foreground as they droop over the water or point their branches to the sky. They are real trees painted from the life. The whole picture is a village pastoral speaking of comfort, beauty, and home. The accessories are simple enough, but they grow into power by the truth and feeling with which they are depicted. No man can paint pictures like this unless he knows and loves the scene and its surroundings. This was the case with Constable, as his own words testify.

## *The National Gallery.*

It has often been mentioned that the more distinctive qualities of men of genius can be traced back to their mother's influence. This would appear to be true with regard to Gainsborough. His mother had a strongly developed taste for and considerable skill in flower painting. Was not the subtle appreciation of colour so conspicuous throughout this artist's work thus inherited? It may be pointed out that no more splendid example of colour power can be named than the celebrated "Blue Boy," and the same qualities are to be noted in this portrait.



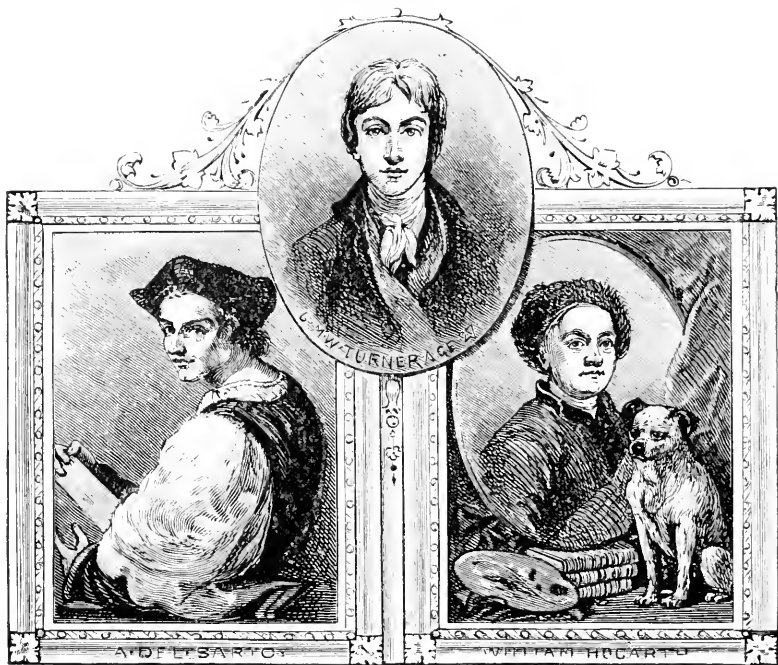
MRS. SIDDONS.—GAINSBOROUGH.

Among the gems of our National Collection may be ranked, so far as portraits are concerned, that of the celebrated Mrs. Siddons. The subject was admirable, and it has been splendidly rendered. In Gainsborough's portraits there is a tone of refinement which gives character and dignity to the portrait. This is conspicuously so in the present case. The face is not only physically beautiful, but it is full of intellectual force and sensitive refinement. This appreciation of thoroughbred qualities, which is so markedly present throughout all Gainsborough's portraits, lends to them a charm which places the painter in the front rank of portrait painters.



## *The National Gallery.*

It would appear to have been a custom among great painters to paint their own portraits. In this there were some conveniences and more disadvantages. This habit is now dying out, and our most eminent artists are content to pass down to posterity as depicted by the skill of their brother artists. In the case of Turner the only portrait extant is the one painted by himself whilst a very young man, and now in the National Gallery. In the engraving it is the top portrait. The face bears the stamp of great nervous sensibility and indicates considerable mental power. The same



general criticism may be passed on that of Andrea del Sarto, the portrait on the left hand; whilst on the right we have Hogarth, the hard-headed scathing satirist. In all these then it is probable we have trustworthy representations of the men; but it is quite possible that had they been painted by other hands we should have gained a fuller insight into their mental idiosyncrasies. It may be said as a whole, that no man can properly depict himself; the very fact of having to watch his own reflection must of necessity change the character of the expression. This comes out very conspicuously in the case of Rembrandt's own portrait, twice painted by himself, both of which are now in the National Gallery. In this case it may be said without undue depreciation that the portrait does not render to us the man. So far as mere technical skill is concerned the portrait is admirably painted, but it gives the feeling that the sitter had been dressed up for the occasion.



## *The National Gallery.*

As mere outward facsimiles of his face they are doubtless true enough, as is shown by the resemblance they bear to each other, but in the higher sense of portraiture they appear singularly deficient. The true essence of a portrait is the portrayal of the character equally with the features. In this respect it is difficult to believe that any one can properly paint his own portrait. The portrait of the woman placed side by side with his own is believed to be that of his own mother. It is a brave face, full of character, and splendidly rendered. As a rule the same may be said of all portraits painted by Rembrandt.

The concentrated force by which Rembrandt's pictures are characterized



REMBRANDT.

AN OLD LADY.—REMBRANDT.

come out very vividly in his life. On the death of his wife he wrote to his sister thus—"My wife is dead. My son is travelling. I am alone.—Paul Rembrandt." No waste of words here, and no lack of meaning. The same is true of his painting. It is intense, decisive, and real: his portraits are the portraits of living men and women whose lives are written in the faces he has left for our criticism. He softened nothing and added nothing. What they were that they are, for our perusal,—clear, living, and powerfully realistic. This very singleness gives dignity, and the rough burgher faces glow with a life that is altogether their own. They are dramatic from their intense individuality.

There is another portrait by Rembrandt in the Gallery of great excellence; it is that of a Jewish Rabbi. The picture of "The Woman taken in Adultery" is also worthy of attention from its vivid concentration of light on the central group of figures: a mode of working very characteristic of the artist.

## *The National Gallery.*

The three following engravings are each representative of a special phase of religious teaching. The first is the natural and direct language of prayer : the second is the appeal to the intellectual subtlety of symbolism in its most delicate and artistic aspect : whilst the third is the emotional impulse, roused by the dramatic force of death. These three embodiments represent the changing phases of religious thought during a long period. The picture immediately subjoined is one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's best known works, and has been reproduced very frequently, without however losing its delicate charm.



THE INFANT SAMUEL.—REYNOLDS.

"Infant Samuel." There are few pictures have had a wider popularity than this. The reason is not difficult to find. It embodies the sense of trusting obedience, peculiarly characteristic of early childhood, and it embodies it in a form at once simple, touching, and true. Quite apart from its mere artistic excellence, the sentiment which underlies the picture appeals to a wide and still growing public. Men who are unable to trace the subtleties of art, can yet feel sympathy with the prayer of childhood. The sentiment

is sound, and in the picture well rendered. Reynolds was a great portrait painter, and devoted special care to giving beauty and force to the eyes of his sitters, and thus as a rule giving beauty to the face.

The principle of symbolism enters largely into the worship of the Roman Catholic Church, and it is also present in a more or less pronounced form in general artistic work. It must be remembered that the Romish Church has throughout its career been a munificent patron of art, and many of the greatest pictures that the world contains have been painted at its expense.



ST. JOHN AND THE LAMB.—MURILLO.  
SYMBOLISM.

either as altar-pieces or for interior decorations of cathedrals, churches, &c. Under these circumstances, it is quite natural that symbolism should occupy a prominent position in the various paintings. In the present illustration it is present in its most refined and delicate aspect. The text of this great picture is to be found in the words, "Behold the Lamb of God," John i. 29. The picture itself is one of Murillo's happiest efforts, being full of gentle beauty and sympathetic tenderness. The sense of symbolism

is almost lost in the great general qualities of the work. One of the greatest qualities in Murillo's pictures is the entire freedom from artificiality and the profoundly natural character in all that he produces. They speak for themselves in the present engraving.

Before the introduction of printing the appeal to the great mass of the people was of necessity made through representation. That representation was embodied in the forms of music, painting, or miracle plays. One of the subjects chosen, at once most solemn, most effective, and most elaborated, was the crucifixion. It was wrought out with consummate skill and unsparing labour. All that genius could accomplish, garnered up from every quarter, and for successive centuries, was brought to bear upon this point, and thus we have the numberless productions that relate to it. In the sub-



THE DEAD CHRIST.—FRANCESCO FRANCA.

joined engraving we have a picture whose qualities are of the highest character ; a subject infinitely difficult, yet treated in the present case with admirable care and taste.

The painting itself is singularly finished, chaste, and beautiful. It is death deprived of its sting. The face and figure of our Saviour retain all the delicate beauty and softness of life : for it is sleep—not decay—that is here portrayed. There are few if any pictures in Europe where this sentiment is so admirably and tenderly rendered.

#### NOTICE.

The National Gallery under its present rules is closed to the public for nearly six weeks in each year from the middle of September. It is hoped that some steps will be taken to remedy this extraordinary regulation, for it is not too much to ask that the public be admitted to the gallery every week-day during the entire year.

NOTE.—The engravings of pictures in the National Gallery have been executed under the care of Mr. T. SULMAN.

## THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

ONE of the greatest improvements of modern times, so far as London is concerned, is the Thames Embankment. Its construction is massive, simple, and very noble. Near the Adelphi Steps is the far-famed Cleopatra's Needle; its companion now stands in the Place de la Concorde at Paris. One of the most striking portions of the Embankment is that which includes the Temple Gardens and the façade of Somerset House. Throughout the whole distance the great breadth of the roadway is conspicuously effective. This result is heightened by the trees planted along the entire route, by the constant passage of vehicles, and the ceaseless movements on the face of the river itself.



SOMERSET HOUSE

THAMES EMBANKMENT.

OF suburban places to which the Metropolitan Railway affords a ready means of access, the Royal Gardens at Kew are perhaps the most attractive. Ever since the gardens came into possession of the Crown, the floral wealth of every quarter of the world has been poured into them. Every scientific expedition despatched from England's shores since the days of Captain Cook has added to this wealth, until now they stand unrivalled. The most conspicuous objects in the adjoining Pleasure Grounds are the Chinese Pagoda and the Winter Garden, but more attractive are some of its quiet nooks and corners, such as that in which Merlin's Cave is hidden.

From Kew Gardens to Richmond Park is less than two miles, and if the excursionist proposes to visit both on the same day, he should devote the forenoon to Richmond, as the Gardens only open at 1 p.m.

The view from Richmond Hill during a fine summer's morning is one of the most beautiful in England.

# LIST OF MOST REMARKABLE BUILDINGS, PALACES, &c.

NAME.	OPEN to the PUBLIC		REMARKS.	SEE PAGE
	FROM	TO		
Tower of London ... ..	10.30 a.m.	4.0 p.m.	{ Daily, by ticket obtainable at entrance gate	12
Royal Mint, Tower Hill ...	—	—	{ By order, obtainable at the Master's office.	
Bank of England ... ..	9.0 a.m.	4.0 p.m.	Daily ... ..	13
Royal Exchange ... ..	—	—	... ..	
Mansion House ... ..	—	—	State Rooms ... ..	13
Guildhall... ..	10.0 a.m.	3.0 p.m.	... ..	13
St. Paul's Cathedral ... ..	—	—	Daily ... ..	15
The Monument ... ..	9.0 a.m.	Dusk.	Small fee.	
British Museum ... ..	—	—	Daily ... ..	18
Royal Albert Hall... ..	—	—	... ..	22
South Kensington Museum...	10.0 a.m.	10.0 p.m.	Daily ... ..	22
Buckingham Palace ... ..	—	—	{ By order, to be obtained at the Lord Chamberlain's office... ..	23
St. James's Palace, Pall Mall	—	—	Do. ... ..	23
National Gallery ... ..	10.0 a.m.	{ 6 p.m. in sum.	{ Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays ... ..	27
	10.0 a.m.	{ 4 p.m. in win.		
Houses of Parliament ... ..	10.0 a.m.	4.0 p.m.	{ Saturdays, by order from the Lord Chamberlain's office ... ..	24
Westminster Abbey ... ..	9.0 a.m.	6.0 p.m.	... ..	25

## TRAFFIC ARRANGEMENTS.

TRAINS FROM ALDGATE RUN THROUGH THE STATIONS AS FOLLOWS:—

ALDGATE.  
 BISHOPSGATE.  
 MOORGATE STREET.  
 ALDERSGATE STREET.  
 FARRINGDON STREET.  
 KING'S CROSS.  
 GOWER STREET.  
 PORTLAND ROAD.  
 BAKER STREET.  
 EDGWARE ROAD.

(Function.)

BRANCH TO VICTORIA,  
 WESTMINSTER, AND  
 MANSION HOUSE.

PRAED STREET.  
 QUEEN'S ROAD.  
 NOTTING HILL GATE.  
 HIGH STREET, KENSINGTON.  
 GLOUCESTER ROAD.  
 SOUTH KENSINGTON.  
 SLOANE SQUARE.  
 VICTORIA.  
 ST. JAMES'S PARK.  
 WESTMINSTER.  
 CHARING CROSS.  
 TEMPLE.  
 BLACKFRIARS.  
 MANSION HOUSE.

BRANCH TO KENSINGTON,  
 HAMMERSMITH, KEW, AND  
 RICHMOND.

BISHOP'S ROAD.  
 ROYAL OAK.  
 WESTBOURNE PARK.  
 NOTTING HILL.

(Function for Uxbridge Road and Addison Road, Kensington.)

SHEPHERD'S BUSH.  
 HAMMERSMITH.  
 KEW GARDENS.  
 RICHMOND.

NOTE.—Each place of public interest has the name of the Station attached to the description of it, and its position can thus be readily found by the above list.

# THE CONTINENT *VIA* HARWICH.

## ROTTERDAM.

WHERE shall we spend our Holidays? Such is the question oftentimes asked as the summer season approaches. If one has never seen the North of Europe and the Rhine, there is no outing so cheap, and no change so entire, as that offered by the Great Eastern route *via* Harwich. It places the Continent and its thousand charms within reach of the great multitude; for a man may be at work in the City all day, and yet breakfast next morning at Rotterdam, amid new life, new scenes, and a new atmosphere. In seeking change, the first essential is that it shall be thorough: the mere change from London to the sea-side is small in its effects, in comparison with the change that is produced by passing from English towns to Continental cities. In our life, health is so bound up with mental stimulus, that a great point is gained when a hard worker finds himself amid scenes and experiences so new, that he must get out of his old groove, whether he will or no. In this sense, Continental travel is a great health preserver: it gives us fresh life by giving to us fresh thought.

The Great Eastern Railway Company have done wisely: they have recognized that permanent success is only to be found by the support of the masses. Their route to the Continent is swift, easy, and economical. Any one who will walk down of an evening to the Liverpool Street Station a few minutes before the advertised time, will find the train at the platform, steam up; the porters hurrying to and fro; passengers excited, darting from side to side; guards, looking cool and wise, carefully consulting their serviceable chronometers, and, punctual as the clock, the train moves steadily out of the station at its appointed hour, and proceeds at express speed to Harwich, which it reaches in two hours. The train runs alongside the steamboat, which lies at the berth in full readiness to start. Within a quarter of an hour after the arrival of the train, the luggage is shipped: the passengers on board; and the boat is steaming steadily out to its destination. On a soft summer night there are few trips more delightful or more invigorating. As the night steals swiftly away, the shores of Old England become lost on the waste of waters, and as early morning wakes in its glory, the low shores of Holland rise slightly above the horizon. To a man who has for months been cooped up in a close office or warehouse, the mere sea voyage is a great luxury. The strong sea air gives fresh vigour to pulses often too excited to do their work healthfully, and a traveller who commences his holiday by a trip across to Rotterdam finds he has imbibed

fresh strength at the outset. Sea air is proverbial for its bracing powers, and there is no air so bracing as that which sweeps across the Northern Sea.

It may be as well to note that there are two routes to the Continent through the Great Eastern Railway,—one by way of Rotterdam, the boats of which start every evening, Sundays excepted; the other by way of Antwerp, the boats for which start four times a week. The steamers are among the swiftest, most comfortable, and commodious of any running between England and the Continent. From time to time new vessels are added to the Company's fleet, each being an improvement on its predecessors. It is advisable in all cases that intending tourists should obtain a Continental Time Table of the Great Eastern Railway, price one penny, as it affords information as to



ROTTERDAM.

routes, times of starting, prices, duration of tickets, &c., &c., which may prove of great importance in the course of a journey. The direct route by way of Rotterdam is for Holland, Germany, and the Rhine, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy; while the direct route by way of Antwerp is for Brussels, Cologne, and the Rhine, France, Switzerland, &c. By the Harwich route Cologne is reached, *viâ* Rotterdam, in the afternoon of the day after leaving London. Passengers, *viâ* Antwerp, arrive in Brussels before noon the day after leaving London, and Switzerland the following morning.

The entry into the river Maas, some eighteen or twenty miles below Rotterdam, is not specially inviting, though far away up to the left may be seen Scheveningen, the fashionable watering-place of Holland, which is thronged during the season by visitors from the Hague. As the boat sweeps up the river, there may be noted a long breakwater, formed for the purpose of hindering the sand from accumulating at its mouth. On the right stands up the church tower of Brielle, whilst immediately to the left is the engineering and telegraph settlement. As the boat passes onward, the low flat banks, the fresh green herbage, the quiet-looking houses dotted here and



there, and a certain trim exactness, give a look of comfort and homeness to the scene. Farther up the river comes the world-known Schiedam factory, celebrated for the production of the spirit that bears its name.

A sudden turn, and Rotterdam is reached. A wonderfully clean-looking place : a long row of well-built houses, with pointed gable roofs and ancient outlines. Beyond these there are few picturesque details to be met with. Variety may however be found, for, according to all accounts, the porters at Rotterdam are quite an institution,—they beat those of Calais. Any half-dozen will pounce upon your luggage, cut it up into detail amongst themselves, even down to a hat-box, and when not perfectly satisfied, echo the phrase "English gentleman," with a tone that would bring down the house. Beware of these, or, if you use one, make him take a sufficient quantity of luggage to be worth while paying for his services.

The Bath Hotel, at Rotterdam, is situate on the Boompjies, the pleasantest part of the town ; the nicest rooms are those facing the quay. Tea, not coffee, is the general beverage in Holland, and it is wise to fall in with the universal habit, as you thereby get better attention and value for your money. Every town in Europe has its curious legend or noted house. Cologne has its record of the Ten Thousand Virgins ; Rotterdam has its House of the Thousand Terrors. It appears that in 1572, when the Spaniards by stratagem entered the town and treacherously massacred its inhabitants, a thousand of the people, so says the story, took refuge in this house. They put up the shutters, barred the entrance, and killing a kid, let the blood run out under the doorway. The Spaniards seeing the red stream, concluded the inmates had already been dispatched, and passed by. Thus they were saved, and thus the reputation of this old house.

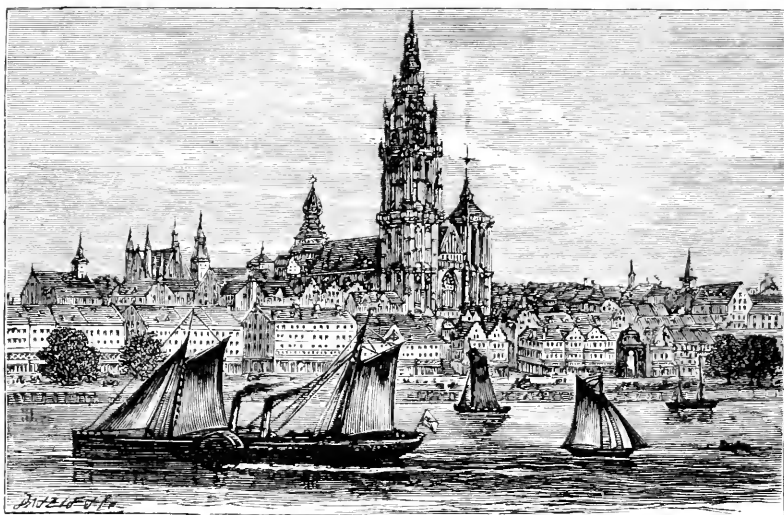
There are not many points of conspicuous interest in or near Rotterdam ; but the mere newness of scene, the mere change from the familiar phases of English life to those which are broadly different, is in itself a charm. The people of Rotterdam lay great stress on their organ ; but it is probable that we have some equally good much nearer home. Whilst at Rotterdam it is worth while to run over to the Hague, the Royal city of Holland, and the residence of the King. It is situate about one hour's journey by rail from Rotterdam, and is essentially different from any other town in Holland, being in fact a small Paris planted amidst Dutch scenery. At the Hague there is a good picture gallery, which is rich in the possession of the celebrated picture, "Paul Potter's Bull ;" it has also Rembrandt's renowned but unpleasant picture "The Dissecting Lesson." In visiting the Hague from Rotterdam, it is well to remember that the cost of return tickets is nearly the same as that charged for a single fare. Scheveningen is reached in twenty minutes from the Hague.

Whilst at Rotterdam the tourist ought to see Amsterdam. It is the largest town in Holland, and built in the shape of a horseshoe. The picture gallery will repay a visit, and contains Rembrandt's masterpiece, "The Night Watch." The collection of etchings is also very choice, more especially in connection with Rembrandt and Albert Dürer, and is said to be superior to that of our

## *Antwerp.*

own British Museum. In the town there are a number of other collections, and speaking generally Amsterdam is rich in art treasures.

Near Amsterdam is Haarlem, celebrated for its organ, which is said to be the finest in the world. Haarlem has an historic reputation on account of its gallant defence at the time of the Spanish invasion. The town was at length taken by the aid of famine, but the fierce courage of its inhabitants forms one of the most splendid episodes in Dutch history.



ANTWERP.

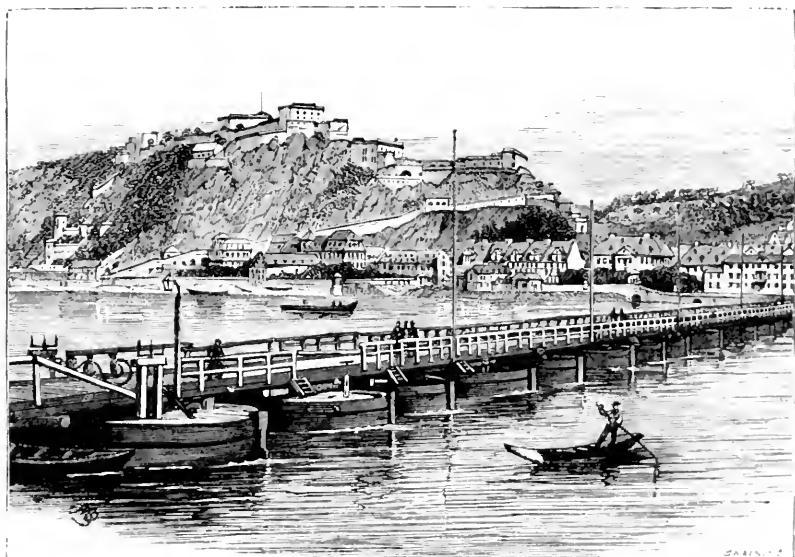
### ANTWERP.

ANTWERP is celebrated for the great cathedral, and its altar-pieces by Rubens. In the city gallery there is also a large collection of pictures, many of them possessing great merit. When at Antwerp no traveller should omit to visit the private gallery of Nottebohm, which is courteously open to view. There is no charge for admission; a gratuity is, however, usually given to the attendant. In this gallery, small though it is, there are a large number of first-class pictures. It is not too much to say that it is rare to find a private collection characterized with such conspicuous knowledge and such unequivocal good taste.

Brussels is about an hour's run by rail, and when a traveller has once reached this miniature reproduction of Paris, he is fairly on the high road of Europe. A visit to Brussels would scarcely be complete without a view of the field of Waterloo; and those who take an interest in studying the field of battle will do well to go to the station, Braine L'Alleud, and walk over the ground. No other mode will allow a visitor so thoroughly to comprehend the splendid position taken up by Wellington. From Brussels to Cologne will take but a few hours, and travelling by rail in Belgium is very cheap.

## *The Continent viâ Harwich.*

There are a few points in connection with travelling on the Continent which it is worth while to keep in mind. The first is, travel with as little luggage as possible, compatible with comfort ; it is at once more economical, less troublesome, and more handy. Secondly, change your money into that of the country in which you purpose travelling, at a first-class money changer's ; it will be found at once safer and better. Circular notes are the most useful in the case of a lengthened absence from England, and can be obtained at any of the large London banks.



EHRENBREITSTEIN.

### THE RHINE.

For those tourists who are desirous of seeing the magnificent scenery of the Rhine, the beauty of which is so justly famed, we would suggest the following itinerary.

Take the train from Rotterdam to Cologne, and devote one or two days to this picturesque old city. The cathedral, naturally the first object of attraction, was commenced in 1148, and completed in 1880 : it is undoubtedly the most splendid and perfect specimen of Gothic architecture in the world. The colossal proportions and perfect symmetry inspire the beholder with feelings of admiration and astonishment. How impressive the interior, with " its solemn stillness, and the splendour of its endless aisles, its wondrous windows, its old worn floors and springing arches glowing with soft tints where the changed sunlight falls, its silent chapels in the shadowy choir, its sacred relics and its gleaming gems." The tradition ascribing the design to the devil in exchange for the architect's soul is well told in some

of the local guide books. To appreciate the full beauty of the structure, it is necessary to walk round the square in which it is situated.

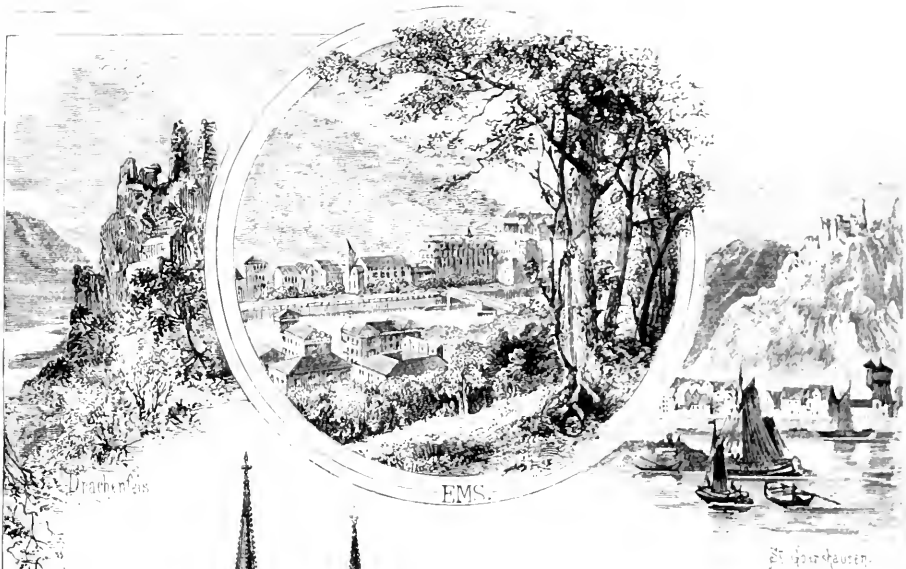
The cathedral is, however, not by any means the only sacred edifice worthy of a visit, many of the churches having some characteristic entitling them to consideration. The church of St. Martin, for instance, is the finest specimen of the Romanesque in Germany; St. Peter's contains the celebrated picture of the "Crucifixion of St. Peter," by Rubens. This splendid painting has, like numbers of its compeers, undergone numerous vicissitudes, having been cut out of its frame and secreted during the French invasion, and a copy substituted. This copy is now shown, framed at the back, and serves to point the superiority of the original, which is terribly realistic. Enormous sums of money have been offered from time to time for this painting, notably by the Emperor of Russia, but hitherto the comparatively poor monks, to whose community it belongs, have declined to part with their treasure. Rubens is said to have been born in the Sternengasse. Those who can spare the time should not omit to visit the Dechen Grotto near Iserlohn, which was accidentally discovered in 1868. The stalactites formed by the constant dropping of water from the roof are of astonishing beauty.

As the picturesque scenery of the Rhine does not begin at Cologne, the traveller should take the train as far as Königswinter. It is true that the beauty of the Rhine is usually supposed to begin at Bonn and extend as far as Mayence, but the great scenery of the Rhine actually commences at this town, which is most charmingly situated at the foot of the "castled crag of Drachenfels," the nearest of the seven mountains to the river. Half an hour's walk from the bank of the stream will take the tourist to the summit of this mountain, whence one of the loveliest views to be found on the whole course of the Rhine may be obtained.

From Königswinter the steamer should be utilized, as the beginning of that long succession of ruined castles and vine-clad slopes, which give to Rhenish scenery its peculiar and unique charm, has now been reached.

The next excursion centre is Remagen on the right bank, whence the beautiful valley of the Ahr is easily reached. At Ahrweiler in the neighbourhood is the source of the Apollinaris spring, which yields a tonic water now very popular in England. On approaching the next town of importance, Coblenz, the steamer passes Neuendorf, where those enormous rafts are formed which, like floating villages, are continually being met with, and form such a very characteristic feature in Rhenish scenery.

Coblenz, situated on the left bank, is a town of great antiquity, called by the Romans "Confluentia." The beautiful Rhine *Anlagen* extend for some distance along the bank. Hood lived at Coblenz for some years, and it was here he wrote his "Up the Rhine." Facing Coblenz, on the right bank, is the rocky fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, the vast extent and great strength of which is well shown by the subjoined engraving. Upwards of £1,800,000 have been expended upon this fortress.



## *The Continent viâ Harwich.*

Stolzenfels Castle, near Coblenz, perfectly kept and occupied occasionally by the Prussian Royal Family, was visited by Queen Victoria in 1845.

The river Lahn, which runs through a lovely valley, enters the Rhine at this point, and the annexed engraving represents one of the prettiest scenes in this charming district. The limited space at our disposal will not admit of an extended description of the many points of interest to be found between Coblenz and Mayence; we must therefore content ourselves by selecting the most noteworthy.

On the left bank, opposite Salzig, note the ruins of the castles of Sternberg and Liebenstein, formerly the strongholds of two brothers, Conrad and Heinrich, who became enamoured of their beautiful foster-



OBERLAHNSTEIN.

sister, Hildegarde. Heinrich with rare self-denial went to the Crusades, and left his brother to win the prize. Circumstances occurring to postpone their marriage, Conrad, tired of inactivity, followed his brother to the wars, leaving Hildegarde alone and in sorrow at Liebenstein. In a short time Conrad returned with a lovely Grecian bride, and inhabited Sternberg. On Heinrich's return shortly afterwards, he, on learning how matters stood, determined to revenge his foster-sister's wrongs by meeting his brother in single combat, but as they were crossing swords Hildegarde intervened and brought about a reconciliation. She then retired to a convent, and Conrad's foreign wife soon after proving faithless, the two brothers henceforth lived together in retirement at Liebenstein, leaving Sternberg to its fate.

Near St. Goar, on the left bank, is the precipitous rock of Lurlei or Lorieifelsen, with its echo repeating fifteen times, and its well-known legend on which Wallace's opera "Lurline" is founded.

## *The Rhine.*

Farther up the river, in mid-stream, are the rocks called the Seven Virgins. It is said that these rugged masses were once seven fair maidens, condemned by the river-god for their prudery to this unenviable destiny.

Passing Assmannshausen on the left, celebrated for its fine red wine, produced from vines cultivated in the neighbourhood, in the most barren and impossible places on the rocky sides of the mountain, we see on the right an island, with a ruin called the Mäusethurm (Mice Tower), connected with which is the following strange tradition so beautifully given by Southey :

At a time when the inhabitants of Mayence were suffering from a severe

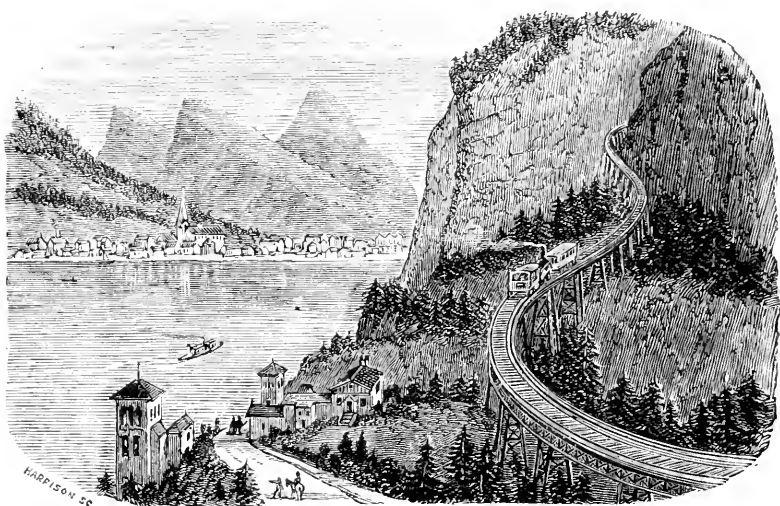


BINGERBRÜCK.

famine, their wicked and covetous old Bishop, Hatto, caused a number of poor people to be burned in a barn, accumulated large stores of grain in this tower, and when pressed for assistance by the starving inhabitants, took refuge there with his immediate attendants. Tradition adds that the mice, having been driven by hunger from their usual haunts, effected the passage of the river, and being attracted to the tower by the presence of the grain, succeeded in forcing an entrance, and devoured not only the grain itself, but every living being in the tower, including the wicked old Bishop.

Rüdesheim lies on the left bank, and opposite is Bingerbrück, with its beautiful scenery, a view of which we annex, as also Johannisberg, with its castle belonging to Prince Metternich, and its sixty-five acres of vineyard, producing perhaps the most highly prized wine in the world ; thence on to Biebrich and Mayence. From this town travellers can proceed by train to Frankfort-on-the-Main, Heidelberg, and on to Switzerland, where the Rigi should be visited, with its wonderful railway, saving the traveller the

toil and trouble of ascending the mountain. A view of this railway is shown in the accompanying engraving. If favoured by fine weather, all will probably agree in saying that the most delightful portion of their tour was the time spent in ascending the Rhine, the comparatively slow speed of the steamer enabling the eye to rest sufficiently long for appreciation on each feature of the landscape, as it is brought into view by the numberless windings of the river.



ARTH-RIGI RAILWAY.

## CATHEDRALS & PLACES OF NOTE.

WHAT is a holiday? to many the answer would probably be change of occupation and scenery; to some it would bring the idea of Alpine climbing, absolute rest, or sea-side rusticity, whilst to others the charms of old cathedrals and old-world histories would be the great value of an outing. To those who belong to the last category the Eastern Counties offers Norwich, Ely, and Peterboro in the way of cathedrals, Cambridge and Sandringham on their own merits, and King's Lynn, Colchester, Bury, and Ipswich, for their archaeological claims.

We will begin with that locality which, from its association with Royalty, is certain to command good wishes and attention. The description of Sandringham is, by the courteous permission of the proprietors, reprinted from the columns of "The World."



## *Sandringham.*

### SANDRINGHAM.

THE rural home of the Heir to the Throne of Britain lies in the warm sheltered hollow behind the range of low wooded bluffs that line the southern margin of the Wash. From the low-lying station of Wolferton, the road traversed by the visitor to Sandringham Hall gradually ascends through a region, the natural bleakness and barrenness of which is slowly



SANDRINGHAM.

and reluctantly yielding before the persistent energy of taste and skill. Close on the left rises the hoary square tower of the quaint little Sandringham Church, within whose walls Prince and peasant worship together, in the modest God's Acre surrounding which rest side by side the mortal remains of the babe of the Blood Royal and the child of the peasant. There is a glimpse, over the sward, and the water, and the rockwork, of the long, picturesquely broken garden front of the Hall—a mere passing gleam of warm red, here and there hidden in the loving embrace of the dark green ivy; and then, with a wide sweep, the road turns the corner of the park, the beautiful "Norwich Gates," with their delicate ironwork tracery, are passed, and there remains but a short drive along a broad straight avenue, lined on either side by massive old trees, to the principal entrance of the Hall.

At a glance it is apparent that Sandringham is no stately palace, where comfort is a secondary consideration to splendour, where sumptuous suites of apartments bear the chilling impress of being uninhabited and uninhabitable; but a veritable English home, designed not for show, but to be lived

in—every detail eloquent of unostentatious taste and of refined domesticity. The key-note to the theme of *dulce domum* is struck on the very threshold. In the inner wall of the vestibule above the hall door is set a tablet bearing this inscription in old English characters : “ This house was built by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, and Alexandra, his wife, in the year of our Lord 1870.” The home savour of Sandringham begins from the very door-step, for there is no formal entrance-hall. The vestibule is simply part and portion of the great saloon, which may be called the family parlour of the house. This noble apartment has a lofty roof of open oakwork ; its walls are covered with pictures ; and its area is almost encumbered with cosy chairs, occasional tables, pictures on easels, musical instruments, flowers in stands, flowers in pots, flowers in vases, and a thousand and one pretty trifles, each one of which has an association and a history linked to it.

From the saloon opens the business-room, occupied by General Sir William Knollys, the Controller of the Prince's Household, and by Mr. Francis Knollys, C.B., his Royal Highness's Private Secretary ; and in this room it is where the Prince transacts his correspondence, gives interviews to other than social visitors, sees his tenants on questions of improvements—for his Royal Highness shirks none of the obligations of a landed proprietor—and gives his personal instructions to land steward, gardener, and head keeper. A plain room, furnished in a plain and business-like style, this apartment has for its sole embellishment a few portraits, among which may be mentioned those of Admiral Rous and Lord Napier of Magdala. On the right of the vestibule, as one enters the house, lies the library ; a pleasant room in blue and light oak, the shelves in which are filled with books belonging almost exclusively to the departments of history and travels. A whole compartment is devoted to works on the Crimean War, another to books—many of which are hard reading enough—on India, both British and native. The “ Greville Memoirs ” are sandwiched between the “ Nelson Despatches ” and the “ Narrative of the Euphrates Expedition,” and the “ Seven Weeks' War ” is in close proximity to the “ Rise of the Mahometan Power in India.” Through the equerry's room, the next of the suite, is reached the second library, which might appropriately bear the name of the “ Serapis room,” for it is full of the belongings of his Royal Highness during his voyagings in the big troop-ship, and the familiar feathers in gold between the initials A. E. meet the eye everywhere.

This room opens into the vestibule of the garden entrance, which by reason of its proximity to the drawing-rooms is always used on ball nights. From the main corridor stretching to the great staircase there open on the right the principal reception-rooms ; but before these are reached there is passed the Prince's private morning-room, a family room pure and simple. The admixture of feminine and masculine tastes of which this pretty room is, more than any other in the house, an exemplar, speaks eloquently of lives blended in an accord of close-knit domesticity. The walls, of cool neutral tint, are partly decorated with rare china and pottery, partly

panelled with crayon pictures of deer stalking episodes in the Highlands by the most celebrated English painters of our day. A large windowed projection, which is in part a lounge, in part a boudoir, and in part a writing-room, is half partitioned off from the rest of the apartments by a screen devoted to the display of family photographs. A truss of tree-mignonette, with lilies of the valley blossoming around the bushy stem, half hides the panel on which Leighton's brush has depicted "The Bringing the Deer Home;" the spreading skin of a huge tiger shot by the Prince in India lies on a quilt carpet of patchwork, which was a tribute of loving respect to the Princess from the children of one of the schools which she finds time to foster with so much personal attention.

From this room a door opens into the anteroom or the great drawing-room; a pretty little apartment in French grey, having for its chief ornament a large picture of the Emperor of Russia and the Prince driving together in a sledge, whose three horses in a furious gallop are foreshortened with great skill and fine effect. The principal drawing-room, like all the rooms on this side of the house, looks out into the park, across the flower-beds, water, and rockery, to where the antlered red deer are browsing in the beech glades. It is a room of fine proportions, of whose walls the prevalent tint is a pale salmon-colour; and its fixed decorations are studiously simple, consisting merely of a few mirrors placed panelwise, some floral mouldings, a painted ceiling, and a single group of statuary. Madame Jerichau's "Bathing Girls" embrace each other on a pedestal, from around the base of which flowers and blossoming exotic shrubs rear the gleaming glories of their bloom and the quieter hues of their foliage against the snow-pale marble. The sweet scent of spring violets nestling among moss perfumes the air, and there are flowers everywhere; indeed, the whole house is a floral bower, for the Princess is passionately fond of flowers, and literally lives among them. A door-window of the drawing-room "gives" on a small domed conservatory projecting from the garden front of the house. *En suite* with the drawing-room is the dining-room, a warm-tinted, genial-looking room, suggestive of comfort in its every item. A great bow-window expands from the centre of its front, whence the light streams in upon Landseer's "Mare and Foal" above the oaken sideboard. Over the fire-place, where the logs are blazing on the wide-open hearth, is a full-length portrait of the Prince in the blue and gold of the 10th Hussars. "Unser Fritz" and his Princess—whose well-won empire over the German heart has never weakened her love for her native land—flank Landseer's *chef-d'œuvre* on either side, and life-size portraits of the Princesses Alice and Louisa hang on either side of the door opening from the drawing-room.

From the dining-room the way leads through a "corridor of weapons," where the "white arms" of all ages are arranged in glass-fronted cabinets on the walls, to the billiard-room, whose walls are brightened by Leech's inimitable hunting sketches, and whose three side windows, set in ivy, look out on the Italian gardens on the site of the old fish-ponds, and so athwart

the park to the church. The annexed smoking-room is the antechamber to the long vista of the bowling-alley, lighted both from sides and roof, with raised seats at the upper end, whence ladies may look down on the tournament of their squires. Beyond the bowling-alley is a little room over which Macdonald reigns supreme—the gun-room, in whose glass-faced cupboards are arranged shooting-irons in bewildering number and variety.

The impulse is to pause here in this sketchy description of the interior of Sandringham Hall, lest the going farther savour of presumptive intrusiveness. Yet it is hard to shun a reference to that beautiful room on the same floor, with its pale salmon-coloured and French grey walls; its pink and lace hangings round the deep bay of the bow-window; its medley of old china, photographs, water-colours, dwarf palms, flowers; its thousand and one pretty nick-nacks; its singing birds; and with the indescribable, yet felt, although unseen presence of delicate and refined womanhood which pervades the whole of the exquisite chamber. Sandringham is the chosen rural home of their Royal Highnesses; they have watched it grow into beauty as their children grow up around their own hearth; it is endeared to them as the scene of much sweet serene happiness and of one great trouble, the sorrow of which was mercifully turned into joy; and in Sandringham it is given to them—nor do they forego the opportunity—to do much good in this their day and generation.

#### KING'S LYNN.

THE mere name of the town raises a question, Why King's Lynn? The answer is, that it took its name from our reforming King, Henry VIII. Formerly the place belonged to the Bishop of Norwich, and was called Bishop's Lynn; but when it came into the King's possession the Bishop's title disappeared, and Royalty rose in its place: thus King's Lynn.

There are three objects of some interest at this town: one the Grey Friars' Tower, so named from its being originally associated with a monastery devoted to that Order. It is a lofty hexagonal pile, built in red brick and stone, and supported on some finely-turned arches. Its motto might be written on its face, "Behold the law of change." The South Gate, another object of interest, might be included in the same motto. It is a mere remnant of the old fortifications which ran round the town. It was built during the reign of Henry VI., and it still retains the stamp of its beautiful proportions. To many minds the point of greatest interest will probably be the Grammar School, as being associated with Eugene Aram. He was under master at the time he was taken prisoner and charged with the murder. The whole story has been rendered famous by the skill and genius of Bulwer Lytton, and however little we may agree with the choice of the subject, the natural interest remains nevertheless. One other relic may be noted. Our Lady's Chapel, built in 1482, has a groined roof of great beauty: it is composed of fan tracing springing from slender columns, and is said to be unique in England. It is situate on the Red Mount.

CAMBRIDGE.

FROM the heights of Ely Cathedral may be seen the wide-reaching colleges of Cambridge, which is probably the oldest educational centre in the kingdom. The whole of the seventeen colleges which form the University have grown up one by one; here under the care of a Bishop, there under the guardianship of King or Queen, and in other cases through the munificence of private influence; yet amid the many modifications which have arisen during the seven centuries of its existence, it has continuously evolved a higher and nobler conception of education.

Among the places of interest, those which have the most claim upon the attention of those whose time is limited are St. Peter's, Queen's, King's, Clare, Trinity, St. John's, and Magdalen Colleges. To these may be added the Fitzwilliam Museum, the Senate House, and the University Library.



SENATE HOUSE AND GREAT ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

Nor should we omit King's College Chapel, a structure of great beauty. The interior is very impressive, and the building as a whole may be considered architecturally one of the principal objects of interest in Cambridge. In connection with King's College Chapel, it is well to remember that a fair view of the colleges and town can be obtained by ascending the staircase at the north-west corner. The various colleges have each some special point of attraction; thus, one is noted for its associations with great men, another for its library, and a third from its connection with medicine or law; but Trinity College may be taken as typically representative of the University. It is the largest and one of the noblest foundations in the kingdom: the old court is said to be the most spacious quadrangle in the world. Trinity is famous, not only for its size, but for the great men who have passed through its teaching. Among them may be noted Bacon, Newton, Byron, and Macaulay—four names, each of which stands alone in

its own walk of literature or science. In the library attached there is a fine statue of Byron by Thorwaldsen. Here may also be seen Milton's first sketch of "Paradise Lost." Whilst speaking of great men, it may be worth adding that Cromwell, Pitt, Walpole, Dryden, Milton, and Coleridge, with a host of other eminent men, all sprang from this great University. Oliver Cromwell's name is entered in the books of Sidney Sussex College, and its library is enriched by a bust of the Protector produced from a plaster cast taken after Cromwell's death. Here also is the celebrated crayon sketch, by Cooper, of the same great man. Christ College is famous for its mulberry-tree, said to have been planted by Milton, who was a student there. Though so old, the tree is very vigorous and produces excellent fruit. Paley was also a student at this college.

The quaintness of thought which characterized three centuries ago comes out in some of the arrangements of Caius College. This foundation practically owes its existence to Dr. Caius, after whom it is named. To illustrate his views of life he built three gates to his college; the one opening from the street was called "The Gate of Humility." Proceeding inwards to the second court, it was necessary to pass through a second gate, which was called "The Gate of Virtue." To obtain entrance into the inner court it was equally necessary to pass through "The Gate of Honour." To translate this antique teaching into every-day language would be to say that "humility and virtue lead to honour." The present generation will scarcely endorse the idea.

In connection with St. John's College there is a point worth attention: it is asserted that the great west window in the tower, although composed entirely of modern work, is superior in brilliancy, delicacy, and finish to any of the ancient stained glass, the secret of which was supposed to have been lost. In Magdalen College there is the original MSS. of "Pepys' Diary," also a small volume taken down in shorthand by Pepys, from the mouth of Charles II., detailing his escape after the Battle of Worcester.

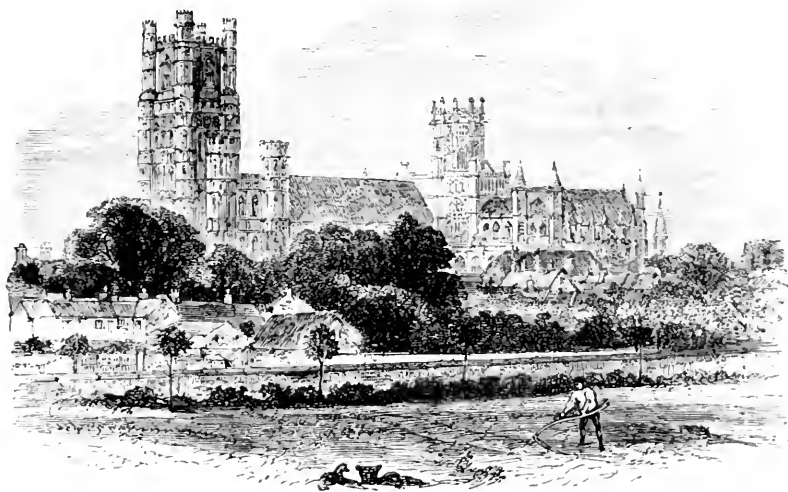
The small college of Trinity Hall is specially designed for the study of Canon and Civil Law: two of its members have made their names famous in the present generation, viz., Lord Lytton and Sir Alexander Cockburn.

After the colleges have been seen, there is the Fitzwilliam Museum, which glories in the possession of Canova's "Venus and Hebe." In the picture gallery there is a portrait of a Dutch officer by Rembrandt; one of Philip II. by Titian; one of Pitt by Gainsborough; and twenty-three water-colour drawings by Turner, kept in a lock-up case. There are also some fine modern pictures by Stanfield, Goodall, and others.

One of the fairs held at Midsummer in the neighbourhood of Cambridge has given birth to the word "tawdry." It is held in honour of Saint Awdry. By the ordinary law of change it became first Sain-t Awdry, gradually clipped down to St'awdry, and finally tawdry, under which guise we now know it, and as the fair was principally held for the sale of flaring coloured ribbons, the name obtained its present significance.

ELY.

THE City of Ely took its rise from those monastic institutions whose remains are still thickly scattered throughout England. In its earliest days it was selected for its seclusion, its site being one of the many islands that raised themselves out of the waste of waters which then existed as the Fens of Cambridgeshire. It was founded as a monastery, and, after various modifications, eventually took up its position as a Bishop's See. The objects of interest in Ely itself may be said to be concentrated into the ruins associated with the old monastery, and the existing cathedral. The relics of the monastery are not numerous: the most conspicuous is that commonly known as the "Porter's Lodge," no doubt one of the original gates of Ely itself during its monastic grandeur.



ELY CATHEDRAL.

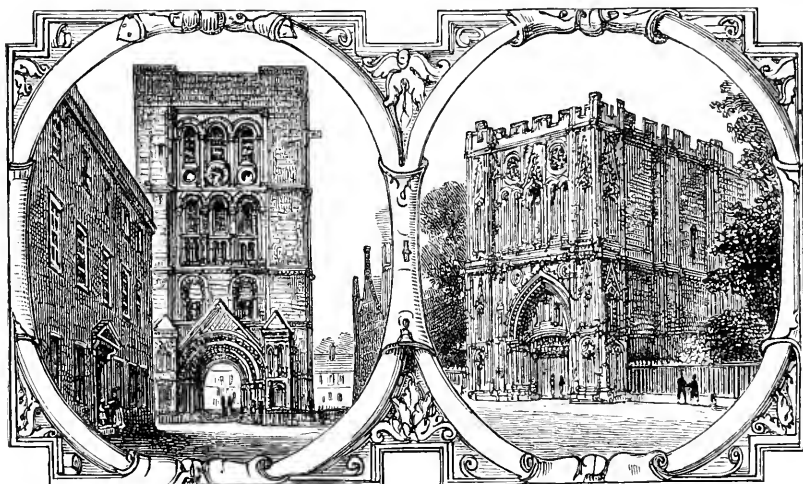
Ely Cathedral is remarkable for its octagon and lantern, its reredos, and for its perfect examples of different styles associated together in one building. Any one who is desirous of grasping the general ideas included in the growth of church architecture, cannot have a more favourable opportunity than is afforded at Ely. The modifications within the cathedral represent a period of nearly five centuries, the date of its foundation being 1061, and its completion 1550. The various styles which church architecture introduced during this long period is accurately represented in different portions of the cathedral itself. It may be pointed out that—

The Nave and Transepts are Norman	1066—1150
The Great Western Tower is Transitional	1150—1200
Western Porch and Presbytery are Early English	1200—1300
Octagon and Lady Chapel are Decorated	1300—1460
Chapels of Bishops Alcock and West are Perpendicular	1460—1550

A curious illustration of symbolism in connection with the cathedral has been pointed out by Mr. Stewart, and as it is probably a correct rendering

of the subject, it is here subjoined. "The Galilee Porch is not parallel to the axis of the nave, but has a marked inclination to the north, whilst the choir, on the other hand, like that of Exeter, inclines to the south. The ground-plan of churches, by so frequently assuming a cross form, typify the doctrine of the Atonement—the choir or chancel marking the position of the Saviour's head, the transepts His arms, and the nave His body. By an expansion of this idea, the choir is made to bend southwards to show the inclination of the Redeemer's head upon the cross, while, as it would seem here, the porch is turned in an opposite direction, to indicate the position of His feet."

Another instance of the same principle of symbolism may be noted in connection with a monument found under the floor of the nave. It re-



NORMAN TOWER AND GATEWAY, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

presents an angel with wings raised above the head, bearing a small naked figure; probably representing the soul of a Bishop, as a crozier appeared at the side.

Among the special points celebrated for beauty of architectural effect may be noted the three Western Bays, whilst the Octagon and Lantern are said to be unequalled in England. The newly-erected Reredos is a splendid example of modern work, at once chaste in design and rich in detail. For those who desire to obtain a good view of the surrounding country, facilities are afforded by a staircase commencing at the south-west transept, leading to the western tower. Permission must be obtained of the vergers in attendance.

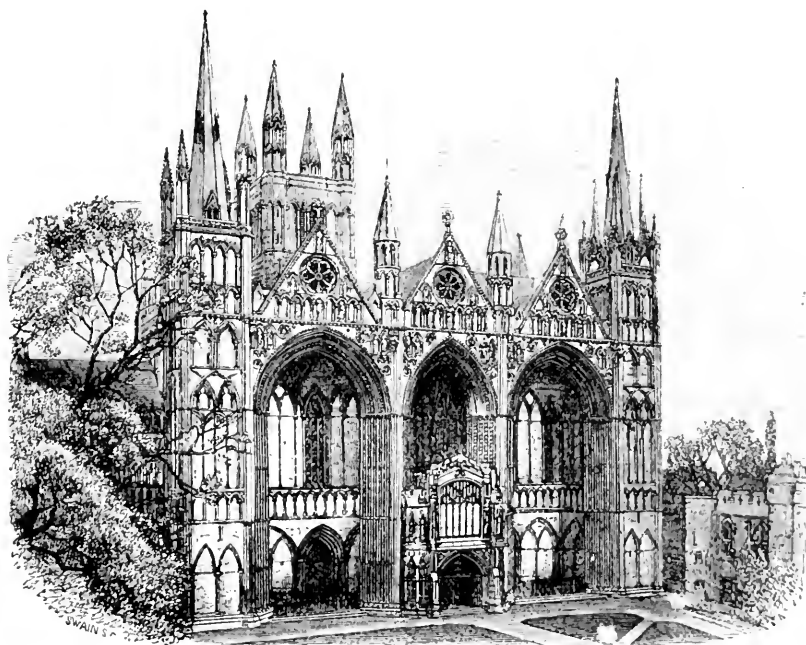
#### BURY ST. EDMUNDS.

THIS old town was founded by Canute in the most beautiful part of West Suffolk, to commemorate the martyrdom of Edmund, King of East Anglia, and it gradually increased in importance, together with the Abbey founded at the same period, until the latter became one of the largest as



## *Cathedrals and Places of Note.*

well as one of the most richly endowed monasteries in the kingdom, possessing as it did revenues equivalent to £50,000 at the present day. The Abbot was mitred, and maintained a retinue of upwards of two hundred persons; and he not only coined his own money, but also hanged his own criminals. The early importance of Bury may be estimated from the fact that it possessed no less than forty churches and religious foundations. Here good Duke Humphrey had the misfortune to be smothered between the bolsters of his bed in 1446, and Dudley unsuccessfully attempted to raise the country on behalf of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey.



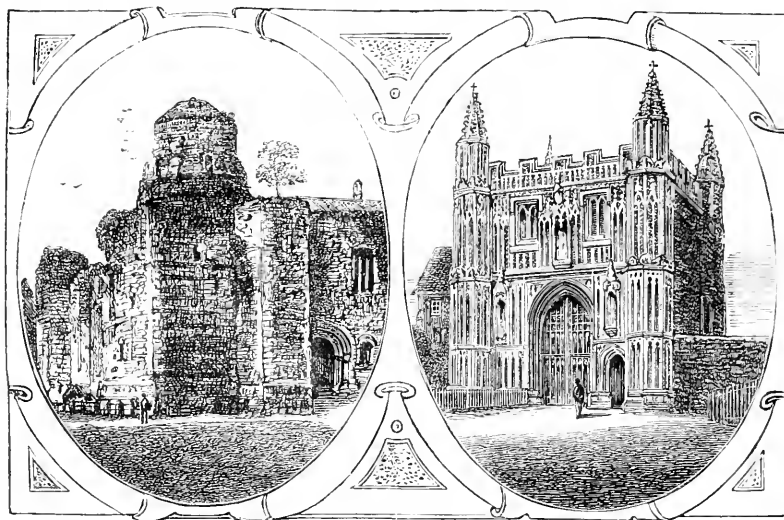
PETERBORO CATHEDRAL.

### **PETERBORO.**

ANY one entering Peterboro Cathedral to hear the choral services, could not fail to be struck with the thought that the feeling which they were intended to represent has passed away, perhaps for ever. The choristers are there, but where are the congregation? They are conspicuous by their absence. Yet it has not always been so forlorn. Peter-boro has its history, as its name testifies. The patron saint of Rome gave its name to the Minster reared by King Edgar in imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, A.D. 970, and for a considerable period a visit to its high altar was considered as equivalent to a pilgrimage to Rome. During the whole period there have been constant additions and alterations, and at the present moment the Cathedral is still unfinished, the south-west transept having never been completed. Nine centuries have swept over the world since the foundations

were laid, and, so far as mere material splendour is concerned, Peterboro Cathedral has grown richer by each epoch. The Early English porch—the engraving of which is appended—is said to have no equal in the world for beauty, richness, and grandeur. Within its aisles rest Katharine of Arragon, Mary Queen of Scots, and Anne Boleyn. With respect to the first, a tale is told in connection with her death: the courtiers asked Henry VIII. if he would not erect a fair tomb to her memory: “Yes,” he replied, “I will leave her one of the goodliest in this kingdom”—meaning the Minster, which was accordingly spared from destruction.

The hours fixed for choral services are ten and four daily.



COLCHESTER.

### COLCHESTER.

WHY should any one in search of the picturesque visit Colchester? The town is known as a great military dépôt, but as a rule not much recognized beyond. Yet Colchester possesses claims for attention entirely its own. Our great artist, Turner, chose the north side of the Mill Pond as a point of view to sketch the town. On a question of this kind Turner's judgment was unimpeachable. But beyond the merely accidental artistic effects, Colchester has claims on the archæologist and the lover of the past. In St. Peter's Church there are some rare old brasses; the gateway of St. John's Abbey, and the ruins of Colchester Castle, views of which are appended, speak for themselves. Traditions hang round most ruins, and a tale is told of the Abbot of St. John's which is characteristic of the times. Henry VIII. was enraged at any opposition to his will, and the relations between the Church and the King were not harmonious during the latter part of his reign. The Abbot, John Bechi, pertinaciously refusing to yield to certain demands made by the King, an order was forthwith issued for his execution.

The town magistrates, to whom the carrying out of the sentence was entrusted, invited the Abbot to a feast, and when he arrived informed him of the Royal warrant, and hanged him without further ceremony.

The Romans chose the site of Colchester for one of their great military stations, as the Britons had done before them; and both nations seem to have appreciated the quality of the oysters of the neighbourhood, which are technically known as *natives*.

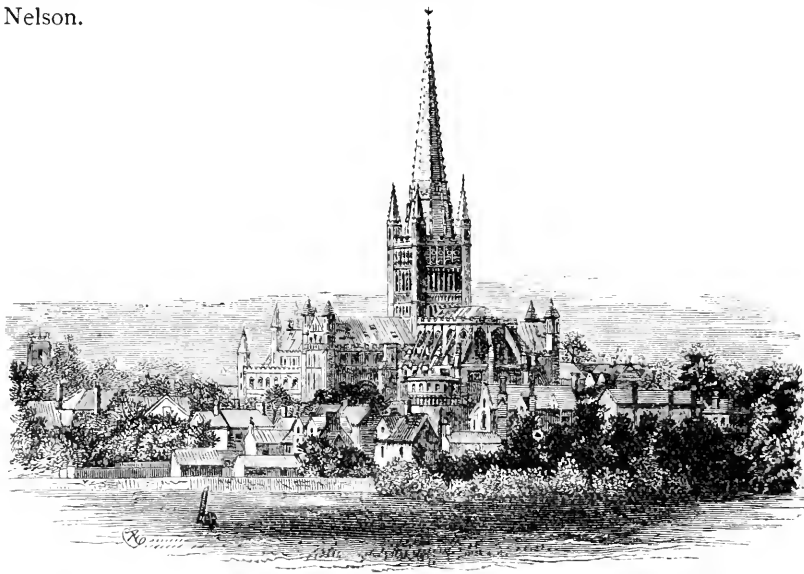
### IPSWICH.

WHAT can we see at Ipswich? There are the Docks, the Corn Exchange, the Town Hall, and all the various buildings which appertain to a town of 50,000 inhabitants. There are, however, other and special points of interest. Ipswich is associated with Wolsey, Bacon, Gainsborough, and Dickens. Here in 1471 was born the great Cardinal, at a house near St. Nicholas's Church. Lord Bacon several times represented the town in Parliament; whilst Gainsborough was born and lived here, and from localities in its neighbourhood produced some of his finest landscapes. The "Market Cart," now in the National Gallery, was painted from the locality known as his favourite walk, and which passes by the name of the great painter—Gainsborough's Lane. It was at the "White Horse" that Dickens laid the scene of Pickwick's error when he wandered into the wrong double-bedded room, and to his horror found the yellow curl-papers occupying the other bed.

It was at Ipswich also that Sam Weller saw Job Trotter emerge from a green gate. The locality is Angel Lane, and the particular green gate thus rendered famous is the last garden gate in the churchyard, within a few yards of Church Street. Of a less humorous character is "Sparrowe's House," situate in the Butter Market. It is a good specimen of domestic architecture of the sixteenth century; but its special claim to interest is the tradition that Charles II. was concealed there after the Battle of Worcester. So lately as 1801 a concealed loft was discovered in the upper storey, the entrance to which was carefully hidden by a sliding panel. In this room the King is supposed to have secreted himself, and the numerous relics, portraits, &c., in the family of the then proprietor, lends support to the assertion. In the Museum may be seen the Corporation Ducking Chair. It is a strong-backed arm-chair, with iron rods and fastenings, so constructed as effectually to secure the occupant, whilst a ring from the top allowed the whole to be swung into the river: the price paid to the porters for ducking the scolds was eighteenpence. It may here be noted that the Museum is well worth a visit, and that this opinion is general is testified by the fact that 80,000 persons sign their names, as visitors, annually. There is no charge for admission. Those who wish to reach the steamers which ply to Harwich, should turn down Queen Street, opposite the Post-office, and follow straight to the water-side.

## NORWICH.

THIS city has three great points of interest: first the Cathedral, next the Castle, and thirdly the Hall. One of the most salient features in connection with the Cathedral is its resemblance to Notre Dame of Paris. The tower and spire are the most important features of the exterior, the former being the loftiest and most elaborate of the Norman period remaining in England; the spire, with the exception of Salisbury, is the highest in the kingdom. The best point of sight is the south-east, from Liles' Green. The cloisters in connection with the Cathedral are worthy of attention from their great size and beauty. Near the western door of the Cathedral is the Free Grammar School, famous as having educated Sir James Brooke and Lord Nelson.



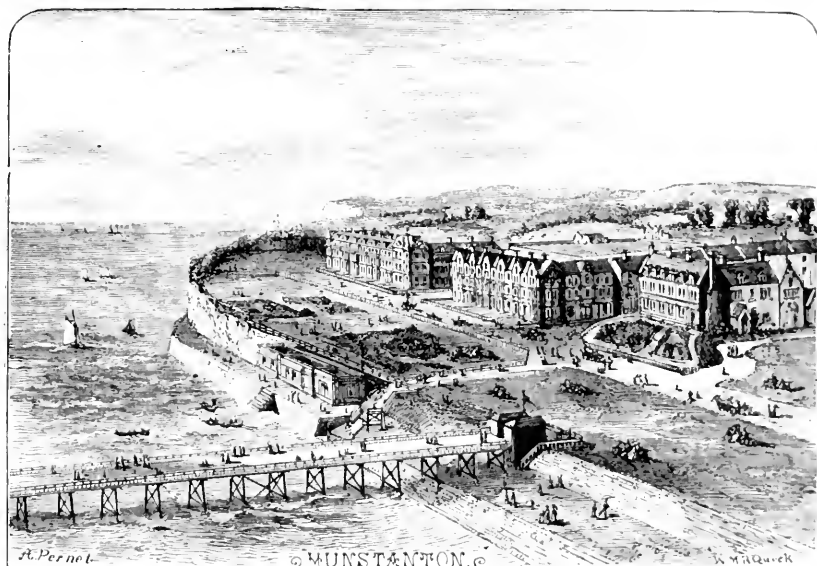
The Castle stands on a position marked out by nature for a structure of the kind. The date of its foundation is uncertain, but in all probability the site has been occupied as a fortress from the earliest dates. The names of Kings Alfred and Canute are associated with its early days, whilst its present general aspect is due to the time of William the Conqueror, and to the care of its constable, one Roger Bigood. The Castle originally occupied twenty acres, the part which is now remaining being only the keep. Its walls vary from ten to thirteen feet in thickness, and are seventy feet high. The general appearance is that of massive strength. It was converted into the county gaol many years since.

St. Andrew's Hall, which is considered a structure of great beauty, is more especially recognized at the present day as being "The Hall" in which the triennial Musical Festivals are held at Norwich. It was originally connected with the monastery of the Black Friars, suppressed at the Reformation. The citizens made application to Henry VIII., and on payment of the sum of £80, the Hall became the property of the Corporation.

One of the best points of view from which to see Norwich is the Castle Hill: on a fine day the panorama is superb.

## HUNSTANTON.

HUNSTANTON St. Edmund—locally called Hunston—is situated on a line of cliff at the north-west point of Norfolk, just within the northernmost point of the great estuary of the Wash. It is eight miles distant from Sandringham, and from its sheltered position, with a western aspect, its warm, genial climate, and the restorative properties of its chalybeate spring, is fast becoming one of the most popular health resorts on the East coast. The Convalescent Home was established as a memorial of the recovery from his dangerous illness in 1871-72 of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. This cliff, about a mile long, and in some parts sixty feet high, breaks the monotony of the flat shores that stretch away on either side, and it looks



over the firm sandy beach and the wide sea view; it consists of grey chalk marl, containing numerous organic remains; white chalk full of branching zoophytes; red chalk, green sand, and a dark brown breccia.

The Green, or Recreation Ground, is pleasantly situated on the cliff, and slopes towards the sea. Along its face, at two levels, are well-formed terraces or promenades, protected by masonry from damage by high tides. The pier was constructed in 1870. When the tide is up, the pier is a delightful promenade, whence may be observed the passing vessels, and not unfrequently the "grotesque gambols of schools of porpoises which follow up the water to prey upon the fish that are entangled, as it were, in the mixture of river and sea at the flood." Seals, also, may sometimes be seen.

A pleasant walk along the cliff leads to the lighthouse. It throws its warning light upon a dangerous sand in the Wash, known as the "Roaring Middle." At night a revolving light of the Lynn Well lightship may be seen. Near the lighthouse, and near the summit of the cliff, are the shattered and shapeless remains of the ancient chapel of St. Edmund. The village of Old Hunstanton lies about a mile and a half inland.

### CROMER.

THIS old sea-side village is still girt with the charm of its comparative isolation, for although the Great Eastern Railway runs direct from Norwich to the outskirts of the town, the revolution which its advent is destined to work, is only beginning to manifest itself. Cromer is still in the quaintness of its primitive surroundings, tempting alike from its natural beauty, its bracing air, and its entire freedom from hurry and rush. Those who want an outing where they can breathe the strong sweet air of the Northern Sea, and combine with it absolute rest and good quarters, cannot do better than pay a visit to Cromer. It has all the advantages incidental to railway communication, combined with the quiet which railway termini too rarely afford. The objects of interest in the immediate vicinity are not very special or



CROMER.

very numerous, but the whole neighbourhood is famed for its walks and drives, whilst the legend of "Cromer under the Sea" gives a weird interest as to how much is true and how much is romance. Pure water is a first essential to the preservation or renewal of health. In this respect Cromer can now fairly hold its own. The Water Works erected on the high land behind the town combine all the requirements of a good water supply, viz., quantity, purity, and pressure. As the water is obtained by deep boring in the chalk, its general excellence may be relied on.

It may be pointed out that the church towers are usually built very high along the east coast, and have been much used as sea-marks. The coast is so dangerous that there are four lighthouses between Cromer and Yarmouth, and the wrecks so numerous, that the timber from wrecks is much used in outhouses and fences. The cliffs are succumbing to the joint influence of the

## Sea-Bathing Places.

inland springs and the force of the waves. Those who wish to see the actual result can do so by extending their walk along the shore past the new lighthouse, where enormous masses of cliff are lying on the beach.

Felbrigge Park is about four miles from Cromer, and the Hall contains some capital pictures, among them a few Rembrandts and some good Vanderveldes. In the nave of the church is a brass of great rarity and beauty, one of the five of the Knights of the Garter which alone remain.

The Roman Camp, some four miles beyond Sherringham Church, as also Beeston and Aylmerton Heaths, are well worth seeing. The latter have reference to a period before houses were invented, when people lived in holes dug in the earth; of these holes there are some 2,000 in Aylmerton Heath alone.



YARMOUTH.

### YARMOUTH.

AMONG the sea-bathing places of the East Coast, Yarmouth has achieved a reputation for good sands and strong sea air. As to its health-giving qualities, Charles Dickens says: "If you bear a grudge against any particular insurance company, purchase from it a heavy life annuity, go and live at Great Yarmouth, and draw your dividends until they ask in despair whether your name is Old Parr or Methusaleh."

For visitors to Yarmouth the great promenade is the Marine Parade, which extends for a considerable distance in front of the sea, and is a wide and handsome road, flanked on the land side with good-looking houses. It has at either end a pier jutting well out into the sea. These piers afford capital loitering places during the warm summer days, and are

also favourite resorts for those who are fond of fishing from a safe vantage-ground.

From whence comes the expression, "I don't care a brass farthing"? There are a good many who have heard the words, but who have been unable to attach much meaning to them. Had we lived in Yarmouth two centuries ago, we should have understood it better. In 1667, the Corporation of the town issued brass farthings, which did not please our witty monarch, Charles II., who thought the coining of farthings was a distinct violation of his own Royal privileges, and prosecuted the town for its impertinence. The coinage was stopped, a fine of £1,000 inflicted, and the little coin held up to contempt. Though rare, they are occasionally met with in the neighbourhood. So much for the origin of the phrase.

The parish church, St. Nicholas, is said to be the largest parish church in England. It has a continuous width carried along its entire length, greater than either York Minster or St. Paul's. It is remarkable for its great spans, and has been a noble and handsome erection, but at one period of its existence its experiences were not too happy. During the Commonwealth it suffered badly. Cromwell and his Puritanical followers failed to see much good in big churches; they thought it better to have places for every-day use. To effect this object, they quietly divided the church into three places of worship for three different sects of Nonconformists. Very practical, but scarcely appreciative of church architecture.

We sometimes say of a man that he is in a cleft stick, but not many of us know very perfectly what it means. The good authorities of Yarmouth are disposed to enlighten us. The Corporation have a place they call the Hutch—suggestive name!—in which they keep their deeds, &c. Amongst them are preserved some tallies, or cleft sticks, the old fashion of keeping accounts. The stick was divided into two parts, one part being given to the creditor, the other part to the debtor, and so they notched away against each other as a tally. Scarcely suitable for our Railway Clearing House at the present time!

Among the most celebrated objects of interest in the immediate neighbourhood is Burgh Castle, said to be the most considerable and perfect specimen of Roman fortifications in England. It claims to belong to the first century of our era, but that is a matter difficult to settle. It is old enough to be venerable, and romantic enough to be interesting. Its walls are nine feet thick and fourteen feet high: from the general contour of the walls it would appear to have been a permanently entrenched camp, having its base on the sea.

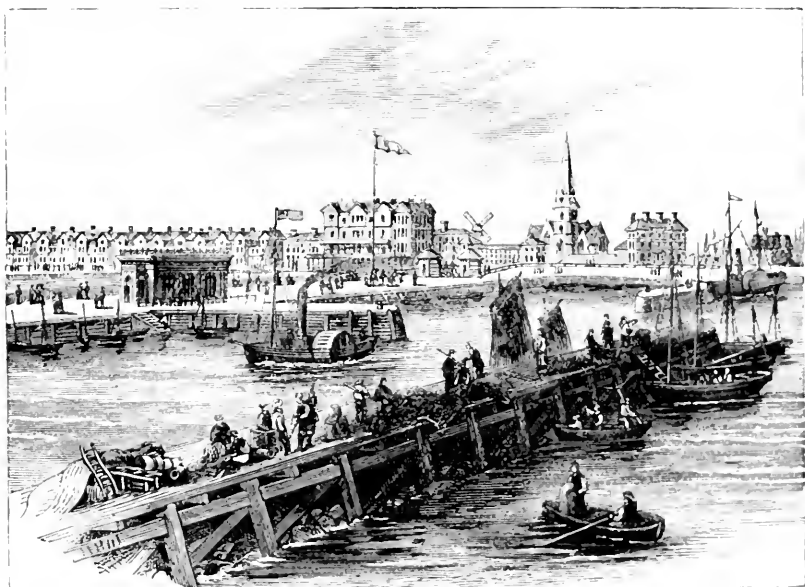
The same peculiarity attaches to Yarmouth which renders Lowestoft a favourite place for families. There are no high cliffs near the sea-shore, so that children can play on the beach without fear of dangerous falls. For those who seek bracing air, a good beach, capital bathing, and moderate expenditure, Yarmouth appears to be well suited.



### LOWESTOFT.

LOWESTOFT is one of the most famous sea-side places on the East Coast. In its immediate neighbourhood is one of the Norfolk Broads, called Oulton, a splendid piece of fresh water, well stocked with fish, and at the season of the year affords admirable sport to the lovers of that pursuit which Izaak Walton has made so famous. Lowestoft has some of those elements for which Yarmouth is conspicuous: it has good sands, a beach almost level with the Esplanade, strong air and good water: a place well suited for families, as it is free from the dangers inseparable from places where there are lofty cliffs, which will, of necessity, entail anxiety where there are children.

Lowestoft itself has been much changed by the action of the sea. A



LOWESTOFT.

place called the Denes has the appearance of a rugged sea shore, being covered with sand and pebbles, but surrounded with parts of great verdure and beauty. In the town itself there are a few objects of interest worth seeing. In the chancel of the parish church, St. Margaret's, there is a fine lectern, made of brass and shaped liked an eagle, with outspread wings, bearing a large black-letter Bible. The lectern is said to have been stolen by one of Oliver Cromwell's soldiers, with the intention of selling it for old brass; but he being killed in battle, it was discovered by a ploughman in the field, and restored to its proper place. Some of the epitaphs are amusing and curious; here is one:

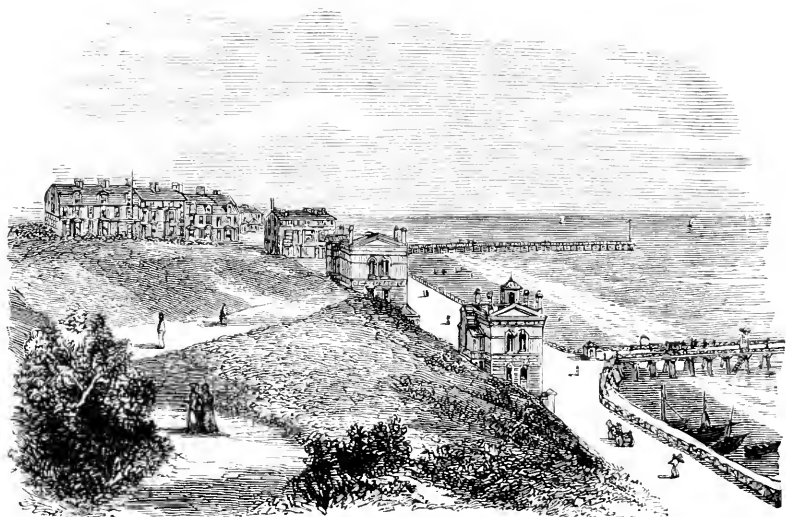
"Sacred to the memory of Sir John Ashley . . . who gave many signal examples of his bravery and skilfulness in naval affairs, by which he obtained the post of Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Navy

## *Walton-on-the-Naze.*

and General of Marines. Adorned with these honours, he exchanged earthly glory for immortality."

Some of the merchants of the town appear to have had a craze for perpetuating their name, thus: a Mr. Thomas Annott endowed a school on the condition that it was "to maintain an honest person to be known by the name of Mr. Annott, his schoolmaster, to bring up forty youths in virtue and religion, to teach them the art and knowledge of grammar, and all things incident and necessary belonging to the same art." The bequest has been disputed, but up to the present it has held its own, and a nominal Mr. Annott still flourishes.

There are a number of small villages surrounding Lowestoft, which afford pleasant walks and drives. The Esplanade is a fine broad open path facing the sea, having rows of good houses, which are let out in lodgings during the season. The Post-office is close to the Railway Station. There are return tickets by rail from London at an exceedingly moderate price.



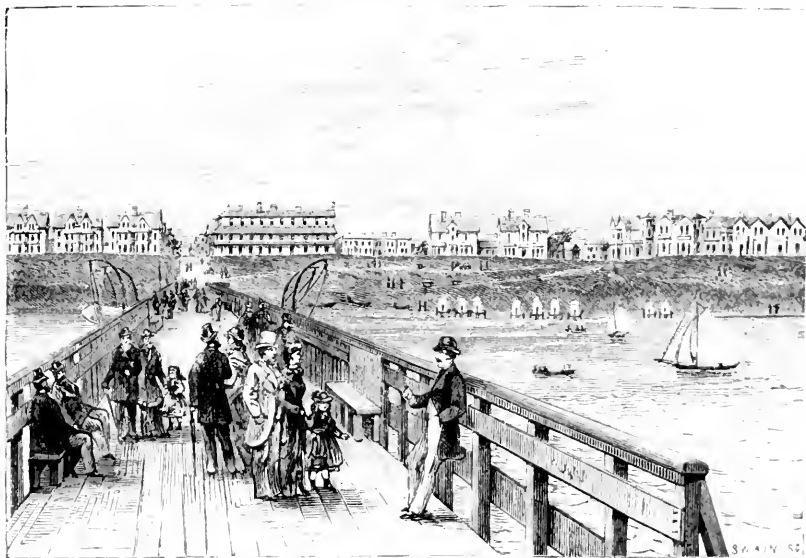
### WALTON-ON-THE-NAZE.

THIS sea-side resort was probably called into existence by the Saxons, and must at that period have been of some importance. Roman remains are still to be seen in the vicinity. The railway runs direct to Walton, and near the station and beach numerous houses are being built, affording accommodation for the annually increasing influx of visitors who resort here in preference to more crowded localities. It is a paradise for children, numbers of whom may be seen on a fine summer's day taking walks on the shore and enjoying the perfect freedom of the sandy beach. Our view shows the pier, where passengers are landed from the Ipswich steamers, as also the extensive sward lying between the houses and the sea-shore.

## CLACTON-ON-SEA.

CLACTON-ON-SEA may be reached by means of a branch line from Colchester. The town stands upon a cliff forty or fifty feet high, that faces the ocean, and looks down upon sands which, for extent and firmness, cannot be surpassed.

The Pier is a continuation of the main road. To the right and left are well-arranged streets and pleasant houses. The Lifeboat House is of red brick, faced with Portland stone. On a tablet over the chief doorway is the following inscription: "This Lifeboat Establishment was presented to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution by the United Grand Lodge of Freemasons of England in Commemoration of the safe return from India of the Most Worshipful Grand Master, His Royal Highness Albert Edward



CLACTON-ON-SEA.

Prince of Wales, 1877." The boat, which is named the "Albert Edward," has already saved several lives.

Clacton has adequate church and chapel accommodation, and also a public hall capable of holding 500 people. The season commences at Whitsuntide. There is an annual regatta, an event of great local attraction.

In the neighbourhood are several spots of interest. One of these is the village of Great Clacton, only a mile distant. It contains the church of St. John the Baptist, one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture in the country. It has nave, chancel, and south chancel aisle, and a large stone tower. Four miles from Clacton is the village of St. Osyth with its ancient priory and church. The ruins of a monastery remain. The entrance is through a gateway of imposing proportions, near which is a long battlemented wall with a fine Norman archway, where, it is supposed, the courthouse stood. The priory is now a private residence. The park of 250 acres contains some splendid cedars of Lebanon. A mile from St. Osyth's is St. Clair's, an ancient building surrounded by a moat.

### DOVERCOURT.

THIS little sea-side place is practically a suburb of Harwich, and in that sense it is a distinct advantage to Dovercourt, for by this association all the bustle of a town is combined with all the quiet of comparative seclusion. The esplanade affords a splendid walk by the side of the sea, whilst the Spa equally secures all the advantages of a lounge. The cost of entry is not excessive: the amount is one penny, whilst for another halfpenny the thirsty loiterer can indulge in a glass of cool Spa water. At one time the virtues of the spring were universally acknowledged. Our faith in healing water at present, if less robust, is more discriminating; but it is quite possible that to many constitutions the chalybeate properties of the water will prove useful. It is a mild tonic, containing carbonate and sulphate of lime, magnesia, and oxide of iron. To many persons the most essential question in connection with a watering place is its bathing advantages. In this respect



DOVERCOURT.

Dovercourt makes large claims: it is said to be one of the safest parts of the entire Eastern Coast for the purposes of bathing.

### HARWICH.

HARWICH is an ancient seaport. It stands on a peninsula at the confluence of the Stour and Orwell, both of which are navigable for large vessels for twelve miles above the town, the one to Ipswich, the other to Manningtree. Uniting at Harwich they form a large bay, and passing through a channel two to three miles wide, fall into the sea. The harbour of Harwich is the best on the east coast of England, and it is said that 100 ships of war, and more than 300 colliers have anchored here at the same time. The coast-line having undergone various changes, a stone breakwater, 400 yards long, has been built from the Beacon Cliff, a channel into the harbour has been dredged

## Harwich.

to a depth of thirty feet, and thus the entrance has been restored to its former depth.

Events have greatly affected the history of Harwich. Landguard Fort, now joined to the Suffolk coast, was, in 1667, attacked by a Dutch force, but they were driven off. At the Government dockyard, now let to private persons, sixty ships of war have been built, fifteen of them three-deckers. Formerly the trade of the town was large; the introduction of steam transferred it to London: now, by means of the railway, it has been revived.

Harwich in summer is thronged with excursionists—some come for sea-bathing. The railway company's pier extends into the harbour a distance of 600 feet for the accommodation of the passengers by its steamers to the Continent.



The Great Eastern Railway Company are expending about a quarter of a million of money in the construction of extensive works at Ramsey Ray, bordering on Harwich, which will greatly facilitate the development of Continental traffic by this route. These will comprise a new station and pier—the latter over a quarter of a mile in length—landing and loading quays, and large warehouse accommodation, as well as Custom's offices. The works are rapidly advancing towards completion and when ready, the Company meditate the establishment of a daily service to Antwerp as well as to Rotterdam, besides lines of steamers from Denmark, Hamburg, and other places. Among the institutions of Harwich is a nursery for lobsters that are brought from the Norwegian coasts, fed here in tanks, and then sent to Billingsgate. During the summer months 4,000 men and boys are employed, besides those required on board the fleet of smacks engaged in the trade, most of which belong to Harwich. Some forty shrimping boats also arrive here from Kent in May, and remain till October.

## EPHING FOREST.

CHINGFORD.

EPHING FOREST is unsurpassed for the variety of its scenery, the stately beauty of its woodlands, the purity of its air, and its accessibility to the metropolis. It is a portion of what was at one time known as the Forest of Essex, and subsequently as the Forest of Waltham. It extended to the walls of London. In 1837 it was estimated to occupy 60,000 acres, of which 48,000 were enclosed and had become private property; the unenclosed portions do not now exceed 6,000 acres. Hainault Forest is a part of the Forest of Waltham, and is said to have received its name because it was stocked with deer brought from Hainault. It was disafforested in



EPHING FOREST from GOLDINGS HILLS.

1851; and "the Act has been carried into effect by disposing of the timber and underwood, and bringing that portion which was allotted to the Crown into cultivation." But parts of Hainault Forest are still very picturesque, abound in nightingales, and can show some fine trees. One of these, known as the Fairlop oak, was of enormous size, its girth being forty-five feet. Its age may be inferred from the fact that Queen Anne went to see it. In 1805 it was injured by fire, and in 1820 its remains were blown down.

The most southerly portion of the forest commences within a few minutes' walk of either Leyton or Forest Gate Stations; but visitors who wish to approach nearer the middle of it should go to Loughton, on its southern side, or to Chingford Station on the north. Chingford is only a shilling return fare from Liverpool Street Terminus; and it is, perhaps, best for those who wish to reach the wildest parts of the forest.

Large lakes have been constructed which will offer facilities for boating and fishing in summer and for skating in winter. The ancient Hunting Lodge of Queen Elizabeth is close to Chingford Station.

## THE "FLYING SCOTSMAN."

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KING'S CROSS STATION stands amid some historic associations. Hard by is the place where, a thousand years ago, King Alfred conquered the Danes; and the bridge subsequently erected over the river Fleet was thereafter called Battle Bridge. The terminus, however, borrows its name from an octagonal tower, which was erected by an ultra-loyal bricklayer, who surmounted it with a statue of George IV., so grotesque in figure and expression, that it became the jest of London, and George Cruikshank sketched it, and called it "Dusty Bob in a Blanket."

We enter the terminus: at the down platform stands the splendid express known as the "Flying Scotsman." Its reputation is far-reaching and well deserved. It leaves the King's Cross terminus at 10 a.m., stops half an hour for dinner at York, and reaches the Waverley Station in Edinburgh at 7 p.m. The rate of speed being seldom less than fifty, and often more than sixty miles per hour, makes this one of the quickest runs of which we have any record.

The train has scarcely left the station when it passes into a tunnel under the Regent's Canal, then under the North London Railway, and through another tunnel beneath the New Cattle Market, and out into the open country. To our left is Highgate, with the graceful spire of its church, and the cedars of the cemetery; while farther away are the heights, trees, and villas of Hampstead. Hornsey soon appears, with its spacious mansions, some of them renowned as the abodes of eminent men. In the churchyard Rogers the poet was buried, and his monument has been placed in the old ivy-covered church. We now cross the New River, which winds pleasantly among the fields; and we are soon on a viaduct, commanding a view of Muswell Hill and the splendid pile of Alexandra Palace. It was rebuilt in 1874, in the place of one burnt down in 1873 only a few weeks after it was opened. It stands 220 feet above the Thames. The grounds occupy some 220 acres. More than 60,000 trees were transplanted hither. Near at hand Tom Moore wrote the greater part of "Lalla Rookh." To the left is the Colney Hatch Asylum; and then, sweeping over the skirts of what was once Enfield Chase, we are at Barnet, near which, in 1471, the battle was fought between the royal Houses of York and Lancaster, in which Nevile the Kingmaker was slain. A column has been erected to mark the spot. About seventeen miles from London we see on our right the wall of Hatfield Park, where Queen Elizabeth was confined as a sort of honourable prisoner, and where she received tidings that she had become Queen of England.

But the "Flying Scotsman" gives us no time to loiter, and we are soon on the great Digsweil Viaduct, nearly 100 feet above the rich and beautiful valley of the Mimsam; and Welwyn Station is reached, half a mile to the left of which is the little church where Young, author of "Night Thoughts,"

preached. Two long chalk tunnels are now entered ; then comes Rabley Heath, probably Robbery Heath ; and soon after passing the tunnels we see Knebworth, the mansion of Lord Lytton. The next station is Stevenage, where the abbots of Westminster had their manor lands, and where Charles Dickens found the original hermit described in one of his Christmas tales—Mr. Mopes. Emerging from a chalk cutting, we reach Hitchin, anciently called Hiz, once a possession of the Mercian kings. About thirty-three miles from London we enter Bedfordshire. Not far from Shefford is South Hill Park, a seat of the Whitbread family. Here Admiral Byng was born ; and, in the churchyard, after he was shot, was buried. Biggleswade is on the river Ivel : it was formerly one of the greatest grain markets in England. Sandy was a Roman station ; the ramparts enclosed about 30 acres. On the other side of the valley are the remains of Cæsar's camp. Sandy is now a great kitchen garden for the London market.

Some fifty-one miles from London we cross the Huntingdonshire boundary, and soon reach St. Neots on the Ouse. St. Neotus is said to have been a relation of King Alfred. The church is considered the finest in the county. About seven miles from St. Neots we reach Huntingdon, beautifully situated on a rising ground overlooking the north side of the Ouse. To the left of the station is Hinchinbrook House, an antique Tudor mansion standing out nobly among the ancient trees. The great Protector was born in the old family house in the town.

We are now in the fen country. Seventy-six miles from London we reach Peterborough, with its noble cathedral and railway junctions. A few miles north is a branch that leads to Stamford and to Burghley House. A hundred miles from London we enter a rocky cutting, and then Stoke Tunnel in the blue lias, and looking down on Great Ponton (the Roman *Ad pontem*) we reach Grantham. Ermine Street passed here, and here, probably, was a military station ; here also Cromwell had a dashing military exploit ; and here Isaac Newton went to school. The spire of the church is 273 feet high. Running northward, we enter a tunnel half a mile long—emerge on rich level country, chequered with copses, cottages, and mansions ; pass Claypole, where, after fourteen years of widowhood, the wife of the Protector died ; and, two miles forward, we cross the Shire Dyke, and are in Notts.

Newark comes next, with its stately church of St. Mary Magdalene, the spire of which is 240 feet high ; and the castle which King Stephen erected, where John died of poison and remorse, and where Wolsey lodged in princely state. Six miles forward is Carlton ; and soon afterwards the lofty embattled tower of Tuxford Church is seen. The town around is beautifully situated on an eminence ; and we next reach East Retford, on the Idle, an important parliamentary borough, and a great railway junction. Some five miles forward is Ranskill ; and then comes Scrooby, where the archbishops of York had a palace, and where a little Christian community of Independents was gathered, who went from Scrooby to Boston, from Boston to Holland, from Holland, in the Mayflower, to the New World, and there



## *The "Flying Scotsman."*

founded the "Pilgrim Father" Church of America. Bawtry is a market town standing in both Notts and Yorkshire. Doncaster, on the Don, is chiefly renowned for its races; and seven miles north, at Askerne Junction, we reach what is strictly speaking the termination of the Great Northern line, though the Company has ample powers for the freest access to what is more popularly regarded as its terminus at York.

Leaving York, we pursue our way northward, past Thirsk, busy with its sacking and leather trade; Northallerton, near which the Battle of the Standard was fought in 1138; Darlington, with its church of St. Cuthbert, with its tower and spire rising from the centre to the height of nearly 200 feet; and at length we approach Newcastle, where we cross the high level bridge, one of the masterpieces of the engineering of Robert Stephenson. It carries us over the deep ravine that lies between the town of Gateshead and Newcastle, at the bottom of which flows the river Tyne. The length of the bridge and viaduct between the Gateshead Station and the terminus on the Newcastle side is 4,000 feet. It passes over the roofs of the houses which fill both sides of the valley. The upper parapet is 130 feet above the bed of the river. Some 400,000 cubic feet of ashlar, rubble, and concrete were used in the piers, and 450,000 cubic feet in the land arches and approaches. It has been called the king of railway structures. Pursuing our onward way, we continue what is known as the East Coast Route; pass Alnwick and Holy Island, and soon approach the borders of Scotland. The Royal Border Bridge carries us over the Tweed. The warders at Berwick no longer look out from the Castle walls to descry the glitter of southron spears. "The bell tower, from which the alarm was sounded of old, though still standing, is deserted; the only bell heard within the precincts being the railway porter's bell announcing the arrival and departure of trains. You see the Scotch express pass along the bridge and speed onward on the wings of steam. But no alarm spreads along the border now." Northumbrian bees browse in peace. The opening of the Border Bridge may be regarded as "the last Act of the Union." On reaching Berwick the remains of the old wall built by the Romans are still to be seen, whilst the station of Berwick itself has, from its castellated appearance, something of a military style. The town of Berwick and its surrounding neighbourhood occupies a peculiar position, for it belongs neither to England nor Scotland; it is the free town of Berwick-on-Tweed. The entrance to Scotland itself is some three miles farther north, and is marked by a toll-bar and gatehouse, at which marriages similar to those of Gretna Green were used to be solemnized. On entering Scotland along the main road, the position of the coast to the railway is singularly picturesque. The line here is at a great elevation, almost parallel with the shore, and glimpses of fine scenery constantly come forth. This is especially the case at the first station on the line, Burnmouth, noted as a haunt for artists; it is at present a mere fishing village, but stands in a position of exceeding natural beauty. From the first point the line sweeps more inland, and then starts direct for Edinburgh and the north.

## PETERBOROUGH.

PETERBOROUGH is seventy-six miles from London. Here, in the seventh century, one Penda, a King of the Mercians, built an Abbey on an island in the river Nene, surrounded by impassable marshes, and called it Medehamstede, or the "Home in the Meadows." Shortly afterwards it was destroyed by the Danes, but about 970 was rebuilt, and, on account of its splendour, was called Gilden or Golden-Burgh; but since the Abbey was dedicated to St. Peter, it was called Peterborough. The present edifice was begun in 1118; but it was two hundred years before transept and nave, chapels and towers, were completed. The Cathedral is cruciform. It is chiefly in Norman and Early English, but great alterations have been made in later styles.



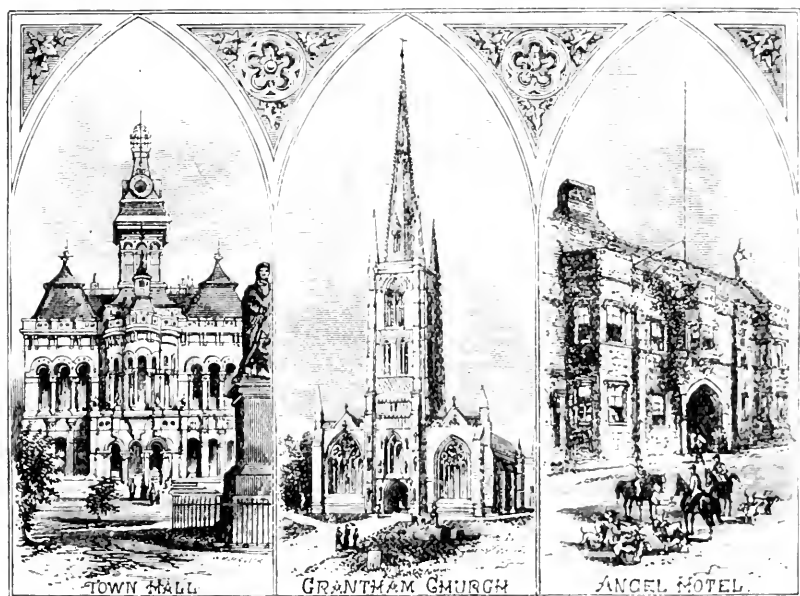
PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.

Its length is 476 feet, the breadth at the great transepts over 200 feet, and the height of the ceiling about 80 feet. The central tower is surmounted by a lantern, and is 150 feet in height. The western front of the Cathedral presents a noble appearance: it is formed by a recessed portal with three lofty arches, surmounted by a rich gable. The view looking toward the choir is very fine. Two queens were interred here—two of the most unfortunate in history: Katharine of Arragon, and Mary of Scotland, whose headless body was brought here from Fotheringay. The Bishop of Lincoln's funeral sermon for her was sufficiently cautious. "Let us," he said, "give thanks for the happy dissolution of the high and mighty Princess Mary, of whose life and death at this time I have not much to say, because I was not acquainted with the one, neither was I present at the other."

At Peterborough the London and North Western, the Midland, and Great Eastern systems join the Great Northern; here also the Lincolnshire Loop Line starts, and runs through Spalding, by the ruined Abbey of Crowland, through the fen country, past Boston to Lincoln, Grimsby, &c.

## GRANTHAM.

GRANTHAM is 105 miles from London. It is a town of great antiquity, and is said by some to have been built 300 years before the Christian era. It was an important Roman station, and the names of four of the chief streets suggest that it was a walled town; no traces, however, of the fortifications remain, nor of the Castle, which no doubt stood near the Castle Gate. Many of the ancient architectural antiquities of the town have been destroyed; and the Cross erected by Edward I., in memory of Queen Eleanor, on St. Peter's Hill, is now no more. Near the Angel Inn was a beautiful oratory, ornamented with scriptural figures in bas-relief; and the Angel Inn, once the Preceptory of the Knights Templars, still bears marks



of its ancient use. A priory of Grey Friars was founded here about the time of the erection of Queen Eleanor's Cross. It is thought that a hospital for lepers also was established at Spittlegate, near what is called Grantam Spa, where there is a chalybeate spring rising out of a sandy soil, the medicinal qualities of which appear to have been known to the monks.

Grantham is a junction of the Great Northern. Here, or near here, branches diverge to Lincoln and Boston on the east, and pass the stately towers of Belvoir Castle on the west, to Nottingham, Derby, and the great coal fields of the Leen and Erewash Valleys.

The Church at Grantam is a noble building, with tower and spire 273 feet in height. It contains several monuments. The Charnel-House has been divested of its gloomy interest by the removal of 1,500 skulls, which were formerly exhibited, arranged in rows and whitened by age. To many minds Grantam will have an enhanced interest when it is remembered that here the early school-days of Isaac Newton were passed.

## DONCASTER.

DONCASTER has been well described in Southey's "Doctor" as a "very likeable place, being one of the most comfortable towns in England ; for it is clean, spacious, in a salubrious situation, well built, well governed, has no manufactures, few poor, a greater proportion of inhabitants who are not engaged in any trade or calling than perhaps any other town in the kingdom ; and moreover it sends no Members to Parliament."

One of the most beautiful churches in England is that of St. George, at Doncaster. It is erected on the site of an ancient edifice that was burnt down in 1853, the cause being, as usual, a neglected flue. The present building cost nearly £60,000 : it was designed by Sir G. G. Scott, and is in

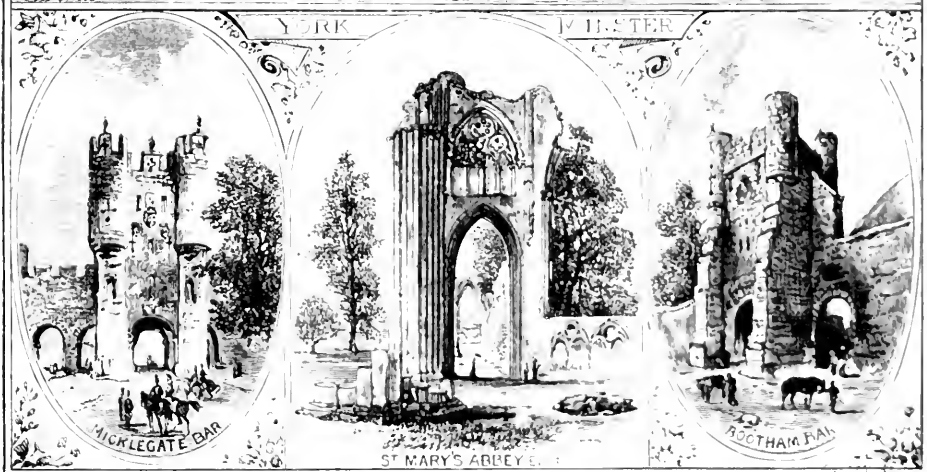
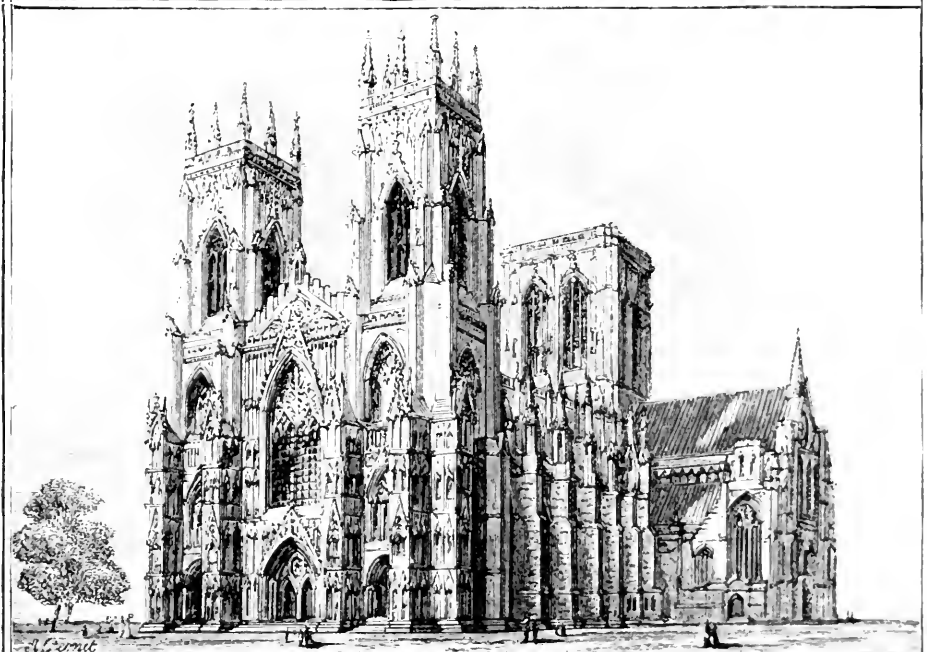
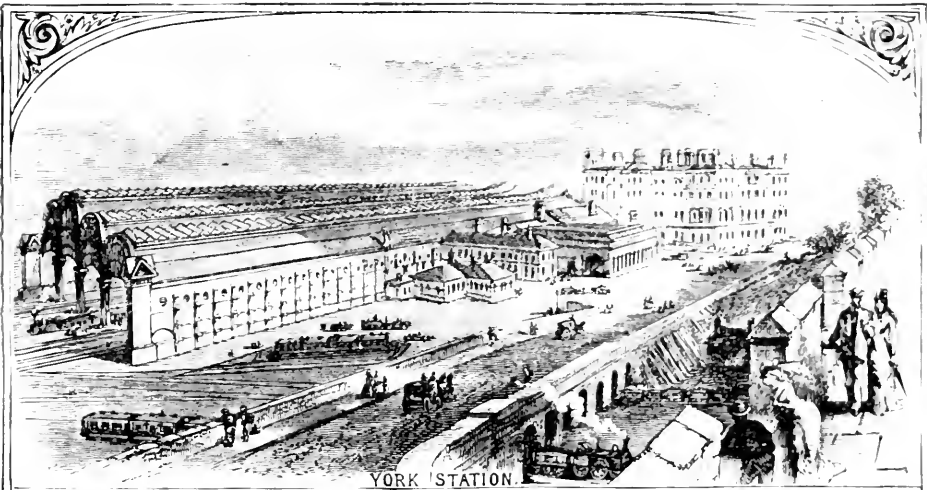


THE RACECOURSE, DONCASTER.

the Early Decorated style. It is 170 feet long ; the tower is 170 feet high, and, with the exception of that of Boston, is the loftiest central tower of a parish church in England.

Doncaster is celebrated for its races. They are of great antiquity : the corporation books show that there was a stand on the racecourse here before the year 1615. The course is about a mile from the town, and is approached by a road beautifully lined with trees. Doncaster and its healthy breezy neighbourhood will, at any season, well repay a visit.

The Great Northern Company has its principal locomotive, carriage, and waggon works at Doncaster. Lines branch from hence to Barnsley and the South Yorkshire coal fields, to Goole and Hull, and to Leeds, Bradford, Halifax, Wakefield, and the populous manufacturing districts of the West Riding. There are also junctions with the Midland, North Eastern, Manchester Sheffield and Lincolnshire, and the Lancashire and Yorkshire railways.



## YORK.

AS WE stand in the midst of a great centre of railway administration, and not far away from the stately Minster of York, we think of the time when there was nothing here but a mighty forest which stretched from the Midlands to the North, and where at length Roman military settlers took up their abode, because at this spot "all the forest paths converged." This event occurred about A.D. 79, and less than one hundred and thirty years afterwards York had become the chief city of the province of Britain, London being "still a mere resort of traders." Constantine the Great was here proclaimed Emperor, and whether he was not born here is uncertain. Many Parliaments have been held at York. The city retains much of its antique appearance. "Why, Mr. Brown," said Sydney Smith to a York tradesman, "your streets are the narrowest in Europe; there is not actually room for two carriages to pass." "Not room!" was the indignant reply; "there's plenty of room, sir, and above an inch and a half to spare!"

York Minster has probably an older and wider reputation than any other English cathedral. It was the centre from which Christianity spread through the country north of the Humber. The metropolitan church of the northern province was regarded with reverence and admiration, as its stately towers and roofs were seen rising in massive grandeur above the great plain of York. The Minster was founded in the seventh century; erected in its present form in 1171, but not completed till three hundred years afterwards. It is usually entered from the south transept, the earliest portion of the existing church, and from this point the architectural succession of the cathedral may be easily observed; but if we approach by the great west door, the entire length of the Minster is best seen. The vaulted roof, 100 feet high, stretches in a noble vista 500 feet long, to the east window; while the mellowed light that streams down from the painted windows, falls on the great clustered pillars on either side of the nave. The central or Lantern Tower is 235 feet high: it is said to be the most massive in England. The top is beautifully battlemented. The choir is built in the same style as the nave, and it illustrates the progress of Gothic architecture from the Decorated to the Perpendicular order. The east window is declared to be the finest in the world; it is 75 feet high and 32 feet broad. The Chapter House is on the north side of the cathedral.

Five minutes' walk from the Minster are the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, and the Museum Gardens of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society. The early history of this most interesting building is involved in obscurity, but undoubted Roman, Saxon, and Norman remains may here be studied. The north wall of the nave of the church has eight windows, the lights and tracery of which are singularly beautiful. The Museum is a Doric structure, erected in 1827. It is rich in natural history and geological treasures. It contains elephants' teeth from the coast, fresh-water fossils from Holderness, fossils (bones) from Kirkdale Crag, fossils (ammonites) from Whitby, and also British and foreign birds.

York Castle was once a strong fortress; it is now a gaol. Its walls enclose

an area of four acres. Clifford's Tower stands on a high mound, and forms a prominent and picturesque object. It was the keep of the Castle when York surrendered to the Parliamentary army in 1644; the city was dismantled of its fortifications with the exception of Clifford's Tower.

The Multangular Tower is an interesting structure. The lower part is Roman, the upper mediæval. The masonry of the exterior surface consists of regular courses of ashlar stones, with a string of large Roman tiles. The masonry of the interior is remarkably fresh and perfect, having been for



YORK STATION.

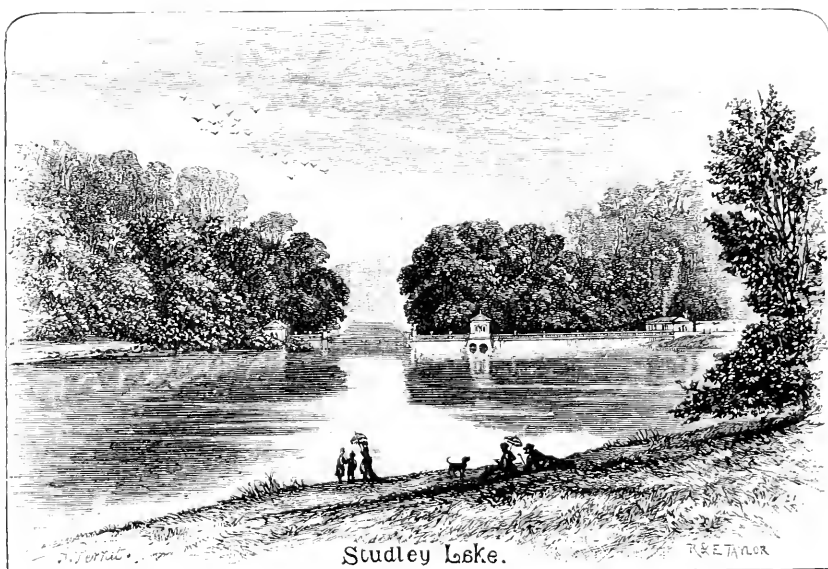
many ages protected by an accumulation of soil. The diameter at the floor is 33 feet. This tower stood at the south-west angle of the Roman city. The work is thought to have been completed by the legions under Severus.

The city walls are almost perfect throughout their extent. They existed before the time of Henry III.; they suffered in the siege of 1644, but were subsequently repaired. In 1831 they were again renovated, and they remain in excellent preservation. The most complete part is that which lies to the west of the Ouse. It encompasses the city on this side, and forms a promenade, from which fine views may be obtained of the Minster, Clifford's Tower, and the city.

The new station of the North Eastern Company, near the city walls of York, is handsome and commodious. Here, having completed the first portion of its journey of 189 miles in three hours and fifty-five minutes, the "Scotsman" tarries half an hour to dine. For this every arrangement has been made.

## STUDLEY ROYAL.

STUDLEY ROYAL, the seat of Earl de Grey, is about three and a half miles from Ripon, and is one of the most delightful "show places" in Yorkshire. On entering the park by the lodge, the visitor enters his name in a book, and is informed that there are three ways of viewing the grounds and ruins—"the long way, the middle way, and the short way"—and that the first will occupy two or three hours; but a whole summer's day could hardly be more delightfully spent than among the woods of Studley and the ruins of Fountains Abbey. Charming views are enjoyed on every hand, and objects of interest, natural or artificial, arrest the attention. The Norway spruce fir, 133 feet high and straight to the top, and the hemlock spruce, upwards



of 60 feet high, were planted, about 1720, by John Aislable. The stream of the Skell, falling into tiny cascades, crossed by rustic bridges, and anon expanding into lakes; the walks, now winding by the water and then plunging into the woods of oak and beech; the Well of Robin Hood, near which he had his memorable contest with the stout "curtal friar" of Fountains; the Octagon Tower, that crowns the hill, and the Temple of Piety, that nestles in a lowly but delightful situation; the avenue, about a mile in length, lined with lime-trees; and the park, beautifully wooded and stocked with deer,—these are among the objects that delight the visitor to Studley Royal.

The house is not shown. At the beginning of the last century Studley Royal was the property of Mr. Aislable, who had married the heiress of Mallory. The families of Mallory, Tempest, Le Gras, and Aleman had had possession of Studley for five centuries. Mr. Aislable, having spent many years in public life, passed his retirement here, rebuilding the manor house and planting the "pleasaunce" and park, and Studley became known as the "most embellished spot" in the north of England.



## FOUNTAINS ABBEY.

FOUNTAINS Abbey is three miles from Ripon. The origin of the name has been variously explained. One authority tells us :

“Low in a vale, with springs well stored, and wood,  
And sovereign herbs whence failing health's renewed,  
A neighbouring abbey next invites the eye ;  
Stupendous acts of former piety !  
From streams and springs which nature here contrives,  
The name of Fountains this sweet place derives.”

Fountains Abbey was founded about a year after that of Rievaulx. Scenes of violence had taken place among the monks of St. Mary's at York, and



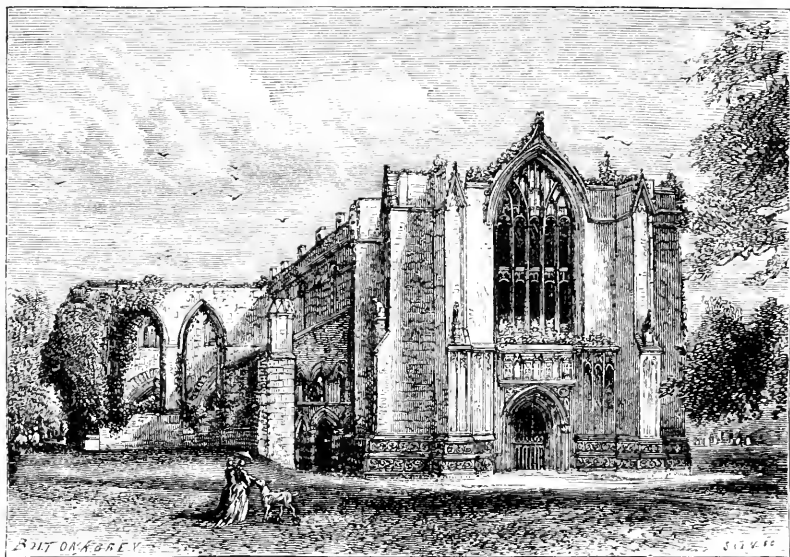
the restoration of order being difficult, the archbishop assigned to some of them a place of retreat in the valley of the Skell. Here they at first sheltered themselves under the rocks and yew-trees, and subsequently erected wooden cells and a chapel beneath an enormous elm, which survived until the Dissolution. Subsequently wealth poured in upon the monks until their lands extended as far as the foot of Pennygent, and included in one estate 60,000 acres, besides other domains elsewhere. Crossing the Skell, and passing the fragments of the Gate-House, the Hospitium is first reached. We then approach the Abbey, consisting of nave, transept, choir, and tower. The nave is the oldest portion ; the tower is 168 feet high. Probably the Lady Chapel is the most beautiful part of the church. “The slender octagonal pillars of vast height, which bear the lofty arches connected with the clerestory of the nave,” says Mr. Phillips, “are almost a miracle.” The Refectory, the Frater-House, the Chapter-House, the Abbot's House, and other remains are worthy of careful examination. The whole is “wonderfully beautiful and impressive.”

## BOLTON PRIORY.

APPROACHING Bolton from Ilkley, the view is singularly lovely. To our right is Beamsley Beacon, and beyond are the noble hill of Simon's Seat, the rich meadow lands, the deep woods of Bolton, the river flowing down the glorious Vale of Wharfe, and in the centre of the scene the ruins of the Abbey of Bolton, with an air of beauty, seclusion, and repose, that leaves nothing to be desired.

The story has often been told of the founding of the famous Priory. One day, more than seven hundred years ago, a little lad, the heir of William de Meschines and Cicily de Romille, his wife, might be seen

"In tartan clad, and forest green,  
With hound in leash, and hawk in hood,"



following the heron. He tries to leap from one rock to another at the "Strid," where the overhanging rocks close in, and between which the river flows deep down below; but

"The hound hung back, and back he drew  
The master and his merlin too ;"

and the boy, young Romille, the heir of the Meschines, was drowned. The forester who had witnessed the catastrophe hurries homeward with the tidings, and meets his mistress with the words, "What is good for a bootless bene ?" (a hopeless prayer). She replied,

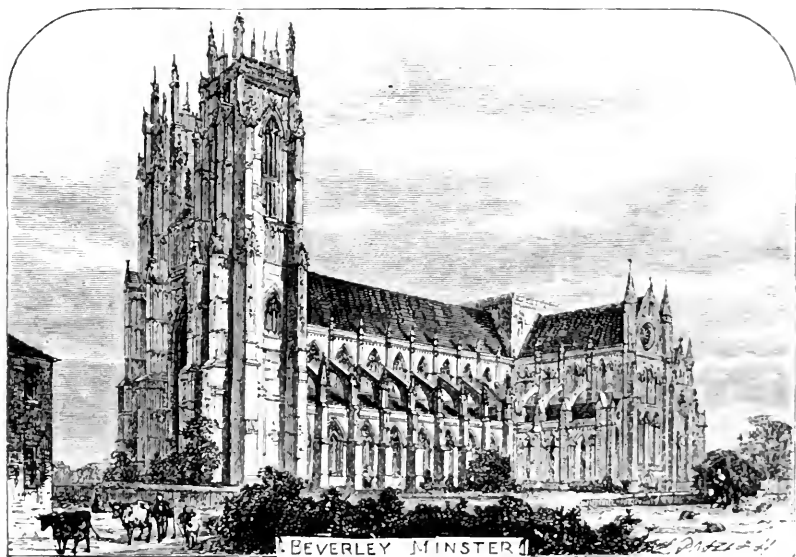
" 'Endless sorrow,'  
For she knew that her son was dead."

Long in darkness she sat, and when she arose her first words were :

"Let there be  
In Bolton, on the field of Wharfe,  
A stately priory."

## BEVERLEY MINSTER.

BEVERLEY was the ancient capital of the East Riding. It stands at the foot of the York wolds, and has a "staid, respectable aspect, as if aware of its claims to consideration." The name recalls the melancholy history of the unfortunate Constance de Beverley, in Sir Walter Scott's poem of "Marmion." It was one of the three religious centres of Yorkshire, the others being Ripon and York. The Minster is next in rank to York Cathedral among the ecclesiastical edifices of the county. The original building was founded, or, as some say, enlarged and beautified, at the beginning of the eighth century by St. John of Beverley. Of the date of the erection of the present Minster there is no record. The oldest parts



belong to the thirteenth century : these include the east end, with portions of the nave, the remainder being of the Decorated English style. The north porch, the three western windows in the north aisle of the nave, and the west front are Perpendicular. "The north porch is," says Mr. Rickman, "as a panelled front, perhaps unequalled. The door has a double canopy, the inner an ogee, and the outer a triangle, with beautiful crockets and tracery, and is flanked by fine buttresses, breaking into niches, and the space above the canopy to the cornice is panelled. The battlement is composed of rich niches, and the buttresses crowned by a group of four pinnacles." What the west front of York is to the Decorated style this is to the Perpendicular. Like York Minster, there is a large west window to the nave, and there are two battlement towers 200 feet high for the end of the aisles, each of which has large and small pinnacles. From the summit of these towers a magnificent view may be enjoyed over the rich level district, often wooded, through which the river Hull flows.

## BRIDLINGTON.

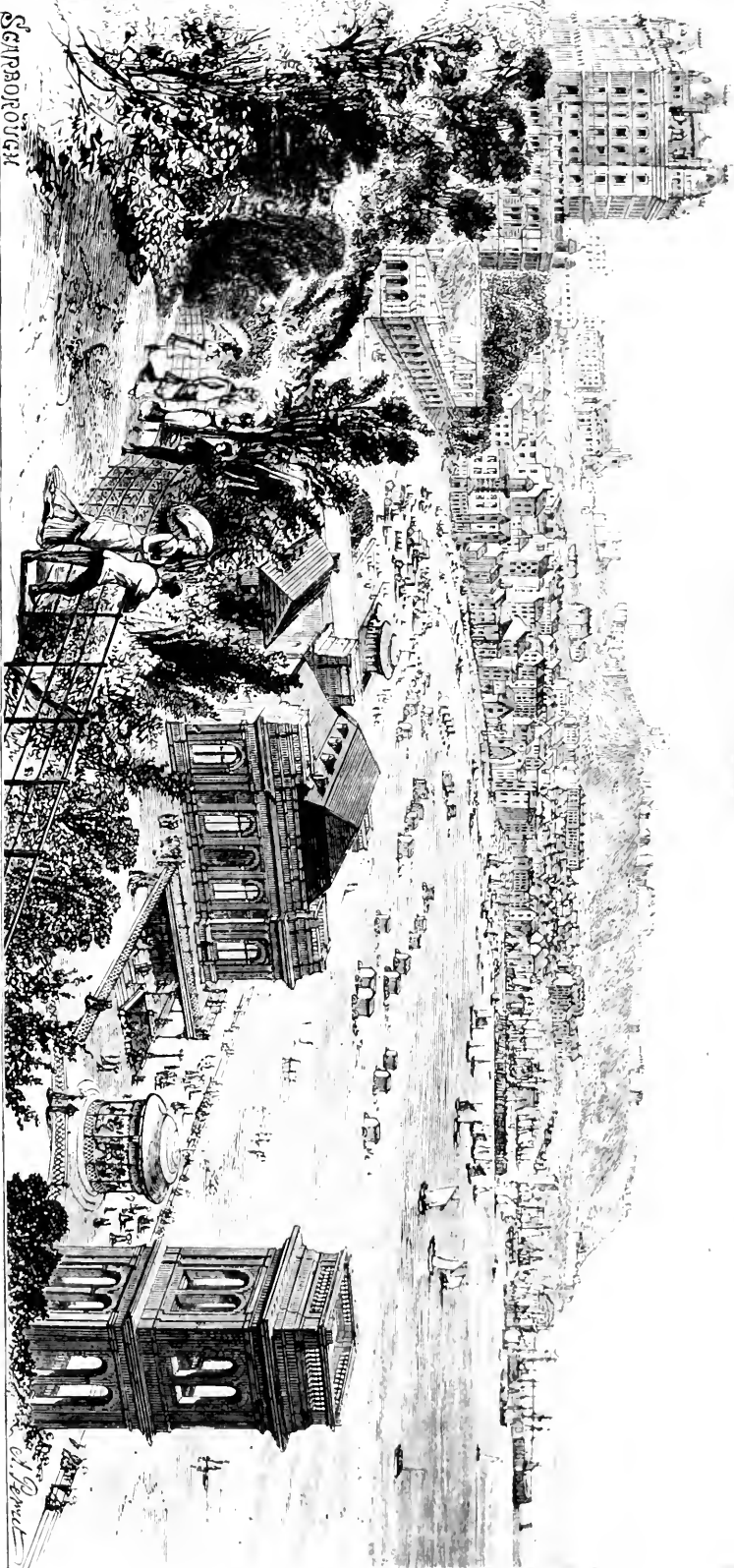
BRIDLINGTON, or Burlington, as it is often called, is pleasantly situated on a gentle acclivity in the recess of a beautiful bay, and looks over the fine dry sands to the best and safest anchorage from the storms that sometimes rage with great fury on this north-eastern coast. Here, in 1779, a sea fight took place between two English ships, and a squadron under the command of Paul Jones the pirate. He had spread consternation along the English shores, and had driven the coasters into port in such numbers that Bridlington Harbour was filled, and many vessels had to be chained alongside the pier for security. The battle was fought by moonlight, in full view of the cliffs, which were crowded with spectators. It lasted two



hours. It is described by Cooper in "The Pilot." Queen Henrietta Maria landed here in 1643, with arms and ammunition she had purchased in Holland for her husband by the sale of the crown jewels. Admiral Batten had been on a cruise to intercept her, but finding she had escaped, he entered the bay, cannonaded the town, and the Queen was obliged to seek shelter in a ditch.

Bridlington Priory, of which the nave of the church and the gateway remain, was founded in 1106. Some sixty years afterwards the Priory was fortified with walls and ditches, after the plunder of Whitby Abbey by the Danes.

The parish church consists of the nave of the old Priory, to which additions have been made. Bridlington Quay is about a mile from the town, and its piers, sands, cliffs, sea views, sea bathing, and chalybeate spring combine to make it a favourite resort.



Сан-Франциско

C. J. Powell

## SCARBOROUGH.

SCARBOROUGH has been called "the queen of watering-places." Its situation in the valley and on the hills that command an open and beautiful bay ; its firm and smooth sands, that slope down to the sea ; the handsome terraces of well-built houses that rise in an amphitheatre from the shore, and the wide-spread moors and dales that stretch inland, form a panorama of unusual interest, and present attractions that allure multitudes for a temporary visit, or for residence.

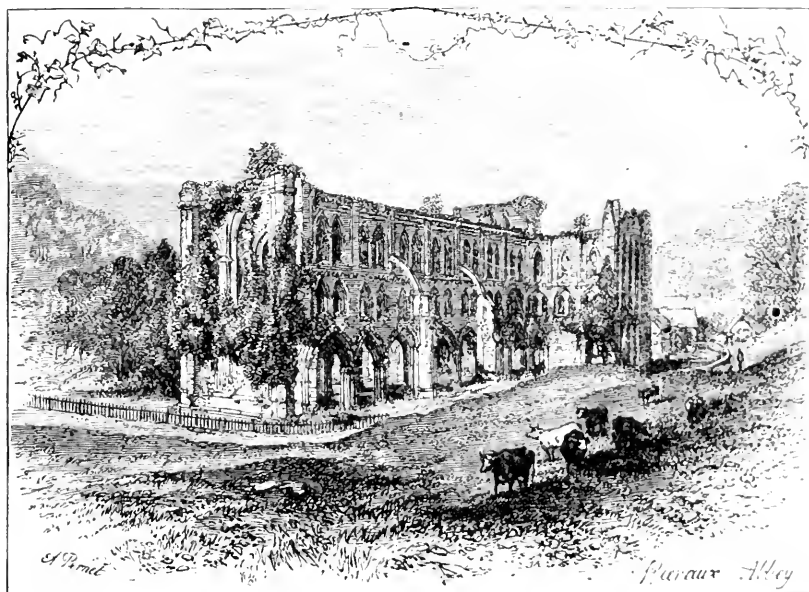
The name of the town is probably derived from the Norse Scar, a piece of rock or cliff ; and burgh, a fortified place. In the reign of Stephen the Castle was erected on the north cliff, and the old town, with narrow dirty streets, and houses rising tier above tier, clustered under the protection of the feudal fastness. But if the fortress gave shelter, it also invited attack. It was taken in 1553 by stratagem by Lord Stafford and his followers, who dressed as peasants, obtained admission, and then overpowered the garrison. Hence the proverbial expression about "a Scarborough warning," which means "a word and a blow ; but the blow first !" In the time of Charles I. the Castle was twice besieged by the Parliamentary forces, and eventually it was dismantled. In 1665 George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, was imprisoned here. He mentions three rooms that he occupied, one of which faced the sea, and "laying much open, the wind drove in the rain forcibly, so that water came over his head and ran about the room, so that he was fain to skim it up with a platter." He states that a threepenny loaf lasted him for three weeks, and that most of his drink was water with wormwood steeped in it. In the rebellion of 1774 the castle was for political purposes put in temporary repair. The precipitous rock on which it stands rises for 300 feet above the sea. The tower, which was probably the keep of the ancient castle, survives : it is nearly 100 feet high, and the walls are about 12 feet thick. The valley which sunders the north and south cliffs of the town is spanned by a handsome iron bridge of four arches, and is 414 feet long, 75 high, and 14 wide, and it has a remarkably airy and striking appearance. Beneath flows a stream called Millbeck. The bridge cost £9,000. A pleasant walk of about a mile and a half leads to the summit of Oliver's Mount, so named from an untrue tradition that Cromwell was present at the siege of Scarborough. Here, from a terrace 600 feet high, a superb panoramic view may be enjoyed over land and sea, ranging from Flamborough Head, over the Vale of Pickering, on to the moors near Whitby.

The mineral waters of the Spa include two springs close on the beach. They were discovered by a lady in 1620. Subsequently, by the action of a slight earthquake, they were buried ; but after a careful search they were retraced.

The harbour of Scarborough is safe and commodious, and its trade is chiefly in corn and provisions. The town has manufactories of sail-cloth and cordage. It returns two Members to Parliament.

## RIEVAUX ABBEY.

"RIVER'S ABBEY," as it is often called, is one of the most beautiful ruins in Yorkshire. By the high road it is between two and three miles from Helmsley. In approaching the Abbey the visitor should obtain his first view from the terrace that was made by Mr. Duncombe about the middle of the last century. Passing among a mass of evergreens, the traveller suddenly finds himself on a broad grassy level, at either end of which is a Grecian temple. "Below winds the stream of the Rye, through its own vale, into which four lesser valleys open; all with narrow threads of green sward lying between their steep wooded sides. Corn and pasture fields crown the nearer hills, the highest of which is almost covered with wood.

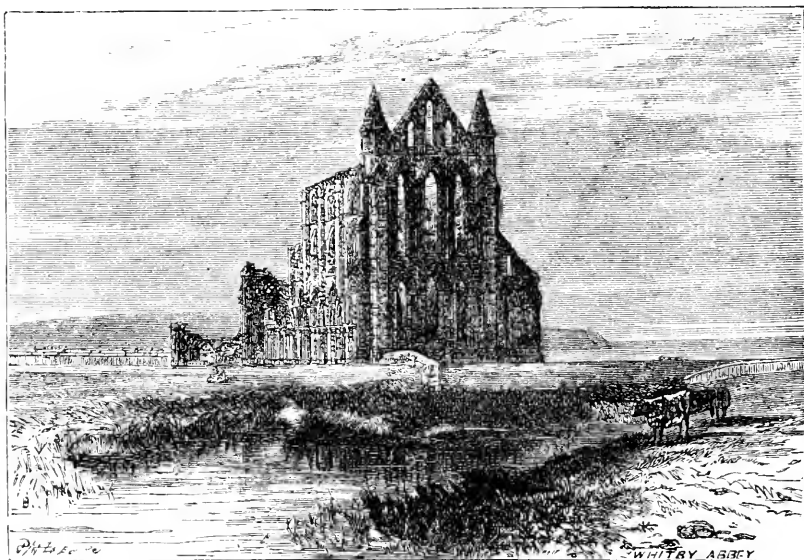


Bolder and more rugged hill-crests look over from the top of Ryedale; and all around, in the distance, sweeps the purple heather." On the left bank of the river rises the great roofless church, its walls decked with ferns and grasses, and half clothed with ivy. "I went down," said Dorothy Wordsworth, "to look at the ruins: thrushes singing, cattle feeding among the ruins of the abbey; green hillocks about the ruins; these hillocks scattered over with grovelets of wild roses, and covered with wild flowers."

The principal remains of the Abbey are those of the choir and transepts, and of the Refectory. The nave was probably the oldest part of the building, and of Norman construction; but only its foundations survive. The south front has two rows of fine lancet windows: it is beautifully clothed with ivy. The Refectory is in a good state of preservation: it was a noble apartment, 125 feet long by 37 broad. The Monastery of Rievaulx was instituted in the year 1131 by monks sent over by St. Bernard.

## WHITBY PRIORY.

WHITBY has been from of old "a great fischar towne," and one of the most pleasant of the Yorkshire watering-places. The busy harbour, the fishing boats, the ships away towards the offing, the pleasant inland country, the healthful sea breezes, the beetling cliffs, and "high Whitby's cloistered pile," standing at their very verge 250 feet above the sea, afford abundant attractions to the visitor. The venerable Priory is an excellent specimen of the Early English style. It was founded A.D. 657, and its inmates were monks and nuns of the Benedictine order, the abbess, contrary to custom, being superior to the abbot. The north and east sides are best preserved; but all are weather-worn. The east end has six lancet windows in two tiers.



The side aisles are divided from the centre by pointed arches resting on clustered columns. Above are the triforium and clerestory windows. The north transept is nearly perfect. The central tower fell in 1730; but two of the strong pillars, consisting of sixteen clustered columns, remain. The southern side of the church is in ruins. Many interesting legends are told

"How sea-fowls' pinions fail,  
As over Whitby's towers they sail,  
And sinking down with flutterings faint,  
They do their homage to the saint."

The jet works of Whitby are famous. Ornaments of excellent design may be obtained in the shops; and how anciently this "black amber" has been worked here may be inferred from the fact that necklaces of jet beads found in British tumuli on the moors may be seen in the museum. Alum shale also is dug in this neighbourhood. It looks and feels like slate soaked in grease.



## RICHMOND.

On a little amphitheatre of hills that rise above the mountain river of the Swale, that flows over a bed rocky and broken, stands the picturesque town of Richmond; and cresting a precipice above rises the great castle of the Breton earls, magnificent even in decay. Alan the Red, the first Norman Earl of Richmond, and the founder of the castle, appears to have enjoyed the special favour of the Conqueror, for he received from William no fewer than one hundred and sixty-four manors in this county, besides three hundred in other parts of the kingdom.

The castle is approached by a lane from the market-place. The great keep-tower, stern and massive, rises 100 feet high, with scarcely a tuft of



vegetation on its walls, and is in almost the exact condition in which it was constructed by Earl Conan more than seven hundred years ago. The walls are 11 feet thick. From the summit a magnificent view is obtained. "On one side the eye ranges up the hollow of Swaledale, and on the other over the fertile plain of Mowbray, to the distant towers of York, and to the estuary of the Tees. Far below, the river foams and dashes over its rocky bed, through a grand broken foreground, with trees and hanging banks." The "riche munt" of Richmond lies beneath.

Descending the keep and turning to the left, we enter Robin Hood's Tower—probably a modern name. On the ground floor is a small chapel: a narrow loophole formed the east window, and the sill of the window served as the altar. The next is the "Golden Tower," so named from a tradition that treasure was found here. In the south-east corner of the castle area is "Scolland's Hall," so called from the Lord of Bedale. It is 72 feet long, and is considered one of the most perfect Norman halls, that form distinct buildings, that remain. It was probably the banqueting-room of the castle.

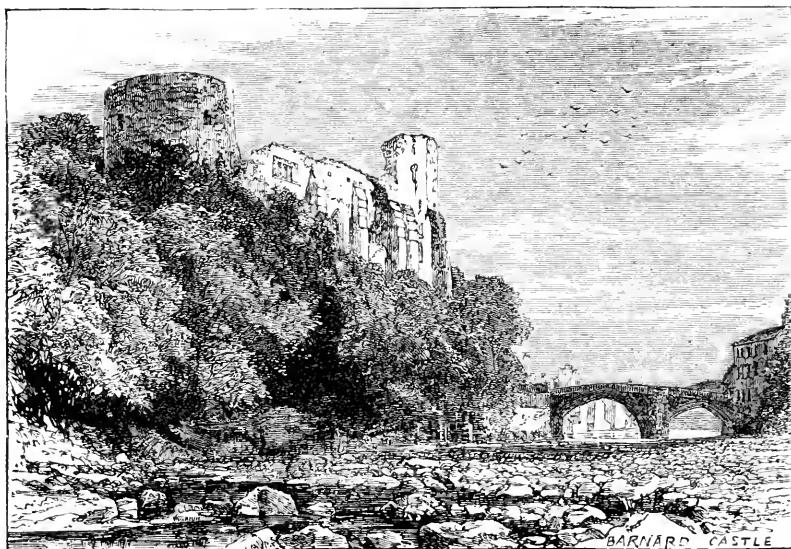
## BARNARD CASTLE.

BARNARD CASTLE is fifteen miles from Darlington, and forms a convenient station for visiting Rokeby and the most interesting parts of Teesdale. Sir Walter Scott tells us how the warder at Barnard Castle from his "watch-tower high" surveyed the deep woods "by Brackenbury's dungeon tower,"

"Where Tees full many a fathom low  
Wears with his rage no common foe,  
Condemned to mine a channelled way  
O'er solid sheets of marble grey ;"

and where

"Many a tributary stream  
Each from its own dark dell shall gleam :"



Staindrop, Balder, Greta,

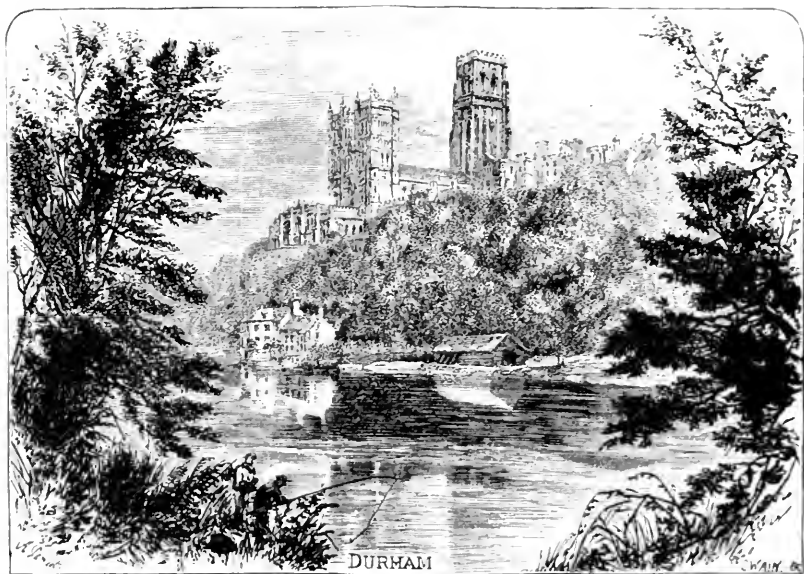
"And silver Lune, from Stanmore wild,  
And fairy Thorsgill's murmuring child,  
And last and least, but loveliest still,  
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill."

The tower of Barnard Castle stands on the rocky bank of the Tees. The Castle was founded by and derives its name from Barnard Baliol, the ancestor of the short-lived and unfortunate dynasty of that name, which succeeded to the Scottish throne under the patronage of Edward I. and Edward III., and it remained in the possession of his family the greater part of two centuries, when it was confiscated. Baliol's Tower, shown to the left in our engraving, is a round tower of great size, and bears marks of remote antiquity. In the Civil War the fortress was held by Sir Harry Vane.

The ruins of four courts remain, each separated from the others by moat and wall. On the west side the Castle overlooks the river, above which the cliff rises some 80 feet.

## DURHAM.

THE Cathedral and Castle of Durham occupy a commanding position. They stand on a lofty eminence that is almost an island, around which the river Wear winds its way. The hill is partially enclosed by the ancient city walls, and is skirted with hanging gardens that descend to the river, on each side of which are delightful public walks called the "Banks." The name of Durham indicates the character of the site—*Dur*, a hill, and *holm*, a river island. About the year 995 this spot became the last resting-place of St. Cuthbert of Lindisfarne. Sir Walter Scott tells how the remains of St. Cuthbert had been deposited by his brethren in "fair Melrose."



"But though alive he loved it well,  
Nor there his reliques might repose,  
For, wondrous tale to tell,"

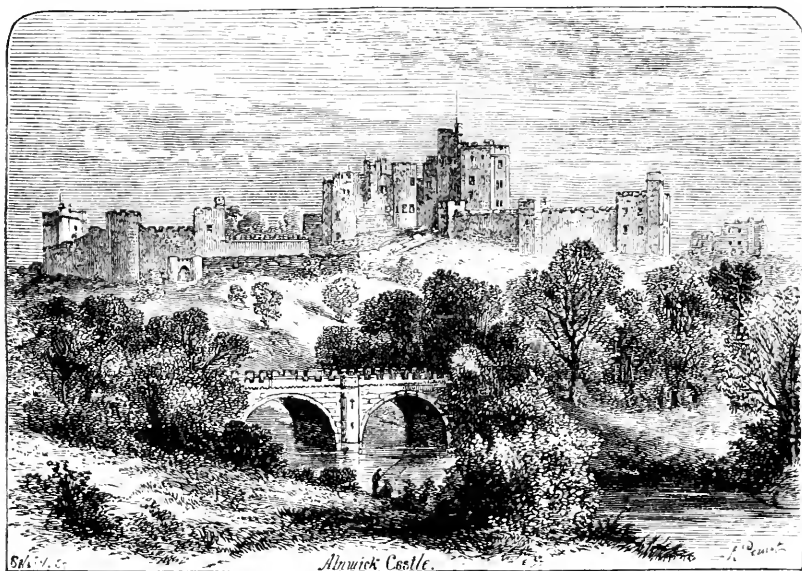
the saint rode forth in his stone coffin as a barque that floated "light as gossamer," until

"After many wanderings past,  
He chose his lordly seat at last,  
Where his cathedral, huge and vast,  
Looks down upon the Wear;  
There, deep in Durham's gothic shade,  
His relics are in secret laid."

The Cathedral was begun in the reign of William Rufus, and was erected in the form usually adopted by Norman architects,—a long cross with two turrets at the west end, and between them a large and richly ornamented arched door of entrance. It is not only "a perfect specimen" of Norman architecture, but presents a most instructive series of examples illustrating the gradual changes of the English style to the beginning of the fifteenth century. The length of the Cathedral from east to west, including the Galilee Chapel, is more than 500 feet; the width of nave and aisles 80 feet; and the height is 70 feet; while the central tower, usually called the Lantern Tower, is 214 feet high.

## ALNWICK.

ALNWICK is thirty-four miles from Newcastle and 340 from London. It is situated on the Alne, and is a borough by prescription, having grown up under the protection of the Dukes of Northumberland, whose noble Castle stands on an eminence on the south side of the river opposite the town. The Castle was first built at the time of the Conquest; it subsequently passed into the possession of the Bishop of Durham, and was granted in 1309 to the Percys, with the wardenship of the East Marches. It was in this capacity that Hotspur met Douglas at the Battle of Chevy Chase, when Douglas was killed, and the Percys have held the lordship ever since. The Castle was long suffered to go into decay, but it was completely repaired



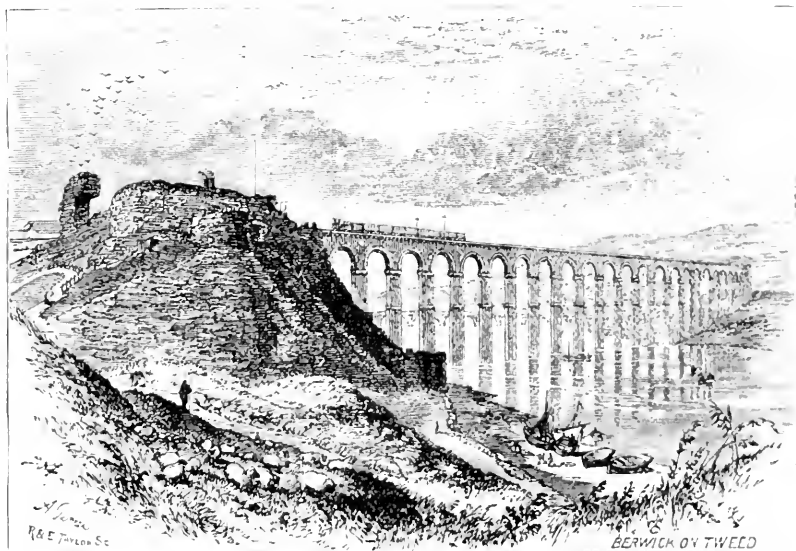
ALNWICK CASTLE.

several years since, and is now one of the most magnificent specimens of an old baronial residence in the kingdom. The building is of freestone, and is in the Gothic style. The walls enclose five acres. The picturesque grounds through which the Alne flows are five miles in length. Within them are two pillars, one of which marked the spot where Malcolm of Scotland was killed, in 1093, when besieging the Castle, and William the Lion was taken prisoner in 1172. Here also are the remains of two ancient abbeys, one of which was "founded by a Crusader, because the site reminded him of Mount Carmel."

The interior of the Castle is very beautiful; and the Chapel has an exquisitely painted window, and its ceiling is copied from that of King's College, Cambridge. Formerly the town was surrounded by battlements, but these have disappeared; only the Bondgate, built by the famous Hotspur, remains.

## BERWICK-ON-TWEED.

BERWICK-ON-TWEED was for many centuries the military key of Scotland. Though strongly fortified, its commanding position seems to have invited attack: it was repeatedly taken by assault, and there is scarcely a foot of ground in the neighbourhood that has not been the scene of conflict. On its capture by Edward I. it is said that the streets "ran with blood like a river." Eventually, in 1482, it was ceded to the English, after which it remained "as a gate between the kingdoms" barred against the Scotch, but through which the English could pass at pleasure. All that now remain of the castle are two towers and parts of the wall and ditches. The wall supplies a promenade from which wide prospects may be enjoyed of the



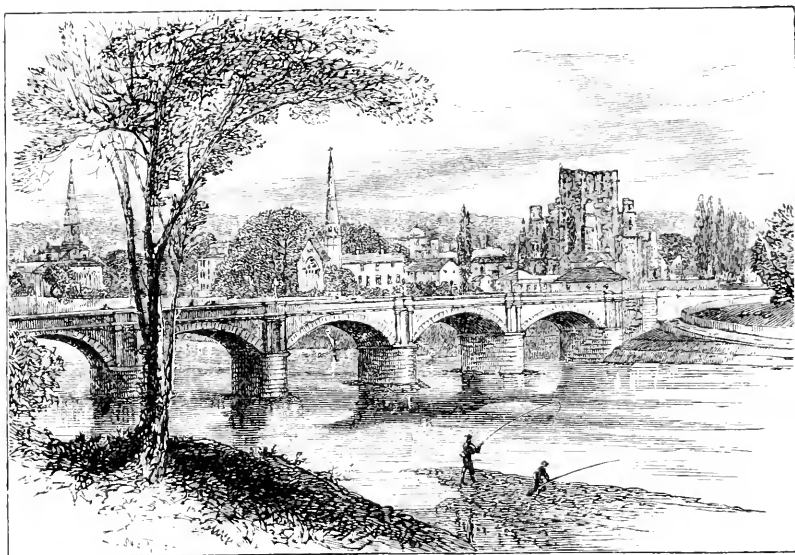
ROYAL BORDER BRIDGE.

country, the sea, and the Fern and Holy Islands. Two bridges here cross the river Tweed: one of fifteen arches, built in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., at a cost of £15,000, occupying twenty-four years in the building and paid for out of the national resources; the other, the Royal Border Bridge, built by the Railway Company. It stretches from Castle Hill to Tweedmouth, at a height of 126 feet, and cost £120,000. It is 667 yards long, and was finished in a little over three years. The foundations of the piers were laid on bearing-piles, each capable of carrying 70 tons. The whole is built of ashlar, with a "hearting" of rubble, except the river parts of the arches, which are constructed with bricks laid in cement. The Town Hall has a clock tower 150 feet high.

Much of the produce of the interior is shipped here in Berwick schooners and clipper ships. The salmon fisheries of the Tweed have declined in value. The North Durham coal field extends into the county, and there are pits in the vicinity.

## KELSO.

THE burgh or barony of Kelso occupies a position of singular beauty on the left bank of the Tweed, at its confluence with the Teviot. Standing on the bridge and looking up the river, we see the two floods unite ; the ruins of Roxburgh Castle ; the palace of Fleurs, the grounds of which slope down to the margin of the Tweed ; and the remains of the venerable Abbey ; and behind all, the hills of Stichel and Mellerstain, and the summits of the Eildon Hills. The clean and goodly town, the pleasant modern houses scattered on the margin of the Tweed and on the hills around, and the rich agricultural district, all tell us of busy trade and fair prospects ; but the



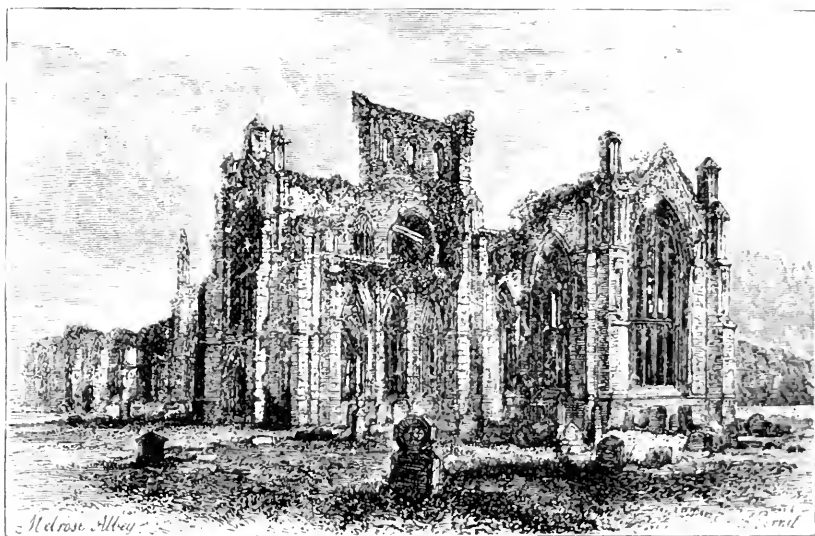
KELSO.

ancient Abbey calls our thoughts far away to Saxon and Norman times.

When David I. was Earl of Huntingdon, he invited some Benedictine monks to Selkirk, and when he succeeded to the Scottish crown, in 1124, he removed the convent from Selkirk to Kelso, within view of his royal castle. The town suffered severely during the border wars ; the monastery was repeatedly laid waste by fire, and the transepts, the centre tower, and the west end are the chief parts which remain. After the Reformation, "a low gloomy vault was thrown over the transept, to make it serve as a parish church, and it continued to be used for this purpose till 1771, when one Sunday, during divine service, the congregation were alarmed by the falling of a piece of plaster from the roof, and hurried out in terror, believing that the vault over their heads was giving way ; and this, together with an ancient prophecy, attributed to Thomas the Rhymer, 'that the kirk should fall when at the fullest,' caused the church to be deserted, and it has never since had an opportunity of tumbling on a full congregation." The principal manufacture of Kelso is that of shoes.

## MELROSE.

THE Vale of the Tweed is everywhere beautiful. Villages and hamlets nestle on wooded slopes that rise from the verge of the winding river, and wide-spread pastoral hills and plains present a diversity of quiet beauty seldom surpassed. Close to the town of Melrose—too close on some accounts—is the famous Abbey, the noblest ecclesiastical ruin in Scotland. It was founded by David I. in 1136, and between the reigns of Robert Bruce and James IV. was rebuilt. It is in the form of a Latin cross. The best view is obtained from the south-east corner of the churchyard. There in the “pale moonlight”



“ When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white ;  
When the cold light’s uncertain shower  
Streams on the ruined central tower ;  
When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory ;  
When silver edges and imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die ; ”

we “view St. David’s ruined pile” at its best. The principal entrance is by a richly moulded Gothic portal in the south transept. Here is a magnificent window, 24 feet in height, divided by four mullions, which at the top interlace each other in graceful curves. The west end of the nave and five of the chapels included in it are roofless. The choir is built in the form of half a Greek cross. The cloisters formed a quadrangle on the north-west side. A large marble stone in its chancel is pointed out as the monument of Alexander II. Many of the mighty Douglasses lie buried here, and here the remains of the celebrated wizard Michael Scott found a resting-place. The heart of King Robert Bruce was deposited in Melrose : a small tablet marks the spot.

## ABBOTSFORD.

LEAVING Melrose, and passing the deservedly popular Waverley hydro-pathic establishment situated on Skirmish Hill, overlooking the Tweed, the position of Abbotsford is singularly beautiful. It stands on a rising ground that overhangs the south side of the Tweed, which here makes a beautiful sweep round the mansion. The building itself and the grounds and woods were all the entire creation of the great novelist, who found it occupied by a humble farmstead that bore the name of Cartley Hole. The woods are threaded in all directions by winding paths planned by Sir Walter himself, the trees of which were pruned and tended by his own hand. At every point of special interest, especially near the cascades in the dells, rustic



seats invite the visitor to rest and enjoy the beauty and romance of the scene.

To the countless objects of interest with which Abbotsford is enriched, it is impossible for us to do the least justice. The walls are hung with coats armorial, richly blazoned, of the families who kept the borders, or with portraits of men renowned in Scottish or English history. Here they are panelled with carved oak from the palace of Dunfermline, and there they are covered with ancient armour and military implements. The library is a magnificent room, 50 feet by 60 feet. It contains 20,000 volumes. Every room is furnished with objects of interest; and thus, in the armoury, are Rob Roy's gun, the sword of Montrose, the pistol of Grahame of Claverhouse, pistols found in Napoleon's carriage after Waterloo; Hofer's blunderbuss; the hunting flask of James VI.; the iron mask worn by Wishart the martyr, at the stake, to prevent his addressing the people.

The attendant who explains the curiosities is unusually intelligent.



## EDINBURGH.

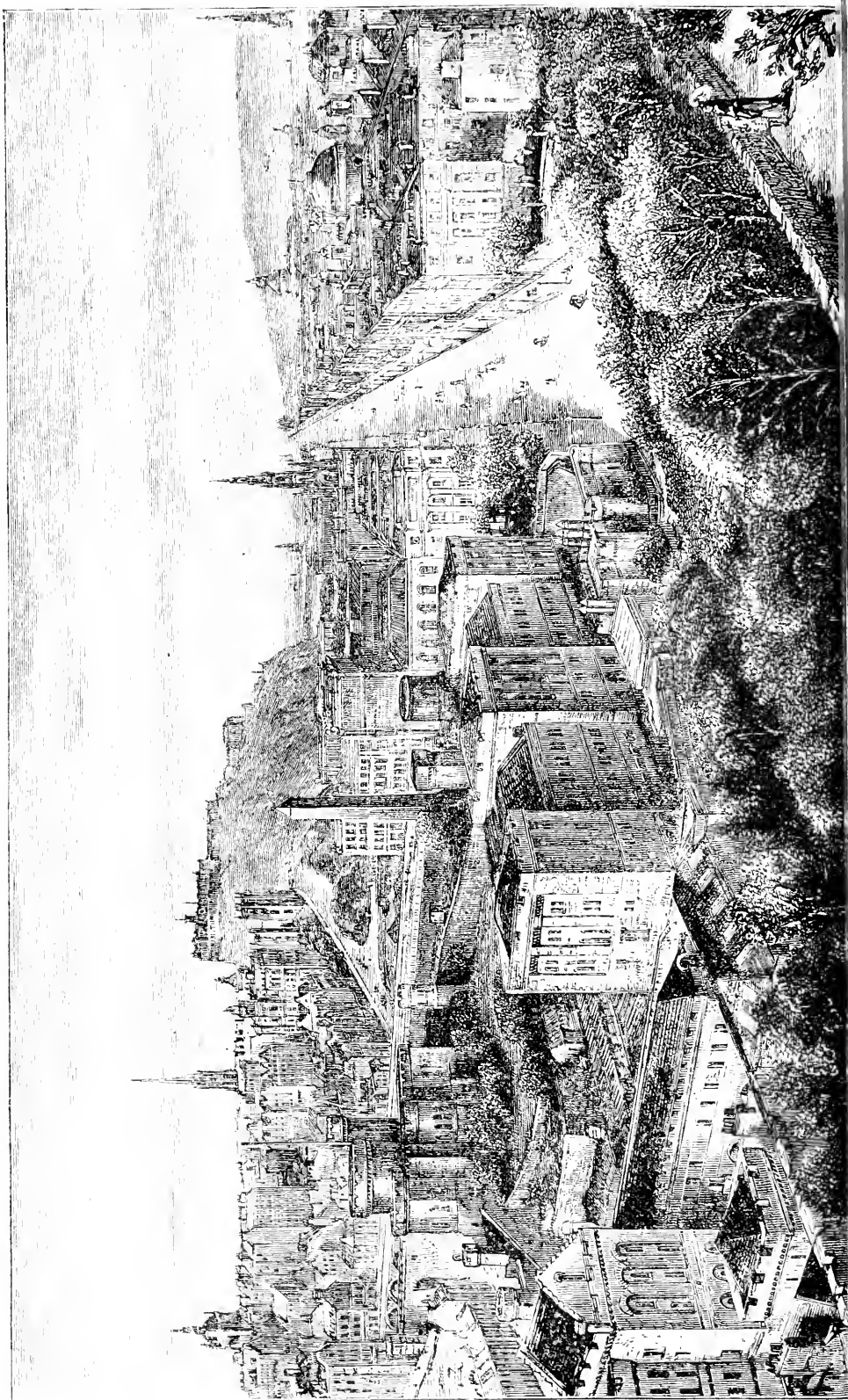
EDINBURGH has not undeservedly received the title of the "modern Athens." Not only does the distant view of Edinburgh from the Firth or Forth resemble that of Athens from the Ægean Sea, but the Highlands or Scotland have also been compared with the neighbourhood of Athens. Edinburgh consists of the old and new towns. They are separated by a deep valley formerly occupied by water, and called the North Loch; now it is a great railway terminus, standing amid pleasure grounds in the heart of the city. Edinburgh on the east is overlooked by Salisbury Craigs and Arthur's Seat; on the south-west by the hills of Pentland, Braid, and Blackford; and on the north-west by the wooded heights of Corstorphine. The architecture of the old town is characterized by what has been justly called picturesque disorder; that of the new by chaste design, massive outline, and symmetrical proportion.

Among the points of interest most worthy of being seen are the National Gallery, on the Mound, in which there is a very celebrated picture by Gainsborough; the Castle, in the Crown Room of which are the Scottish Regalia, consisting of crown, sceptre, &c., &c., as also the badge of the George and Dragon, said to be the most superb jewel of the kind in existence. In the same apartment is the oak chest in which the Regalia were deposited at the date of the Union, and which remained hidden until discovered by Sir Walter Scott in 1818. Admission free.

Holyrood Palace is intimately associated with the career of Mary Queen of Scots. Queen Mary's Room is here shown, with her bed in the same state as when last occupied by her. The small closet adjoining was the favourite retreat of the Queen, and it was in this room that the slaughter of David Rizzio took place, he being one of a party invited to supper by Queen Mary. The secret stair in the wall by which Darnley, Douglas, and the rest of the conspirators gained access to the Queen's apartments is shown, as also the spot where the body of Rizzio was placed after the tragedy had been enacted.

Upon the summit of Calton Hill stands Nelson's Monument, the top of which can be reached by a circular stair. The view from hence is commanding. The Burns Monument stands in the Regent Road, opposite the High School, and contains some few relics associated with his career. The monument to Sir Walter Scott is another of the chief objects of interest in the city. It cost £15,000, is 200 feet high, and a staircase ascends within its masonry to a gallery a few feet from the top, from whence a bird's-eye view of the city may be enjoyed. Nor should the House of John Knox be left unvisited. It stands in the Nether Bow, High Street, and is open on Wednesdays and Saturdays from ten till four. Admission sixpence. Hard by is St. Giles's Cathedral, where the great Reformer preached.

One of the peculiarities of Scottish character comes out conspicuously at Edinburgh. Few peoples are so passionately attached to their family associations as the Scotch; in no point does this manifest itself with greater prominence than in connection with life assurance. In Edinburgh are the headquarters of some of the leading societies. The architecture of the city owes much to the buildings erected by them—notably in St. Andrew's Square.



## THE CLYDE.

THE Clyde, though regarded as the third river in Scotland, is the first in commercial importance. Taking its rise in the mountains of the South Highlands, some 1,400 feet above the sea, and at no great distance from the sources of the Tweed and the Annan, it finds its onward downward way, receiving in its course many a tributary stream, until near Carstairs it nearly doubles its volume by uniting with the Douglas Water from the Houghshaw Hills. Between this point and Lanark, in its descent from the tableland on its upper course, about 650 feet high, it forms three principal and several minor falls, celebrated for their beauty. The upper fall is Bonnington Lynn, two miles from Lanark; it may be approached by a romantic path through

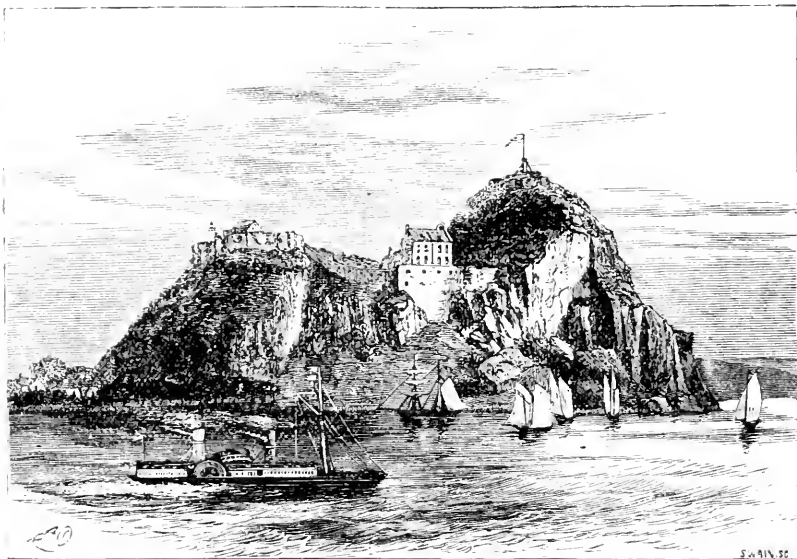
### FALLS OF THE CLYDE



the grounds of Bonnington House. Above this cataract the water flows slowly; but all at once it bends towards the north-east, and throws itself over a perpendicular rock of about 30 feet into a deep hollow or basin. A dense mist continually hovers over this boiling cauldron. Immediately below the first fall the river hurries along with prodigious rapidity, boiling and foaming over its narrow and rocky channel. The banks are very steep, and, at one point, the river struggles through a chasm of not more than four feet, where it may be stepped over. Half a mile below is Cora Lynn, where the river takes three leaps down some 84 feet. Stonebyres, the lowest of the falls, is about 80 feet down. Above it hang lofty crags fringed with wood, and below is a deep abyss, whence clouds of stormy spray and the roar of the torrent constantly arise. The channel of the Clyde and its banks are near the fall formed of huge tabular masses of old red sandstone; onwards the course is along a deep trough in the coal formation, through rich sylvan country, till it reaches Glasgow, where the high banks spread out into comparatively level tracts. At the city vessels of 2,000 tons can sail.

## DUMBARTON.

DUMBARTON is on the left bank of the Leven, near its confluence with the Clyde, thirteen miles north-west of Glasgow. The ancient castle stands on the sides and summit of a steep, conical, basaltic rock, with two peaks that rise boldly from the alluvial plain; it is a place of great strength and antiquity. From hence one of the most extensive views in Scotland may be enjoyed. Wallace was here confined previously to being sent to England, the governor being then Sir John Menteith, and the highest peak of the rock is still named Wallace's Seat: it is 560 feet high. Looking to the north, Loch Lomond, the pride of the Scottish lakes, is observed, girdled in with



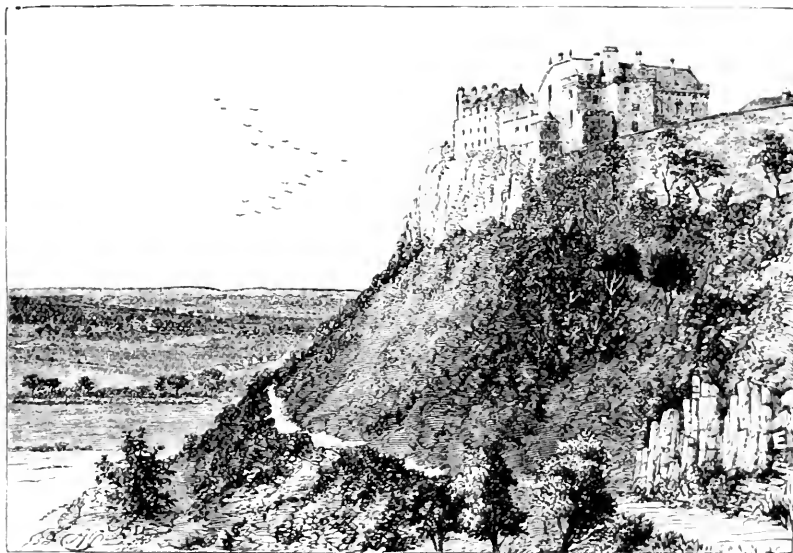
DUMBARTON CASTLE.

mountains, above which Ben Lomond rears its pointed summit. Between the lake and Dumbarton is the rich Vale of Leven. The Clyde is seen sweeping away to the west in mighty reaches, and expanding into a great estuary, while beyond are lofty mountains, whose rugged outlines are softened in the purple distance. In one of the apartments of the castle a huge two-handed sword is preserved, said to have belonged to Wallace. Dumbarton is one of the four fortresses which it was stipulated by the Act of Union should be preserved and garrisoned. The town consists chiefly of one long irregular street. There is a good bridge with four arches, which leads into a suburb called Bridge End. Vessels of large size can pass up to the town at high water. The town was a royal burgh in 1222. In the Vale of Leven near Dumbarton are print, cotton, and bleach fields, and in other parts of the county coal and ironstone, freestone and limestone, are worked. These are succeeded by old red sandstone resting on primary slates. The surface is generally mountainous, and the tracts of arable land are of limited extent.

## STIRLING.

STIRLING occupies a position of commanding interest in natural position and in the royal and military annals of Scotland. The town itself has little to attract; but as we approach and enter the Castle our best anticipations are more than realized. The fortress stands on a precipitous height from whence we look down on the river Forth, and on a wide-spread scene crowded with associations of historic moment.

At the accession of the Stuarts the Castle became a royal residence. Here James II. and James V. were born. The palace was built by James V. in the form of a quadrangle, that on the south side being the oldest part. On the



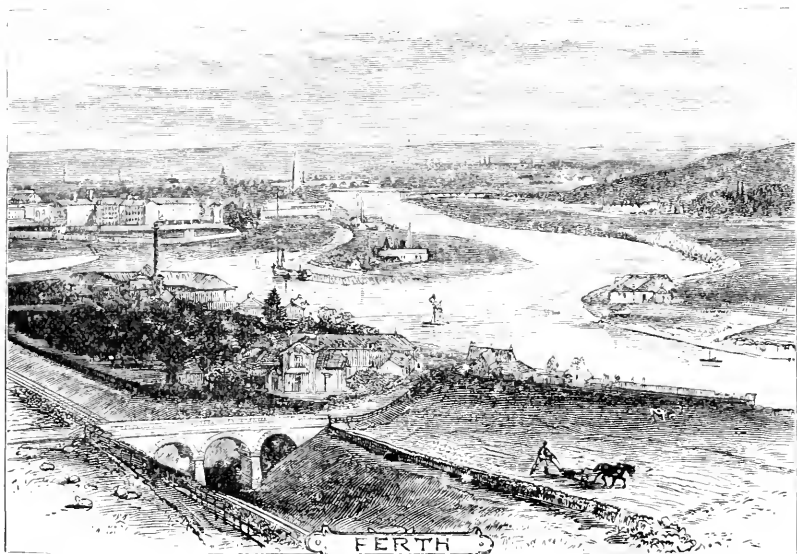
STIRLING CASTLE.

west side of the square is a long building, formerly a chapel, which was erected by James VI. Underneath the outer wall on the west is a narrow road leading from the town and descending the precipice behind the Castle. It is called Ballangeich, meaning the "windy pass," through which James V. was in the habit of going in various disguises into the town. On the south side of the Castle Hill is a valley where tournaments used to be held. To the south-west lies the King's Park, and to the east of it are the King's Gardens, which retain the curious forms into which they were thrown by the gardeners of ancient times.

We now turn to gaze on the magnificent view spread around. To the north and east are the Ochil Hills; the Firth of Forth winds through the Carse of Stirling amid fertile fields and luxuriant woods; on the west is the Vale of Menteith, with the blue Highland mountains in the distance; to the south are the field of Bannockburn and the Campsie Hills; and to the east are the Abbey Craig, the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, and far away the Castle of Edinburgh and Arthur's Seat.

## PERTH.

PERTH is a city, a capital of a county, an ancient royal burgh, and one of the finest towns in Scotland. It is thirty-three miles from Edinburgh. As we stand on the splendid bridge of ten arches, and 900 feet long, that leads across the Tay to the north, watch the ample and lordly river that flows beneath, or survey the handsome city with its spacious streets and squares, its towers and spires, and two large fertile meadows or Inches, or observe how the eastern bank of the river rises, and for more than a mile opens up a line of villas, that peep through masses of willows, limes, and sycamores stretching down to the water's edge; or as we look away to the north, where perhaps the snow still lingers on the Grampians, we do not



wonder that Pennant speaks of Perth and its landscapes as the “glory of Scotland.”

In consequence of its importance and nearness to the royal palace of Scone, Perth was long the metropolis of the kingdom. Here Parliaments were held, and here many of the nobility took up their residence. In a monastery on the north side of the town James I. was assassinated. In the reign of Edward I. Perth was in possession of the English, but was besieged and taken by Robert Bruce. In 1715 and 1745 it was occupied by the rebel Highland army, and the Pretender was here proclaimed king.

Perth has fine county buildings, public schools of good repute, a library and museum, many noble churches, and varied manufactures. Shipbuilding is actively carried on. It is an important junction of several lines of railway; and the position of the city at the head of the navigation of the Tay greatly facilitates trade. The objects of interest in the neighbourhood are so numerous that it would require a volume to do justice to them. The incidents in Sir Walter Scott's “Fair Maid of Perth” are chiefly laid in this ancient city.

## OUR IRON ROADS.

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ANY one who passes along the Euston Road cannot fail to be impressed with the magnificent Gothic building which dominates the neighbourhood. The genius of Sir Gilbert Scott has been aided by the wise munificence of the Directorate, and the St. Pancras Station of the Midland Railway is at once an ornament to the Metropolis, a fitting terminus to a great Line, and a sound paying investment. Some who watch the charming sky-line of the great pile of buildings will recall that small roadside inn, where half a century ago a few shrewd coalowners met to discuss a danger which threatened their interests. Rumours of possible competition had arisen in connection with the new line which led to Nottingham, and the sense of a great struggle between land transit and water transit was fully before them. Negotiations with the Canal Companies failed to obtain the desired concessions, and as a last resource the members then present put their names down to construct a line of railway from Pinxton to Leicester. This was the first step taken in the creation of that great line which to-day stretches its arms from the far North to the Land's End. From the commencement the struggle has never ceased: at one time running into fierce rivalry, at other times striving to form, by association with other larger Railway Companies, arrangements which would develop and consolidate the great network of the English Railway System. The demand for connection with the heart of business has brought into being the Metropolitan Extension, and at the present moment the booking-offices at Moorgate Street Station issue tickets for the local traffic, and for the most remote station of the system.

No brief epitome could adequately describe the complex arrangements which a great railway involves, and this is essentially true of the railway whose traffic is gathered from Edinburgh and Glasgow, from Buxton and Sheffield, from Liverpool and London. Its trains flit through the far-famed scenery of the Westmoreland Lakes, and extend to the soft and tempting beauty of Somerset and Dorset. The system is, however, essentially that which its name implies—the Midland. It is one of the great trunk roads that has opened up the heart of England to the requirements of commerce, and to the use and convenience of the great travelling public. By immense and unwavering energy it has created a close union between the activities of the great Metropolis, and all the most essential and representative centres in England. One of its feeders stands at Liverpool—the great water-gate for America; another finds an opening through Carlisle, and gathers its traffic from the energetic and ever-growing city of Glasgow; a third branches away to the east, and finds its terminus beneath the shadow of Edinburgh Castle; a fourth sweeps away to the west, and embraces the

commercial necessities of Bristol, and the fashionable centre of Bath. Passing onward it holds out its hand to Gloucester, Worcester, and Cheltenham—famous alike for their cathedrals and public schools. Stretching yet farther away, it glides at length into the densely populated neighbourhood of Birmingham. Nearer its own original home the lines flit to and fro with ceaseless activity. A branch descends to Buxton, the great fashionable inland resort and world-famed spa. A second shoots direct to Trent, and finds its way through Nottingham and Newark to Lincoln. A third descends and branches right and left to Rugby and Peterboro'. Far and wide, through every description of scenery, and through every variety of English life, this great railway pushes its way. No nobler scenery is to be found in England than that which belongs to the Derbyshire district: Matlock Bath, Miller's Dale, and Monsal Dale, are each specific in their character, and all-embracing in their beauty.

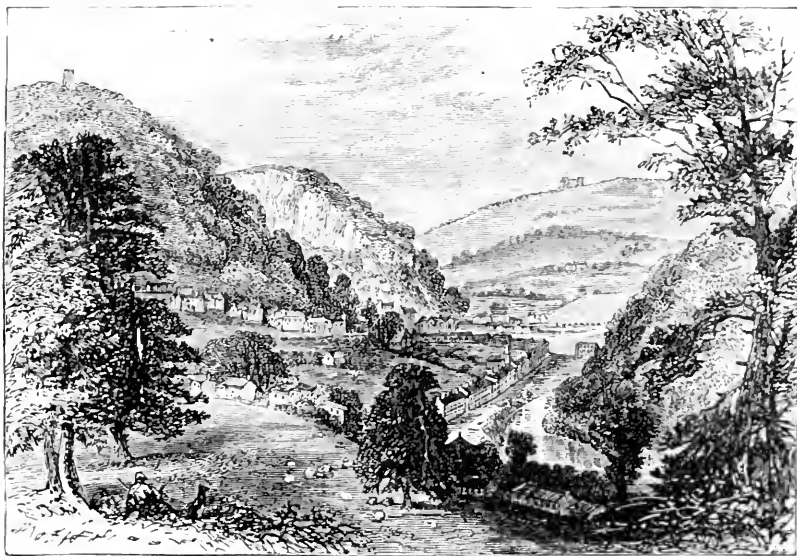
Nor are the elements of historic and literary associations altogether absent from the route. Just to mention two sites near London. The first is that of St. Albans, the seat of the new bishopric, and the locality of a civilization before London had risen into position. Here are to be seen the remains of old walls, whose great extent and massiveness have earned for them the name of the Verulam Hills, Verulam being the title known to the Romans. The church of St. Albans, which is being converted into the Cathedral, earned its title from Saint Alban the Martyr, the story of whose death was inscribed in marble and built into his prison walls. The church is a magnificent Norman edifice, the nave being the longest of any in the country. A little farther from London is Bedford, a great centre for agricultural implements, and of special literary interest from its association with John Bunyan—the greatest allegorist the world has produced. He was born at Elstow, close to Bedford, and wrote his "Pilgrims' Progress" within the walls of Bedford Gaol. To-day there are millions of people who read the charming history his fancy created, and who share in imagination the hopes, the trials, and the final triumph of Christian. 'Tis to Bedford our memories turn when we recall the singular biography of this great writer, and it is to Bedford Gaol and its occupant that the memory of men will turn so long as Christianity has votaries or literary genius is appreciated.

Farther down the line is Kettering, the original Baptist Mission House; yet farther on is Rushton, famous (or infamous) as having been the spot where the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot met and matured their plans. The house was well chosen, standing alone and lonely. It bears the name of the Triangular Lodge. Yet farther, and we arrive at Market Harboro', the locality where Cromwell dated his despatches after the Battle of Naseby. So the train sweeps on through scenes historic and literary—dashing over level crossings, through deep cuttings, across bridges which span rivers and water-courses until it reaches Leicester—the spot from whence Richard went forth to fight his last Battle of Bosworth Field. So, step by step, each foot of ground rises into dignity from past associations.



## MATLOCK.

THE railway that passes from Ambergate by Matlock to Rowsley was originally constructed as a portion of "the Manchester, Buxton, Matlock, and Midland Junction," which was to extend to Cheadle, near Manchester, and form part of a route through the midlands to London. In this scheme the Manchester and Birmingham Railway (now included in the London and North-Western) was interested. Subsequently a change came over its policy. The North-Western system was incorporated with direct lines of its own to London, and sympathy with the Ambergate project was turned into alienation. Eventually the larger scheme shrank to the modest proportions of a line eleven and a half miles long, from Ambergate to Rowsley, which the Midland Company leased, and has recently purchased.



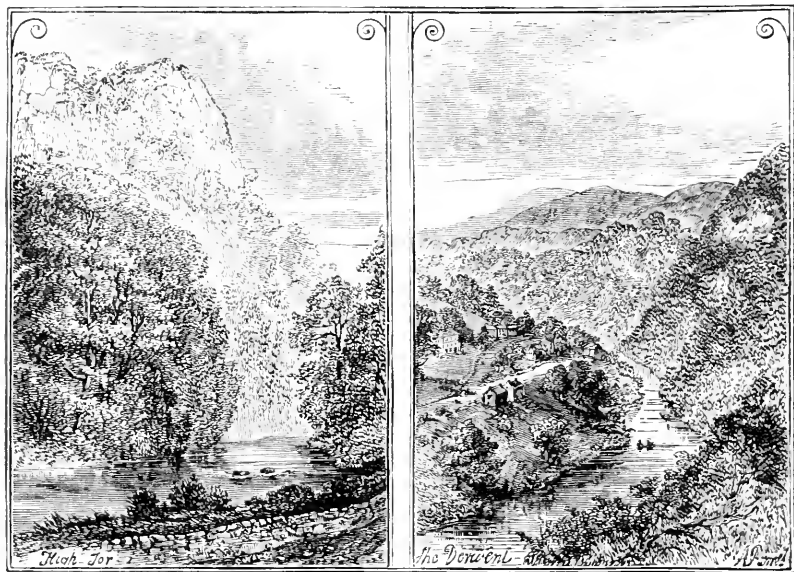
MATLOCK.

Many spots of the greatest interest are passed by this little line. Leaving Ambergate Station, the train runs through the woods of Crich Chase, and Crich Hill itself towers nearly 1,000 feet high to the right,—a wonderful mass of limestone that has been thrust through the horizontal strata of millstone grit,—and it is capped on the summit by a look-out tower, known for many a mile round as Crich Stand. Now we reach Whatstandwell; and soon afterwards Cromford Station and Matlock.

Tens of thousands of travellers come yearly to Matlock to enjoy and re-enjoy the charms of the Dale, the High Tor, Masson, and the Heights of Abraham. Approaching from the south, the train passes through Cromford Tunnel, Willersley Cutting, and debouches on to the side of a hill, from which we look down into the valley and up the lofty wooded rocks above. The deep winding ravine of Matlock Dale extends nearly three miles in length, and is bounded on the one side by limestone precipices, curiously stratified and diversified by alternations of rock and wood, and

on the other by rounded hills, finely timbered and dotted over with cottages and villas sheltered behind the trees or built on the verge of craggy heights which seem to defy the possibility of approach, while down in the valley the Derwent sweeps majestically along.

The High Tor is the glory of Matlock. It lifts its bold front of naked limestone rock, torn with rents and fissures, and chequered with mosses, lichens, and ivy, to a height of more than 400 feet, while the slopes are covered far up with a dense mass of wood and underwood, hazels, honeysuckles, roses, and brambles; the tall elm, the mountain ash, the drooping willow, the gnarled oak, and the pensile birch mingling their branches in tangled luxuriance, and overhanging the glittering waters of the river. The

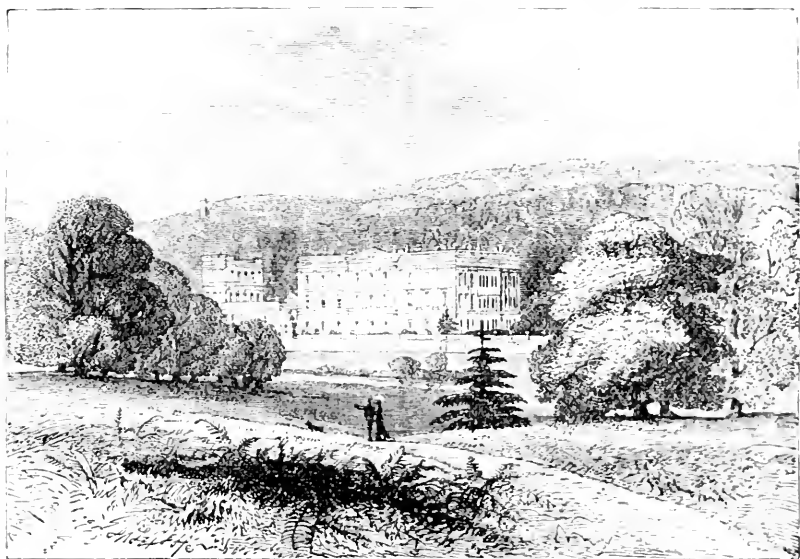


High Tor is easy of access, the grounds being laid out with ornamental walks, and each turn brings fresh beauties into view. Near the summit, from a narrow ledge of rock that runs round the very verge of the Tor, the visitor looks from this giddy height down on Matlock Bath.

On the opposite side of the river are the pine-covered Heights of Abraham, and beyond this the glorious hill Masson, from whence, after a toilsome ascent, the whole Vale of the Derwent can be seen far away to the north-west, and a sea of hill and dale stretching over much of three counties comes into view. The objects of interest in Matlock are more than we can stay to describe: the Caverns, old as Roman times; the Speedwell Mine, the High Tor Grotto, the Petrifying Wells, the Medicinal Springs, the Museums, the Lovers' Walk might all detain our attention; but we must hie our way back to the station, and in a few minutes shall be passing northwards through tunnels that pierce the base of the High Tor itself, and bring us to Matlock Bridge, and the noble valley of Darley Dale.

## CHATSWORTH.

THE home of the Cavendishes lies within a wide-spreading park of some eleven miles circumference, and under the smile of richly timbered high land. It is one of the most representative houses of our English aristocracy, and its fame travels not on account of its mere grandeur, but from that far higher reputation of being typical of culture, munificence, and brain power. More than once has the trained thought associated with its development been of national use. It was from Chatsworth that the idea of the building of the first great Exhibition took its rise, and stands to-day on Sydenham Hill; and it was equally from Chatsworth and its hothouses that the *Victoria regia* blossomed into life and glorious beauty, amid the changing chills of an English clime. The same general characteristics are manifested



CHATSWORTH.

within the house itself. Here are grouped statues by Canova, Thorwaldsen, and other celebrated men; here is the Adrian Vase from Rome; and in connection with the mineral fossils, &c., is a splendid emerald, purchased from the Emperor of Brazil, and said to be the most perfect gem of its kind in the world.

In the Lower Gallery are some pictures that are unique of their kind:—two landscapes by Claude and Titian; the “Consecration of Thomas à Becket as Archbishop of Canterbury,” by Van Eyck; the “Virgin and Joseph gazing at the Infant Jesus,” by Murillo; with many others. The Upper Gallery contains a large number of original sketches by the most eminent masters of the Italian, Venetian, Flemish, Spanish, and other schools. In the Billiard-Room is a splendid portrait of Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the State Drawing-Room there is a charming portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, which will deserve an ad-

ditional interest from the fact that she was a prisoner at Chatsworth before the present house was built, and for some considerable periods during the years 1570, 1573, 1577, 1578, and 1581. The rooms are pointed out which are built in the same position as those originally occupied by the unfortunate Queen. They are, however, dull, and appear to have been chosen for seclusion. In the Leather Room is an ancient chair which was used by the royal prisoner at Fotheringay Castle, where she was last confined, and which was the place of her execution, the scene of which has been so magnificently described by Froude.

In the Library are some of the first editions of Shakespeare's plays; some of the rarest impressions of Caxton's works; some of the most perfect of illuminated manuscripts, and the celebrated *Liber Veritatis* of Claude, containing drawings of all the pictures by that great artist. Among the peculiarities of the libraries is one point which is usually much noticed: the doors to the rooms are made to resemble bookcases, so that it is difficult to detect the imitation from the reality. The oak carvings throughout the house are specially worthy of attention, from their perfect finish and great artistic skill. In the grounds one of the most notable objects of interest is the so-called Weeping Willow made out of copper, but presenting the appearance of a real tree, which by a hydraulic arrangement pours forth from its twigs and leaves a copious shower of water. To say that the grounds are beautiful, both in original design and in their general condition, is only to express very feebly a simple truth; the point will come out more clearly if we refer to the fact that for their perfect arrangement and condition they enjoy European reputation.

## HADDON HALL.

A mile and a half from Rowsley, and two miles from Bakewell Station, but hidden from the traveller by a tunnel through which he passes, lies Haddon Hall. Around it clusters a weird interest of ghost stories and haunted rooms. Something, no doubt, is due to the sombre gravity of decay, something also to the gloom inseparable from the type of architecture.

It is said that Mrs. Radcliffe often slept at Haddon Hall whilst engaged on the "Mysteries of Udolpho," and some portions of the building itself would help to recall scenes from that book. In one room, behind the tapestry, is a hidden doorway leading by a steep flight of narrow steps into the Great Court. In another portion—the North-west Tower—there is a small room, so placed and guarded as to suggest the idea of a dungeon aboveground, as the bolts and bars are on the outside of the doors. At every step the past rises before the visitor in its grim reality, for the building, as it now stands, is one of the most perfect baronial residences which exist at the present time. The foundations of Haddon Hall were laid before the date of the Conquest, and in its architectural variations can still be

## Haddon Hall.

traced the varying epochs at which different portions were constructed, thus—

South aisle of the Chapel and portion of south front	. 1070—1250
Great Hall and Offices and hall porch, &c.	. 1250—1380
Eastern portion of Chapel and Upper Court	. 1380—1470
Western range of buildings	. 1470—1550
Long Gallery, gardens and terraces, pulpit, &c.	. 1550—1620

Haddon Hall was in the occupation of the Dukes of Rutland at the early part of last century, the first duke, who was created by Queen Anne, having kept 140 retainers at Haddon, and open house for twelve days at Christmas. Gradually Belvoir Castle superseded Haddon Hall, until the latter became

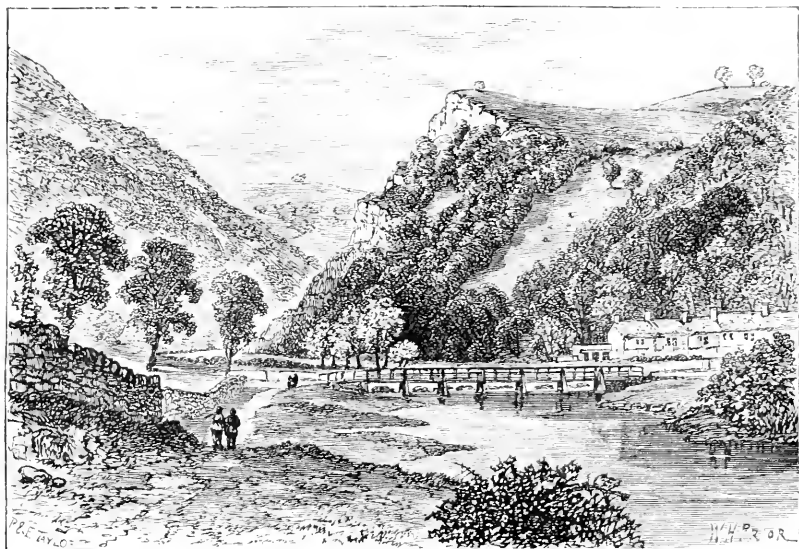


HADDON HALL.

what it now is—a mere memento of the past. Some portions of the old structure tell its tale with great vividness. The Banqueting Hall still tells of the days when baron and retainers dined at the same table, and when men sat above or below the salt in accordance with their rank. In the underground portion we have beer cellars, wine cellars, immense kitchens and fireplaces, huge chopping-blocks, and a massive wooden table, hollowed out into basins for a kneading-trough. All tell the same tale—an immense household, a rough state of living, and a profuse hospitality. The gardens, which attract considerable interest, are divisible into four terraces, and are much esteemed for their beauty. Dorothy Vernon eloped from here with Sir John Manners, her father having refused his consent to their union. Through their marriage the Haddon Hall estate and other property eventually passed to the Rutland family. The view from the Eagle Tower embraces a large extent of most beautiful country.

## MONSAL DALE.

MONSAL DALE, along the western height of which the Midland Railway runs, has been called "the Arcadia of the Peak." The best way to see it is to leave the train at Longstone Station and to take the road that winds gradually up the hills to the north-west. In doing so the visitor will enjoy the pleasant scenery around until, all unexpected, he reaches the edge of the cliff near Longstone House. The view now presented is startling and beautiful. Winding towards him from the left and then running northward is the noble valley. Below us are the bold grassy slopes, covered with trees or underwood, contrasting with the white beetling limestone rocks



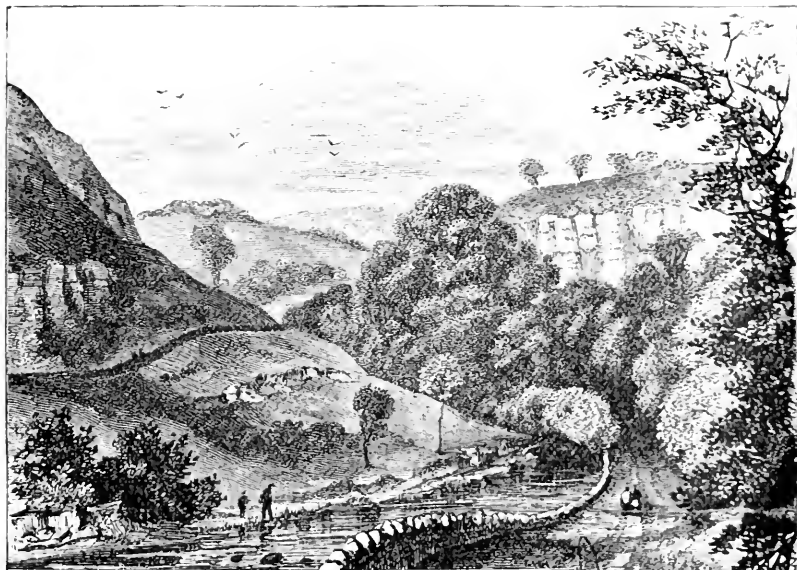
MONSAL DALE

and the rich meadows through which runs the stream. Here and there we see the rustic cottages, the old-fashioned farmhouse overgrown with ivy and sheltered by a few tall ash-trees and oak, while far away in the distance is the tiny hole in the mountain-side through which the iron pathway has been carried that leads from these solitudes on to the busy cities of the North. We bear away to the right, climb along the ridge to the east of the valley, and at every step we obtain fresh views of the dale.

There are three recognized ways by which we may go from Monsal Dale to Miller's Dale: one by the railway; a second by a toilsome road that climbs up the steep side of the hill on the right at the northern end of the valley, passes the gardens and grounds connected with Mr. McConnell's residence, and then descends by a steep grassy slope into Cressbrook; the third is by the margin of the stream. This, however, can be accomplished only after a long dry season, and it is a task attended with danger—a narrow shelving ledge of rock being the only footway. Here the Wye sweeps along in an impetuous current between overhanging cliffs and rocks, richly coloured with lichens and creeping plants, trees and shrubs.

## MILLER'S DALE.

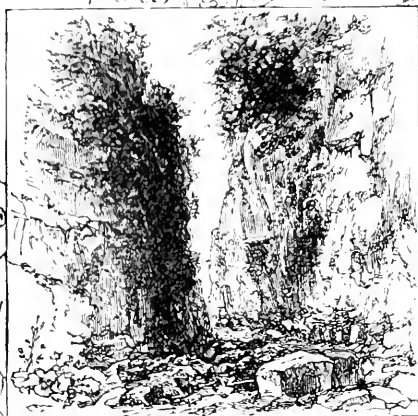
AS THE traveller emerges from the first tunnel to the north of Monsal Dale, he should look quickly down upon the view spread out below him to the right. The river Wye here spreads out in a wide expanse of water, closed in by precipitous heights and overhanging woods. It is a spot of singular beauty, but it must be enjoyed in a glance, for already we are in the second tunnel, and in a few moments shall be out in the open at the southern end of Miller's Dale. We next cross a noble viaduct 100 feet in height, and are at Miller's Dale Station. Here we advise the tourist to alight, and accompany us along one of the most charming walks in England.



MILLER'S DALE.

We pass under the first viaduct. We creep round some jutting rocks, and keeping the river to our left, wander up the Dale. A few minutes forward and we notice that the river bends away to the west; we follow through a wicket gate and some private grounds, and soon emerge from the trees into all the beauty of Chee Vale itself. At the end of this part of the Dale we cross over the river by a rude bridge, and are now just below the railway viaduct that carries amidst these lonely beauties one of the world's highways. We wind our way up a steep path a few inches wide, covered in with wood, and then down to the right again we cross the stream, and follow a path close by the water's edge overhung with rocks, until in a few minutes we go under another viaduct. Still we follow the Dale to Blackwell, cross the "lepping stones," take a footpath through a plantation that borders the side of the river, leave it again at the foot of Topley Pike, and are on the high road through a lovely valley to Buxton.

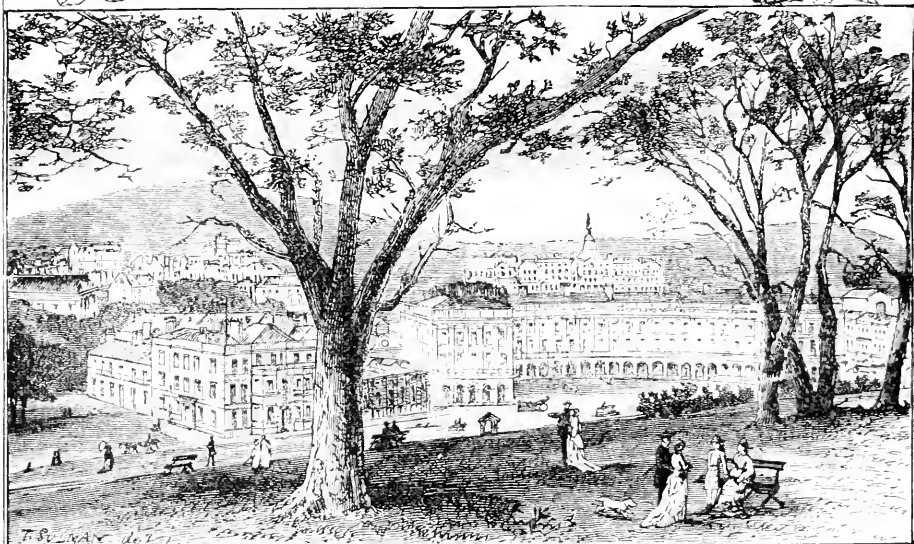




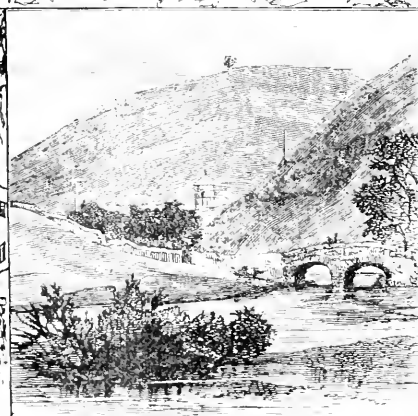
THE LOVERS LEAP



BUXTON GARDENS



BUXTON



TOPLEY PIKE



LUDCHURCH



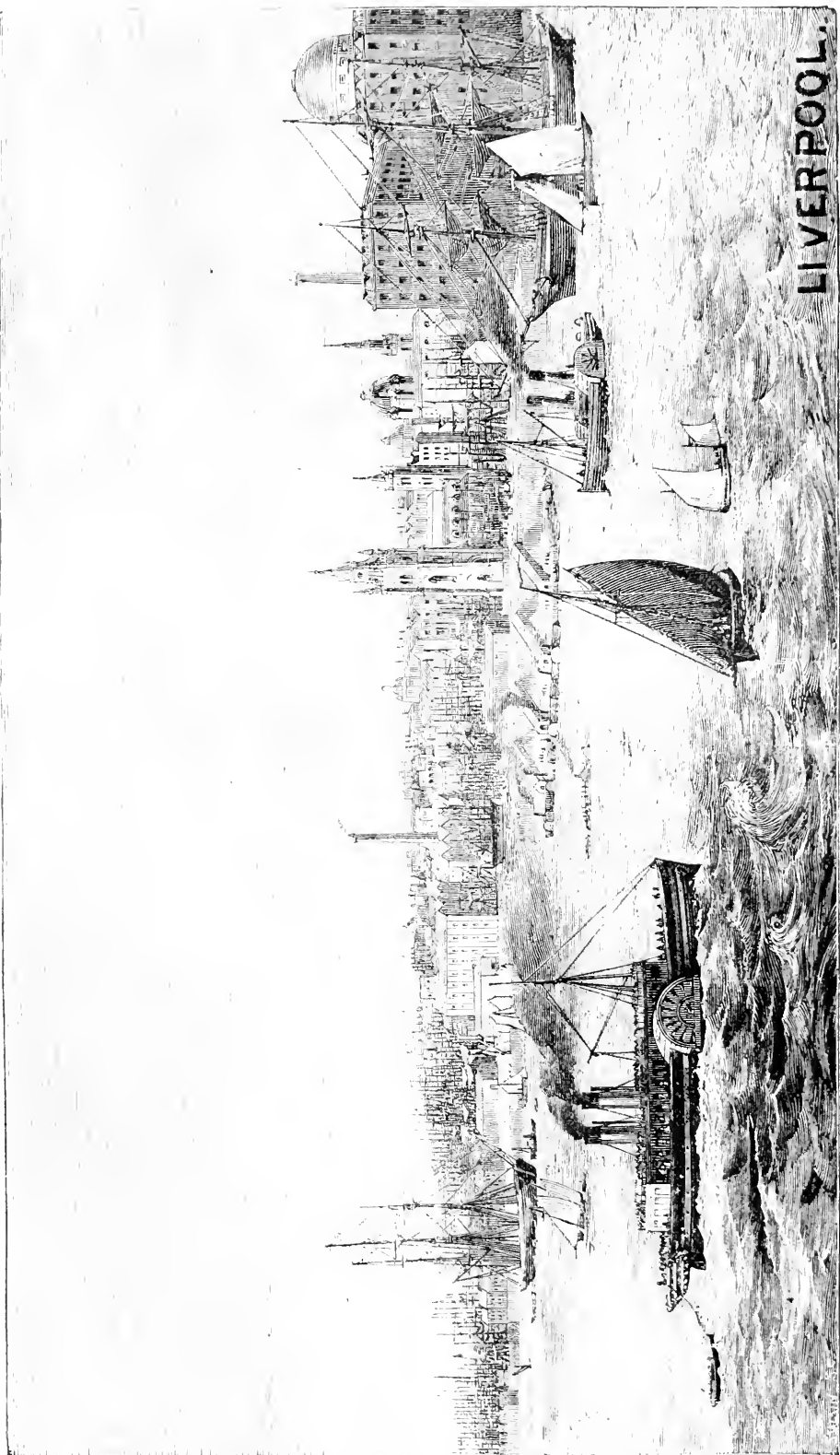
## BUXTON.

BUXTON, one of the most pleasant and fashionable of English spas, is also one of the oldest in the kingdom. Two principal Roman roads here intersected one another, and a Roman bath has been found. After the departure of the Romans from Britain the baths of Buxton seem to have been deserted, but in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the curative properties of the waters are said to have been held in repute, the Chapel of St. Anne, the tutelary saint, being at that time hung round with the crutches of those who had been cured. In 1573, Mary Queen of Scots, then suffering from "chronic rheumatism and neuralgic pains," repaired to Buxton for the benefit of the waters, accompanied by the Earl of Shrewsbury and his Countess—the celebrated Bess of Hardwicke—and the Queen testified to the "incredible" benefit she received. The reputation of the hospitality of Buxton appears, however, now to have declined, for Macaulay tells us on the authority of a visitor in the seventeenth century that "the gentry of Derbyshire and of the neighbouring counties repaired to Buxton, where they were crowded into low wooden sheds and regaled with oatcake, and with a viand which the hosts called mutton, but which the guests strongly suspected to be dog."

In 1786 the fifth Duke of Devonshire commenced the erection of the pile of buildings known as The Crescent, which, with some adjacent buildings, cost £120,000. During the present century the town and neighbourhood have undergone great improvement. The grounds near the Crescent have been laid out with lawn and shrubbery, with walks and bridges, with stream and cascade; the village has become a town; the barren wastes and moors have been brought under cultivation; the sparkling Wye, with its ample store of trout and grayling, flows through a dale in which the botanist will find a rich field for his observation, for it is said there is scarcely a plant indigenous to Britain which may not be found here or around; the geologist may study the stratified rocks, and the order and superposition of the carboniferous beds; the historian and antiquarian may detect the traces of the Celtic and Roman periods; and the artist may, in the rugged rock scenery, the secluded dells, and rich foliage, find abundant subjects for his brush. Buxton is nearly 1,000 feet above the sea.

The portion of the Midland Railway that runs from Rowsley to Buxton was authorized in 1860. Various railway projects in this direction had long been contemplated, with a view to connect the midlands and the south with Manchester; but the sparseness of the population, the formation of the country, and the ownership of the land presented an unusual combination of difficulties. "The then Duke of Devonshire gave his consent to a line being made through his park at Chatsworth, on condition that it was by a crowded way, and there is no doubt that that route would have supplied the best levels; but the present Duke objected to such an innovation of his ancestral domains, and after much negotiation with the Duke of Rutland, it was decided that the line should be carried along its present course, at the back of Haddon Hall."

LIVERPOOL.



## LIVERPOOL.

LIVERPOOL is the queen of British ports. Time was when the Mersey was spoken of as "the little creek," and when the Dee was a successful rival to Liverpool. But the gradual filling up of the Dee, and the consequent decline of the trade of Chester; the improvements made in the estuary of the Mersey—an arm of the sea where the largest ships may ride; the creation of docks some ten miles in length, that include two hundred and fifty acres of quay and water space; the marvellous development of the manufacturing industries of the northern counties of England; and the construction of a railway system which receives and distributes the enormous imports of Liverpool, and sends back in return materials for a vast export trade: these are the chief causes that have placed Liverpool in her present proud position.

This eminence would, however, never have been attained without railways. The Act for the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was passed in 1826, and the works were completed four years afterwards at a cost of £900,000, or nearly double the amount at which they had been estimated. Other railways, more or less direct, were subsequently constructed between these two great centres of manufacture and commerce; and at length the Midland Railway, in conjunction with the Great Northern and the Manchester Sheffield and Lincolnshire Companies, obtained permission from Parliament jointly to make a direct line of their own. Their terminus is the Central Station, at the junction of Ranelagh and Bold Streets, and as regards accommodation and completeness it is one of the finest in the kingdom.

Liverpool stands partly on the level ground along the edge of the river, but principally on a gently rising ascent that stretches far inland to the east and north. During the last sixty years the town has not only increased its population fivefold, but has itself been improved perhaps more than any town in England. Instead of narrow, inconvenient, ill-paved ways lined with dull heavy-looking houses, it now has as handsome streets, as substantial dwellings, and as sumptuous public buildings as any city in the kingdom, except the capitals. Liverpool occupies an area of more than 3,000 acres. The Town Hall cost upwards of £110,000. The Exchange buildings, which form three sides of a square in which the Town Hall stands, enclose a space of 11,000 square yards. The town has twelve markets, probably better supplied than any others in the land: the buildings cost £400,000.

The most striking view of Liverpool is that presented from the deck of one or other of the splendid fleet of steamships that ply upon the waters of the Mersey. Besides the host of river steamers that run up and down or across the stream, larger vessels carry on daily communication with Dublin, Belfast, Glasgow, the Isle of Man, Cork, and other ports of the United Kingdom; while others, more spacious and more powerful still, are engaged in the trade with North and South America, Spain, Portugal, and the Mediterranean. It may interest the most indifferent spectator to watch this wonderful and busy scene, and think of the progress of the town and of the nation since this emporium of the world's commerce was but the "little creek of Liverpool."

## SETTLE AND CARLISLE LINE.

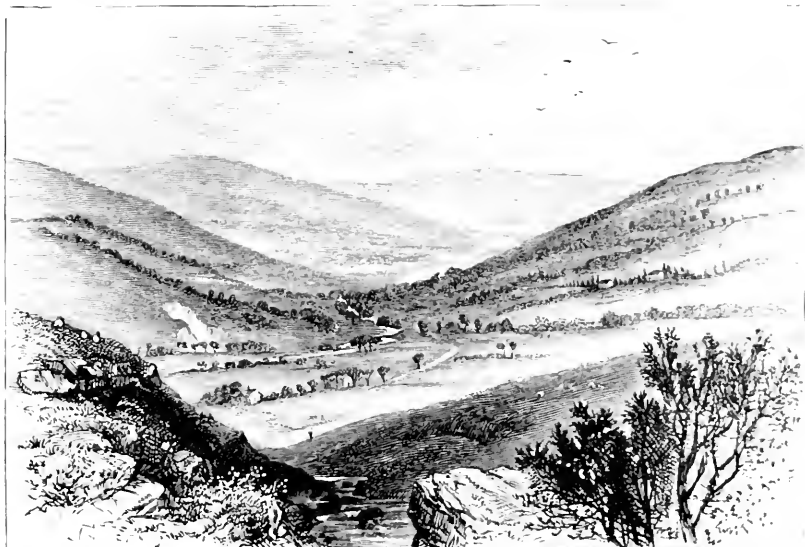
THE railway from Settle to Carlisle is probably the most remarkable and interesting work of its kind in England,—remarkable for the engineering difficulties that have been overcome, and interesting in the scenery through which it passes. It had long been known that if a railway were ever carried in this direction, extraordinary obstacles would have to be surmounted. Over any such path to the North “frown the huge masses of Ingleborough and Wharfedale, and Wildboar and Shap Fells, and if a line were to wend its way at the feet of these, it would have to be by spanning valleys with stupendous viaducts and piercing mountain heights with enormous tunnels; miles upon miles of cuttings would have to be blasted through the rock, or literally torn through clay of the most remarkable tenacity, and embankments, each weighing perhaps 250,000 tons, would have to be piled on peaty moors, on some parts of which a horse could not walk without sinking up to his belly.”\* Only one route was possible—along a chain of four deep valleys which in rough and massive outline stretched from south to north, the more southern rising up one of the wildest, windiest, coldest, and dreariest parts of the world, and the more northern falling gently down one of the most beautiful districts in England—the Vale of the Eden. The engineer-in-chief has described the route of his line in homelier phraseology. He has said that the country may be compared to a great whale lying on its belly, with its nose at Settle and its tail at Carlisle. A steep ascent carries us up, a long incline carries us down.

Leaving the “metropolitan town” of Settle, overlooked by the lofty limestone rock of Castleberg, we start upon our journey up the noble valley of the Ribblesdale, apparently closed in to the north by the mighty outlines of Wharfedale and Pennines, often hid in gloomy clouds of trailing mist. Passing the works of the Craven Lime Company, we reach Stainforth, and cross the roaring Ribblesdale. About eight miles from Settle we are at the village of Selside, near which is Hellsen Pot, which Mr. J. R. Thomson declares to be “the most awful thing in all England,”—a terrific chasm, 60 feet wide and more than 300 deep, down which a waterfall leaps into the gloom. Four miles from Selside we cross the turnpike which runs from Ingleton to Hawes, and now the heaviest part of the work of the railway begins. Here, a few years since, not a vestige of a habitation could be seen, and the only signs of life were the grouse, and anon a black-faced mountain sheep, half buried among the ling. We are now approaching the great hill of Blea Moor, an outlying flank of the mighty Wharfedale, through which, at a height of 1,100 feet above the sea, the renowned Blea Moor tunnel had to be carried. Speaking of this spot, Mr. Allport says: “I shall not forget as long as I live the difficulties that surrounded us in that undertaking. Mr. Crossley and I went on a voyage of discovery—‘prospecting.’ We walked miles and miles; in fact, I think I may safely say we walked over a greater part of the line from Settle to Carlisle, and we found it comparatively easy sailing till we got to that terrible place, Blea Moor. We spent an afternoon there looking at it. We went miles without seeing an

\* “The Midland Railway; its Rise and Progress,” by Fredk. S. Williams.

## *Settle and Carlisle Line.*

inhabitant, and the Blea Moor seemed effectually to bar our passage northward." We are now at Dent Head, and away to the north stretches the valley down which the Dee roars—on part of its way—over a bed of black marble, skirted by the greenest of green meadows where herds of cattle pasture, while on either hand rise the moorlands, the wildest and loneliest in Yorkshire. This is the second great valley of the four to which we have referred, and soon we enter Black Moss or Rise Hill Tunnel, at the northern end of which the line emerges into Garsdale, where, instead of a wild and dreary waste, kindlier climes and brighter scenes await us. Soon upon our right we notice a roadside inn, "The Moorcock," well known over the



DENT DALE.

country-side as standing at the head of three valleys: Garsdale, along which we have been coming from the south; Edendale, along which we shall soon be going to the north; and Wensleydale, winding eastward down to Hawes.

The branch to Hawes is about four miles long, and it makes the beauties of Wensleydale accessible to many. In the neighbourhood are several waterfalls, the chief of which is Hardrow Force, which leaps down a perpendicular natural wooded amphitheatre 100 feet deep. Wordsworth speaks with delight of this spot and that huge rock, and the bank winding round on the left with its living foliage, the murmur of the water, and the quiet seclusion of the long summer days that may be spent there. During hard winters the fall sometimes forms a vast mass of ice, pyramidal in form, reaching up the face of the rock to a height of 80 or 90 feet, and nearly as broad at its base. In the centre of this pyramid of ice the water may be seen flowing as through a tube of glass. Wordsworth tells how he visited Hardrow

## *Settle and Carlisle Line.*

Fall in winter. Cautiously sounding his way over stones of all colours and sizes, glistening in the clearest water, he found that the rock which before had seemed like a wall, extended itself far over his head like the ceiling of a huge cave, from the summit of which the torrent shot, and then fell down into a basin among fragments of rock, wrinkled over with masses of ice that looked like frozen froth. "The spot where we stood," he says, "was as dry as the chamber in which we are now sitting; and the incumbent rock, of which the groundwork was limestone, was reared and dappled with colours which melted into each other with every possible variety." On the summit of the cave were festoons of rock hung with icicles.

Seven dales open up around Hawes, each with its scattered farms and



cottages nestling under the old ash-trees or sycamores, around which are the green meadows watered by streams.

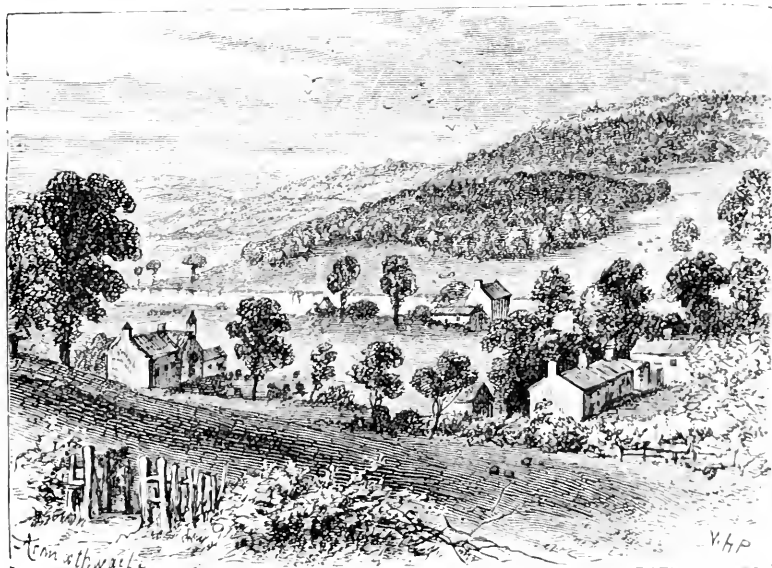
Three miles from "The Moorcock" we enter Westmoreland, and we are now in the Vale of the Eden, and in the midst of what used to be the "Forest of Mallerstang," the haunt of wild animals and every kind of game, where the hills now occupied by peaceful shepherds used to echo with the slogan of border chiefs, and anon were red with the fire of blazing homesteads. The desolation in Mallerstang and this whole country-side was in the Border Wars so complete that the lands were considered by William the Conqueror not worth surveying. On the east of the line, washed by the Eden, far down below us we see the ruins of the square tower of what once was Pendragon Castle, where Morville, one of the knights implicated in the murder of À Becket, held his brief but lordly tenure; and where, centuries afterwards, the famous Anne, Countess of Pembroke, who built castles and churches, hospitals and manor mills, who could "discourse of

## *Settle and Carlisle Line.*

all things, from predestination to sea-silk," and who married two husbands with whom she had "crosses and contradiction," took up her abode. When an objectionable candidate was forced on one of her boroughs, she wrote, "I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a Court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man shall not stand!"

The part of the line from whence we look down on the Castle is itself remarkable. The material of which the embankment was composed was the boulder clay, so "rotten," and laid on a bed so rotten, that the engineer informed Mr. F. S. Williams that the tipping went on for twelve months without the embankment advancing a yard.

We now pass through what Phillips declares to be one of the most im-



pressive spectacles to the view of the geologist that the world affords—the great Pennine Fault; and the cutting along which the line is carried discloses the upheaved strata of shale, mountain limestone, grit, slate, iron, coal, and lead ore in extraordinary boldness and confusion.

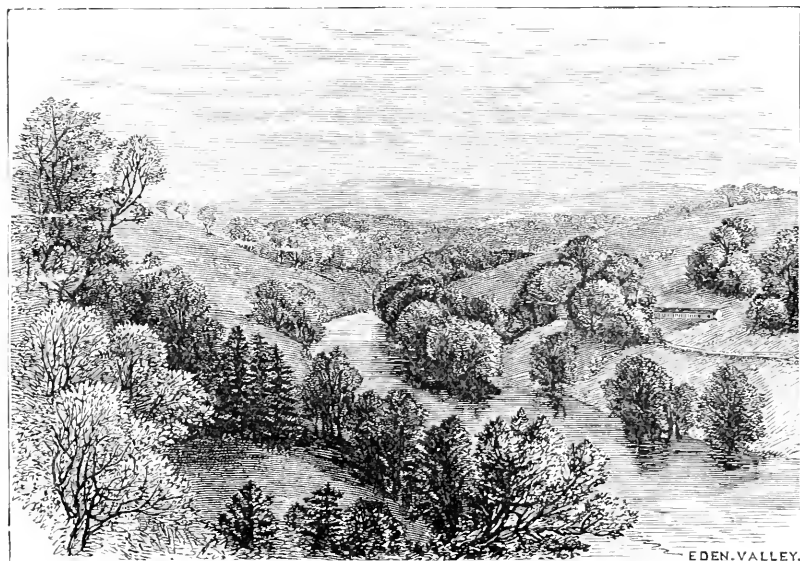
Soon we reach the market town of Kirkby Stephen, and shortly afterwards cross Smardale Viaduct, the highest on the Midland system. It rises 130 feet from the water to the rails, and the foundations themselves had to be carried 45 feet below the bed of the stream.

Forty-two miles from Settle we reach Appleby. The Castle on the hill-top, covered in with fine trees, and the grand keep of Caesar's Tower, ivy clad, look down pleasantly on the county town, once with 11,000 inhabitants, but reduced by fire, sword, plunder, and plague to now only some 1,500 souls. In the time of Leland Appleby was but "a poor village, having but a ruinous castle wherein the prisoners were kept," but here the Countess of Pembroke lived for a year, and spent much time and money in the re-

## *Settle and Carlisle Line.*

storation of the building. The Castle, she remarks, had been "of note ever since William the Conqueror's time, and long before."

Leaving Appleby for the north, we pass along Battle Barrow Bank, from whence we see Muston, Dufton, and Knock Pikes on our right, and far away to the left are Saddleback and Skiddaw and the other northern mountains of the Lake district. Emerging from Culgaith Tunnel, a beautiful view again opens to the west, while below us we notice the confluence of two rivers—the Eamont, which has come down from Ulleswater, and the Eden. A few miles to our left is the beautifully wooded estate of Sir Richard Musgrave, of Eden Hall, while on the summit of a hill on our right are the remains of a Druids' temple, consisting of massive stones



forming a circle, in the centre of which is the largest of all; they are playfully named "Long Meg and her Daughters." We pursue our way to the north, and at length reach, through a covered way, the station and village of Lazonby. Here we leave our train, cross over the Eden, some sixty or seventy yards in width, by a fine bridge, and follow the lane towards the ancient village of Kirkoswald, named after the renowned "king and martyr" of Northumberland. Before reaching the town we may turn along a paved path, covered in by a noble avenue of lime-trees, to the parish church, and afterwards may visit the ruins, among sycamores and ash-trees, of the Castle, once "one of the fairest fabrics eyes ever looked upon." Calling at the "Featherstone Arms," we enlisted, as we had been advised, the services of Mr. Milton, who makes this inn his home, who knows the whole country-side, and is willing to assist the tourist with his guidance. Across the fields we hied our way by the Manor House of Staffield, called at Mr. Nicholson's, a farmer, for the key, and passing under groves of spruce

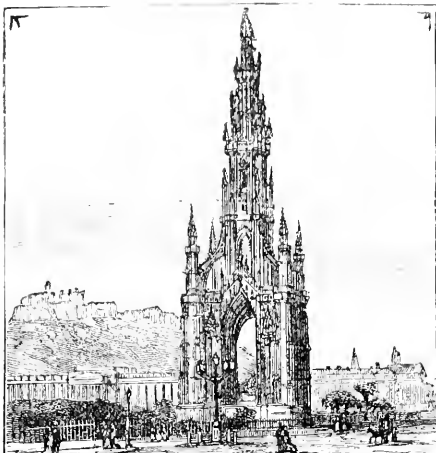


firs and beech-trees, the finest we had ever seen, reached the beck of the Croglin, which far down below falls into the Eden itself. Along the paths made partly by nature and partly by man, beneath high-arching noble trees, we stroll down the deep ravine, through which the Croglin roars, now shut in by rocks piled one above another to the height of 100 or 200 feet, covered with ivy green and ferns and foxgloves, or grey with aged lichens and mosses, and soon after we were standing on rudely-framed galleries, supported by rough timbers, where the beck leaps over a fall into a savage dell, and whirls and boils beneath our feet. Farther down below we stood on the brink of a precipice looking into a deep dense wood, where, perhaps, the gnarled branches of some dead oak stripped by the lightning lift their giant arms, in contrast with the deep rich masses of green around; and at length, continuing our descent, we came to the margin of the stately Eden. We walk along its shore, rounding the mighty rocks covered in with overhanging trees, and watch the salmon as they leap.

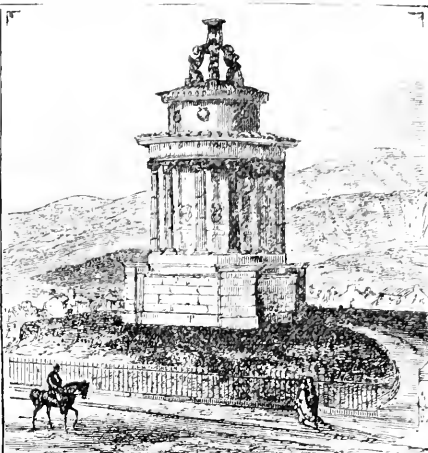
The paths we have been treading are the Nunnery Walks, so named from the religious house established by William Rufus, who "trembled, like other profligates, amidst his impiety, and was willing enough to secure a chance of heaven provided it could be obtained by any other means than virtuous practice." Across the river rises a noble hill, on the upper slope of which the Midland Railway Company has carried one of the world's great high-ways; and the traveller thereon looks down on scenes of hill and dale, of wood and water of extraordinary beauty, with beetling precipices, gloomy and grand, softened down with shrubs and trees. Beneath him rise the "shattered and fretted summits which form the entrance to what is known as Samson's Cave." Down into this a visitor tells us that he climbed, under overhanging rocks, worn by age, rain, sunshine and storm into fantastic shapes, and at length reached the entrance to the cave. In doing so he disturbed a colony of jackdaws, and a hawk flew from its nest on a ledge among some stunted shrubs, just where a honeysuckle was coming into flower, strewn with down and feathers.

Guided by Mr. Milton, we wander on our delightful way among the rocky wooded heights overhanging the Eden, which sweeps on with majestic curves, until we arrive at Armathwaite, with its ancient quaint old square Castle, its picturesque viaduct of nine arches 80 feet high, its road bridge of freestone, its cataract, where the water pours in sonorous violence over a bed of immovable crags, which whirl the stream into eddies, and its elm, said to be the finest in Cumberland. We are surrounded by objects of interest and beauty.

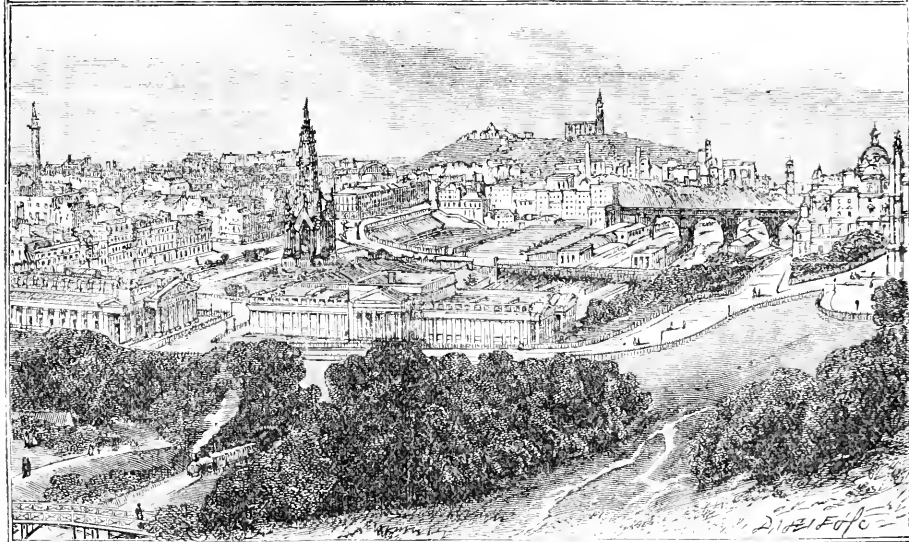
We have now for nearly forty miles been descending the Vale of the Eden, the scenery of which is full of romantic beauty, and on some of the once wilder and steeper parts of which, by the wise policy of the Musgraves and the Lowthers, thousands of acres of larch and pine have been planted; while as we proceed northward the lands grow richer in fruitfulness and beauty.



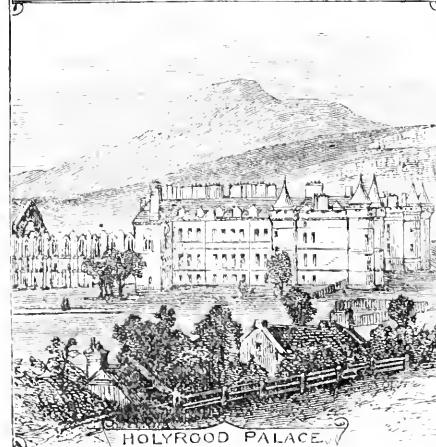
SCOTT'S MONUMENT



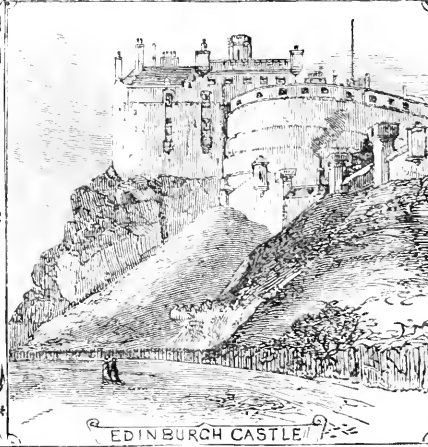
BURNS' MONUMENT



EDINBURGH



HOLYROOD PALACE



EDINBURGH CASTLE

## EDINBURGH.

THE metropolis of Scotland occupies a site perhaps unequalled by any capital in Europe. From its higher elevations we look down on the noble estuary of the Forth flowing amid park pastoral and woodland scenery, and expanding as it flows from river into ocean. The solitary grandeur of Arthur's Seat, the green slopes of the neighbouring Pentland Hills, and the soft and shadowy outlines of the Lammermoors, the Ochils, and the Grampians, form a landscape unusually striking and beautiful.

The Castle is one of the four fortresses which, by the Articles of the Union, are to be kept constantly fortified. Its earliest known name is the "Camp of the Maidens," because within its walls the daughters of the Pictish kings were brought up and educated. Only from its eastern side can it be approached, the others being "more than perpendicular." As a military position it is identified with various tragic incidents of Scottish history, and has been taken and retaken in war several times.

The monument of Sir Walter Scott is a worthy memorial of the eminent Scot it commemorates. Its height is 200 feet, and nearly 300 steps conduct to the gallery at the top. Its cost was more than £15,000. Each front of the monument above the principal arch has six niches, besides others in the piers and abutment towers, to be occupied by sculptural representations, historical and fanciful, drawn from the writings of Sir Walter Scott.

The Burns Monument stands upon the roadside opposite the High School. Holyrood Palace is the ancient residence of Scottish royalty. It is a handsome building, forming a quadrangle around a central court nearly a hundred feet square. Its front is flanked with double castellated towers. Within its walls many a festive and many a tragic scene has been enacted. The closet where the murderers of Rizzio surprised their victim is shown; while many visitors contemplate with pathetic interest the bed of Queen Mary, which remains in the same state as when last occupied by her. On the north side of the Palace is the Abbey of Holyrood House, founded by David I., who, James VI. declared, was "a sair sanct." Near at hand is Arthur's Seat. As we stand on the summit we may think of Sir Walter's words when he said of the scene now presented, "A nobler contrast there can hardly exist than that of the huge city, dark with the smoke of ages, and groaning with the various sounds of active industry or idle revel, and the lofty and craggy hill, silent and solitary as the grave; one exhibiting the full tide of existence, pressing and precipitating itself forward with the force of an inundation; the other resembling some time-worn anchorite, whose life passes as silent and unobserved as the slender rill, which escapes unheard, and scarce seen, from the fountain of his patron saint. The city resembles the busy temple where the modern *Comus* and *Mammon* hold their court, and thousands sacrifice ease, independence, and *virtue* itself at the shrine; the misty and lonely mountain seems as a throne to the majestic but terrible genius of feudal times, where the same divinities dispensed coronets and domains to those who had heads to devise, and arms to execute, bold enterprises."



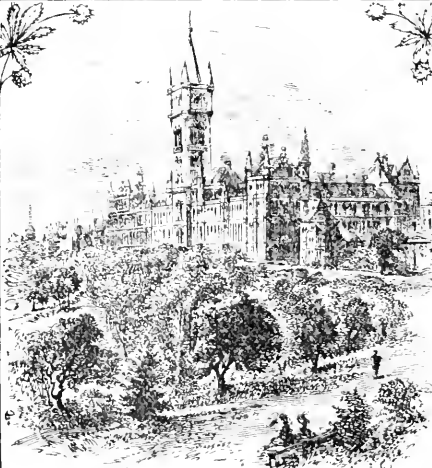
ST. MUNGO'S CATHEDRAL



WEST END PARK



BROOMIELAW



UNIVERSITY



ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE

SALES

# GLASGOW.

## GLASGOW.

GLASGOW cannot compare with its rival sister city, the "Modern Athens," in impressiveness of appearance and situation; yet it is the commercial metropolis of Scotland, and in wealth, population, and manufacturing and commercial importance, is regarded as the third city in the United Kingdom. It stands in the lower part of the basin of the Clyde, in the midst of a rich mineral district, about twenty miles from the Atlantic Ocean; and is screened from the north by the fine range of the Campsie and Kilpatrick hills, while the uplands of Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire swell beautifully and boldly to the south. The philosophical observer, who said that he noticed as a curious coincidence that large rivers were usually to be found near large cities, would see at Glasgow a confirmation of his theory. On the broad waters of the Clyde commerce has found a home, while upon the shores of the firth and the lochs among which the Clyde mingles its waters, the citizens of Glasgow have built their stately summer residences.

The annals of Glasgow, down to the early part of the twelfth century, are involved in the general obscurity of those rude times. The first fact of importance that merges into distinctness is the erection of the noble Cathedral, which century after century threw the shadow of its venerable magnificence upon scenes memorable in Scottish history. Forty years after the building of the Cathedral, William the Lion granted charters for the holding of a "weekly mercat" and an annual fair in Glasgow, and in these concessions we see the germs of future commercial greatness. Before the year 1775 the enterprise of the city was chiefly devoted to the tobacco trade, and its successful merchants were known as "Tobacco Lords." But while the prosperity and power of Glasgow have been reared on the successful pursuit of trade and commerce, the general population of the city is remarkable for the eagerness of its acquisition of knowledge; and it is believed that in no city in the kingdom, where the society is composed of similar elements, is there more intellectual activity.

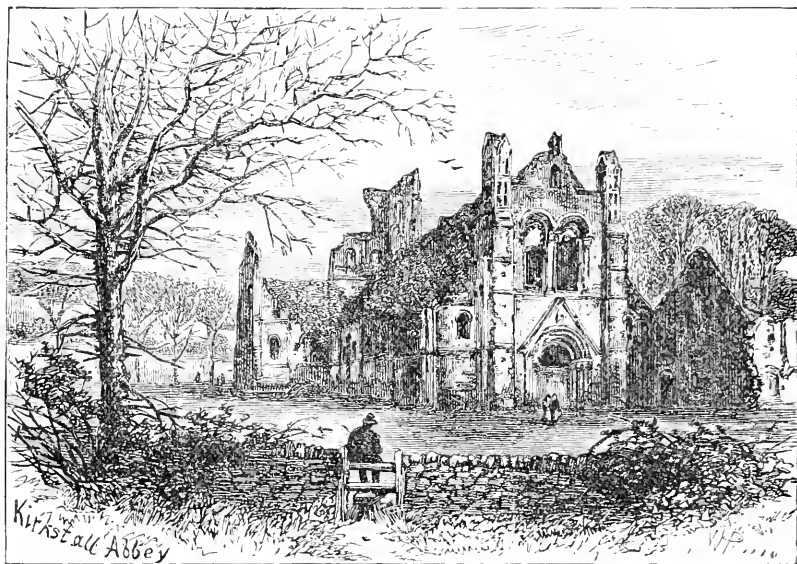
The Broomielaw Bridge is one of the finest in Europe. It is cased with Aberdeen granite, is 500 feet long, and 60 feet wide. It supplies a noble entrance to the city from the south, and a fine river harbour.

The University is said to have been founded by a bull of Pope Nicholas V. in 1450, but at its origin it had no endowments or public buildings. Eight years afterwards a member of the illustrious house of Hamilton bequeathed four acres of ground and some houses for the purposes of the University; and thus were formed the beginnings of an institution which, nurtured through troublous times, gradually rose to power and fame. Many eminent names adorn its annals, and have shed a lustre over the literary and civil history of Scotland. The present magnificent pile is depicted in our engraving. The Queen's Park is a noble pleasure-ground.

The monument erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott is in George's Square, a spacious and handsome place in the centre of the city. The column is Doric and fluted; it is about 80 feet high, and is surmounted by a statue of the great minstrel.

## KIRKSTALL ABBEY.

KIRKSTALL, as a single object, is "the most picturesque and beautiful ruin in the kingdom." So says Whitaker. Let us wander amid these silent memorials of the past, and try to think of Kirkstall as it was long centuries ago. We go back in thought to 1152. How changed at that time the scene! A little band of monks come here from Fountains Abbey to fulfil a vow of Henry de Lacy. Then, as far away as the rocks of Malham, through the "Ings" of Craven, down through the widespread valley of the Aire, the deer, the wild boar, and the white bull wandered in unfrequented woods, waded in untainted waters, roamed over boundless heaths. Then the Church was built, in the form of a cross, with a tower at the intersection, with nave and aisles, cloister and Chapter House, Refectory and Infirmary. But ruin



KIRKSTALL ABBEY, KIRKSTALL STATION, NEAR LEEDS.

came on the builders and their building. The monks thrive, got into debt, got out again, and were finally "dissolved" in 1540; and nearly three centuries of neglect have told their tale on the once stately pile. But Kirkstall Abbey is beautiful amid its ruin. The original tower, like that of Fountains, rose but little above the roof, but thereon a later age piled one of far statelier proportions, much of which remains, and also the long nave and transepts, plain but massive.

Too near for pleasant effect are some ironworks. They probably mark the site of a foundry established by the monks themselves. But if we regret the encroachment of the appliances of modern civilization on scenes that seem sacred to picturesque decay, we may derive what comfort we can from the thought that the hills and vale of Airedale, where formerly the violent hunter ruled, is now the home of thousands of busy workmen, who fulfil more peaceful ministries at home, and help to clothe and civilize the world abroad.

## BOLTON ABBEY.

BOLTON ABBEY can be approached from Skipton, Keighley, or Ilkley. From the two former we rise over the high uplands and then descend into the Vale of the Wharfe; from Ilkley—the Malvern of the North—we pass up the vale itself, among hill and dell, rich meadow lands and bright river reaches, the golden glory of the field flowers and the emerald greenness of the grass, the pretty gabled homesteads, and here and there the busy silk mills, until at length we reach the broad Skipton and Narrogate turnpike, and cross the Bolton Bridge. A little beyond the well-known “Devonshire Arms” we turn through the Park wall by a wicket-gate, and wander down the beautiful field and by the margin of the river to the Abbey. Nothing can exceed the sense of repose and beauty which the spot inspires. In the



BOLTON ABBEY, NEAR SKIPTON.

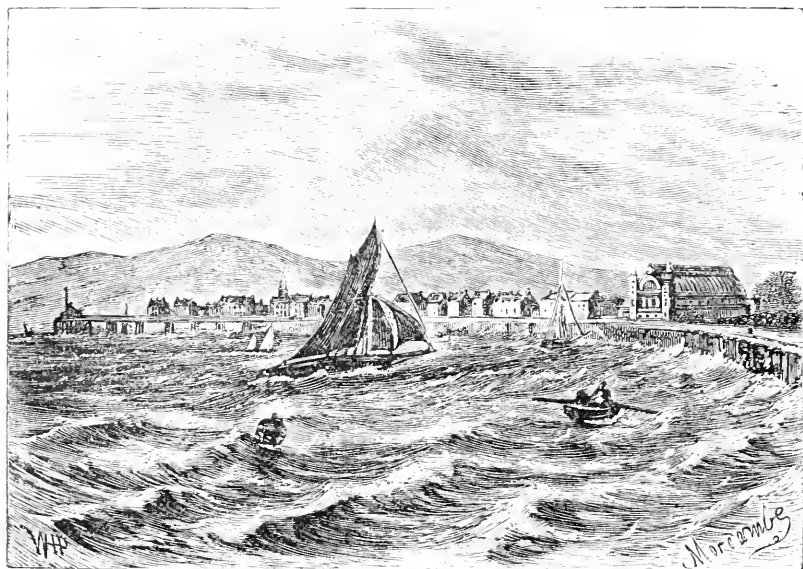
midst of a meadow, along the sides of which the Wharfe winds its way down from the wooded glen of Barden Tower, while the hills of Simon Seat and Barden Fell look down from above, here rise the piers of the old monastic tower, and the ruins of the nave, transept, and choir, and fragments of the cloister, refectory, and chapter-house of the famous Priory of Bolton.

We all know the memories that cluster round this place. Seven hundred years ago there was no Abbey here, but there was a “religious house” at Embsay near Skipton. One day a lad—the boy of Egremont—an only child and heir of the founders of the Abbey at Embsay, leading a hound in a leash in Barden Woods, attempted to spring across the Wharfe at the “Strid;” the dog hung back, and the boy was dragged into the river and drowned. The forester, who had witnessed the catastrophe, hurried away with the sad tidings, and met his mistress with the words, “What is good! for a bootless bene?” (a hopeless prayer).

“And she made answer—‘Endless sorrow,’  
For she knew that her son was dead.”

## MORECAMBE.

MORECAMBE has been called "Little Bradford" or "Bradford-by-the-Sea" on account of the number of residents and the multitude of excursionists who come hither from the centres of the woollen industry; and a pleasant change it is to turn away from the sight of mills and machinery to the great open valley of Airedale, with its noble hills and its heathery moors and flowing waters. On the way we pass Saltaire, where eighteen miles of cloth a day can be made; Bingley, with its locks glowingly described at the time of their construction as "the noblest works of the kind in the universe;" the valley of the Worth, with its moors and "the blue tints, the pale mists, the waves and shadows" of the hills of this wilderness, "featureless, solitary, saddening," where Charlotte Brontë had her home; Skipton, "the capital"



of Craven, with its Castle which has survived from the times of the Conquest; Malham, where the Aire takes its rise; Ingleborough, "that huge creature of God," as Gray calls it; Hornby Castle, a place full of histories, of sieges and struggles; down the beautiful valley of the "Stoney Lune" to Lancaster; over the iron bridge, across the river, and through the meadows to Morecambe. A few years ago an obscure fishing village named Poulton stood upon the spot where now there is a large town, a commodious railway station, hotels, and promenades, while near at hand a pier has been built from whence we may watch the widespread bay, the fishing and pleasure boats, the far-extending coast-line of hill and beach, and the distant mountains of the Lake District.

Thousands have lost their lives beneath the waters that shimmer so brightly in the sunshine; but now the traveller is borne to the shores of Morecambe Bay and over its sands on solid embankments, and paths and bridges of iron.



## THE LAKE DISTRICT.

THE most pleasant access to the Lake District is by the Midland and Furness Lines to Carnforth, then along the northern coast of Morecambe Bay to Ulverston, and by the beautiful valley of the Leven to the Lakeside Station on Windermere. Here the traveller steps out of the train on to the boat, and is soon on his way to Ambleside.

"Nice pond, that!" remarked an American, as he caught sight of Grasmere Lake. We hope others have a more adequate appreciation of the charms of this peaceful vale and lovely scene. "I go to Grasmere at least once a year," said a Presbyterian clergyman to the writer. "It is the most beautiful bit of God's earth I know." To stand on Red Bank and look down the green slopes or over the woods to the waters beneath: at the wooded steeps of Silver How, up the opening of Easedale, and on the bold form of Helm Crag on our left; and on our right at the heights of Forest-side Fell and Great Rigg, with Steel Fell to the north-west, Dunmail Raise in the hollow, and Helvellyn to the north-east peering over the mighty shoulder of Seat Sandal, while the church and village of Grasmere nestle among the trees at the head of the lake, the bright waters fringed with meadows green as an emerald—is to survey a landscape which, though it be visited a hundred or a thousand times, yields ever-fresh delight.

The falls of Barrow and Lodore are near the south-eastern shores of Derwentwater. Near Barrow Bay, and in the private grounds belonging to Barrow House, is the fine cascade of Barrow Fall. The water makes two leaps 122 feet down. Application for admission to the grounds must be made at the lodge. A mile farther south is the celebrated cascade of Lodore. It is near the hotel. Since S uthey wrote his well-known description of the spot, in which he endeavoured to show the marvellous resources of the English tongue, the expectations of visitors when they see the reality have often been disappointed. The wild and rugged precipices on either hand, and the huge boulders amid and over which the waters descend, are always interesting; but it is only after heavy rains that the fall is seen at its best, and then it tumbles down with a roar which it is said may be heard at the northern extremity of the lake.

Honister Crag is one of the most remarkable sights in the excursion from Keswick to Buttermere. We have passed by the eastern shore of Derwentwater into Borrowdale Valley, and climbed the Honister Pass, when, at the summit, the Crag—the grandest in the district—rears its form on our left, an almost perpendicular wall of rock, to the height of 1,500 feet. The Vale of Buttermere now begins to break upon the sight, and the way down to it lies plainly before the traveller—a vast stony valley with a quarryman's hut here and there, and the sheep feeding among the rugged slopes. There are no bridges, and the river that flows down the valley must several times be crossed.

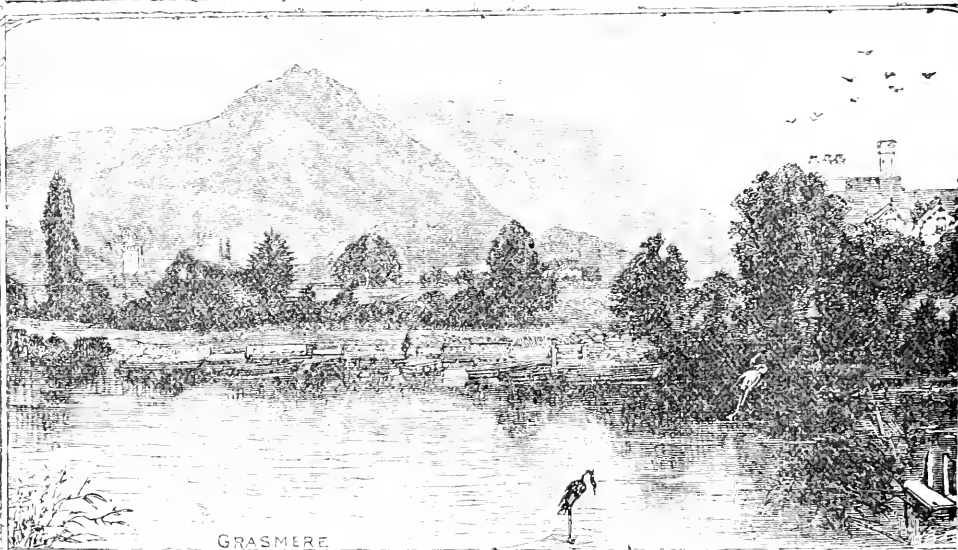
Sty Barrow Crag is an offshoot from Helvellyn. As we sail up Ulleswater, the middle and longest reach of the lake is closed in by Birk Fell on the left, and on the right by Sty Barrow Crag, above which "the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn" rises far into the clouds.



STYBARROW CRAGG



BARROW FALLS



GRASMERE



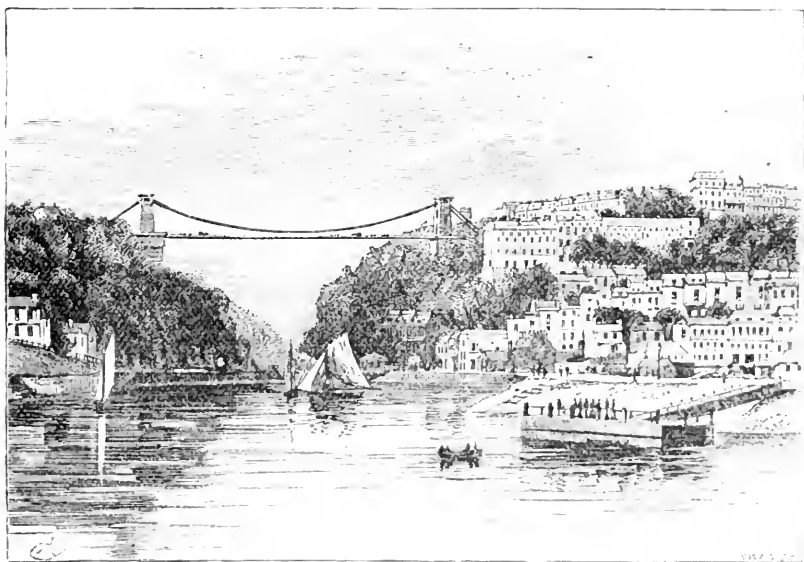
LODORE



HONISTER CRAG

## CLIFTON.

CLIFTON is deservedly renowned as one of the most delightful places of residence in England. If Bristol is known as the metropolis of the West, and was for many centuries the second city in the British dominions, we need not wonder that its beautiful suburb, enjoying all the advantages that situation and salubrity can afford, should have attracted to itself so large and wealthy a population. Seated on the slopes and summit of a wide-spreading hill are elm-shaded roads, squares, and crescents, rising one above another, the most elevated and handsome of all being York Crescent, beyond which are the open Downs, the heights of St. Vincent, and the deep valley of the Avon. The view, as we look down the gorge or chasm through which the river runs, and which separates the counties of Gloucester and

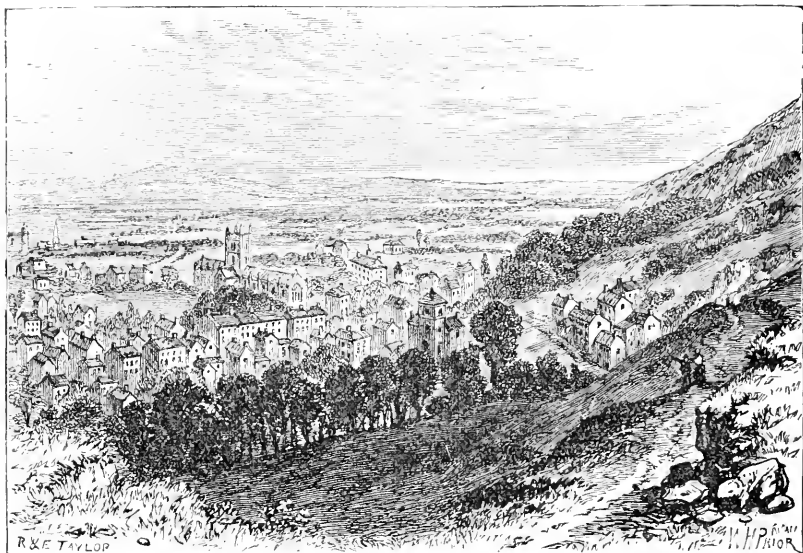


CLIFTON.

Somerset, is striking in the extreme. This scene may best be enjoyed from the Suspension Bridge, which, with a roadway of 30 feet, spans the valley and river at a height of nearly 250 feet above the water and for a length of 220. The chains which carry the bridge are fastened in chambers in the solid rock on each side the river deep down below the level of the bridge. It is said by Murray that 500,000 cubic feet of masonry were required in the construction of the pier on the Somersetshire side alone, and that its foundation is 130 feet above the Avon. The roadway is formed of Baltic timber. The cost of the bridge has exceeded £100,000. Above the Clifton pier of the bridge is an eminence formerly occupied as a Roman or British camp; there is one similar to it on the Somersetshire side, and north of this is a third. The beautiful ravine between the last two is known as Nightingale Valley.

## MALVERN.

THE traveller who crosses Worcestershire by the Bristol and Birmingham line of the Midland Railway will, on a clear day, not fail to notice a chain of rounded hills some nine or ten miles in length, and 1,000 feet in height. These are the Malvern Hills, a name derived from the British words *moel* or *mal*, and *vern*, "the mountain on the plain." Seen from a distance, their bold outline and yet softened beauty have a singular charm; and when they are approached by the branch railways from Worcester on the north, or Ashchurch on the south, the visitor is almost compelled to climb their summits that he may enjoy a view perhaps unsurpassed in extent in England. The range of hills—Beacons two of them are called—run north and south in a right line, and stand on the verges of the counties of Wor-



MALVERN.

cester and Hereford. Geologically, the ridge is composed of intruded rocks which have burst through the crust of sedimentary formations of the flat plain around. The highest point of the hill is covered with verdure, and it is said that nearly 1,700 varieties of plants are found on its slopes.

In former days Malvern had an ecclesiastical renown. Its Priory was in the middle ages "one of the most flourishing conventual establishments of the western counties. It was chartered by the Conqueror, endowed by Henry I., and celebrated by William of Malmesbury." The manorial house, built with materials taken from the Priory, is a good specimen of the domestic architecture of the close of the sixteenth century.

The Church formerly belonged to the Abbey. It is a mixture of Norman and Perpendicular, and its appearance is rich and light. The tower, 124 feet high, is in the centre of the building, somewhat resembling that of Gloucester Cathedral, and is surmounted with battlements and pinnacles. The Church has been recently restored by Sir G. G. Scott.

## CHELTENHAM.

CHELTENHAM has long had a great renown as a spa and a place of residence. In the time of Leland all he could say of it was that it was "a long town having a market;" and as late as a century ago the river Chelt flowed through its streets, and was crossed by the homely stepping-stones. A hundred years ago George III. came here with his Queen, and from that time



CHELTENHAM.

Cheltenham became a place of fashionable resort. The town has an excellent appearance. It is intersected by a "High Street" more than 2,000 yards in length. "The Promenade," leading from it at right angles, is shaded by rows of trees, and attracts pedestrians and carriage visitors. The Pump-Room, a handsome building, has a finely-proportioned dome 70 feet in height, with an Ionic colonnade surmounted by a statue of Hygeia: the

springs are chalybeate. The old Church, erected in the eleventh century, is cruciform, with a square tower and an octagonal spire rising from the centre. The College, with its three departments,—Classical, Military, and Civil,—has a good reputation; and there is a Grammar School and a Normal Training School.

But one of the chief charms of Cheltenham is the beautiful country by which it is surrounded. Leckhampton Hill, nearly 1,000 feet high, a place of great interest to the geologist; Birdlip Hill and the Cranham Woods; the Seven Wells, where a prospect may be enjoyed extending from Worcester to Marlborough Downs; the hills and valleys of the Cotswolds, Prestbury, the manor house of which was garrisoned in the Civil Wars; Winchcomb, once a residence of the Mercian kings, and subsequently achieving renown—such as it was—for the manufacture of wine and the growth of tobacco; and Sudeley Castle: these are but some of the many places of interest to the historian and the antiquary, the geologist and the lover of English scenery, which the neighbourhood affords; while far as the eye can reach the views are ever rich and varying. Above the fat pastures and the broad vales rise the Cotswold Hills. The “Wolds” have a billowy appearance, falling ever and anon into valleys, and every valley has its brook, and every hollow its rill.

The higher lands give coolness to the air, and here the harvests are somewhat later; hence the adage, “’Tis as long in coming as Cotswold barley.”

Cheltenham stands about half-way on the Midland Railway between Birmingham and Bristol, the line being the result of an amalgamation of two separate enterprises projected by different parties, in different interests, and with different gauges—the Birmingham and Gloucester, and the Gloucester and Bristol Railways. These two undertakings dragged on a feeble existence until the year 1845, when negotiations for their union, hitherto unsuccessful, were resumed. For some time, however, “it was undetermined whether the broad gauge should be carried through to Birmingham, or the narrow gauge be continued to Bristol—an issue which might appear of secondary moment, but which really involved the question, whether the Great Western and the broad gauge system were to dominate the West Midlands of England.” “And thus it came to pass,” says Mr. F. S. Williams, in his “History of the Midland Railway,” “that the Birmingham and Bristol Lines, which had been struggling for existence, found that they were engaging national attention, the objects of national interest, a prize to be contended for by eager rivals. All this was very flattering to a hitherto unappreciated western *belles*, who began to feel how pleasant it was to flirt now with one admirer and anon with another, to weigh their respective claims, and eventually to secure for the honour of her alliance a very substantial settlement. The rivalry was close and keen. The endowment offered by the Great Western was in share capital; that of the Midland was in cash—a guaranteed six per cent. dividend.” The Midland carried off the palm.

# EUSTON.

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THERE is probably no one word in our language which conveys to the true Londoner so clear a meaning as "Euston." Call any cabman within the four miles' radius of Charing Cross, utter the single word clearly and decisively, look him straight in the face, and cabby will, without comment, drive direct to that spacious courtyard, across the surface of which falls the shadow from the most magnificent Doric Archway in the world. The dark grey granite stands out in severe simplicity and beauty, a memento of solidity and good taste.

In the Great Hall at Euston is a marble statue of George Stephenson; in the Euston Road is a bronze one of Robert Stephenson. The careers of father and son are intimately associated with the growth and development of this great railway. The father built the line across Chat Moss, and achieved the so-called impossible; the son built the tubular bridge across the Menai Straits, and left a permanent legacy to the future generations of engineers. In our busy whirl of life there is slight opportunity for sentimental display, least of all in railway business; but, with a true insight, the men who raised these memorials to the Stephensons recognized that they inaugurated a social revolution, which gave to England a new lease of wealth and power.

From the Euston Station the trunk line of the London and North Western Railway runs direct for Manchester, Holyhead, Glasgow, and the far North. Its main artery lies midway through the heart of England. Its express trains know no pause between London and Rugby. From this seat of the great public school, as also the locality of hunting men during the season, the train presses onward until it enters the new and handsome station at Stafford; nor does it rest again until it enters the grand junction at Crewe. Here the train divides; one part pursuing its way through old-world Chester, across the Menai Straits, to the jutting point of land at Holyhead, from whose pierhead start the splendid boats plying between England and Ireland. Another portion of the train pushes on through Warrington for the Lake District, Carlisle, and Scotland, while a third speeds to its destination across the Mersey to Liverpool. Throughout these routes, great branches pass both right hand and left, linking together the important centres of education, social position, or industry. Thus through Bletchley runs the direct line of communication between the two great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge: through Blisworth runs the line direct for Peterborough, and thus links in mid-centre the Great Northern and North Western lines.

Through Rugby runs the line that binds together Warwick and Leamington with Market Harboro and Stamford ; the haunts of fashion on the one side, with the localities of fashionable amusement and enjoyment on the other. From the same point starts another branch to link the black country and the black country centre—Birmingham—into unity with the main life of the system. In the same way may be noted how at Lichfield the link becomes clearly pronounced between the Midland and the North Western, for the branch runs into the main station at Derby, the head centre of the Midland system. From Stafford a long branch passes through Shrewsbury for the Welsh Coast and its far famed localities, embracing Aberystwith within its grasp. At Warrington the branches pass east and west to bring into unison the great cotton centre of Manchester, the great wool mart of Leeds, and the ceaselessly energetic industries of Yorkshire. A map tells the tale at a glance, the red lines bringing out with blood-like distinctness the activity and energy that everywhere pervade the system. From this great manufacturing centre the main line runs with marvellous simplicity direct for Carlisle, broken only here and there with short branches, one of which is at Preston, another at Lancaster, and a third at Oxenholme ; the first gives facilities for Blackpool and its neighbourhood, the second for Morecambe and its surroundings, and the third for Kendal and the Lake District. Beyond Carlisle the line passes into Scotch territory, and skirting the country rendered famous throughout the world by the genius of Burns, it passes onward until it divides, one branch passing direct for Glasgow ; the other portion passing equally direct for Edinburgh—probably the most picturesque city in the world. From Edinburgh and Glasgow the line northward leads on over ground rendered famous by fiercely contested battle-fields. Bannockburn and Stirling recall memorable and stirring scenes, when a great people fought for what they had been taught to prize—their freedom and national existence. Bridge of Allan, near Stirling, is placed in a position of great beauty, and is resorted to for its mineral springs. Hard by is the Abbey Craig, on which stands the Wallace monument, and from which four battle-fields may be seen. Further on we reach the historic town of Perth.

Thus roughly and briefly may the main arteries of a great system be defined, but the mode in which it is worked out in detail can better be illustrated by one or two examples. Let any one walk into the Euston Station at half-past-eight any evening and note the Limited Mail when ready for its start. In the train of carriages there linked together can be seen Post Office Vans with their staff of workers ready to sort the letters as the train flies north ; in others there are sleeping berths with all the appliances for a comfortable “shakedown,” whilst at another portion of the train there is the apparatus for filling the water tanks of the engine whilst the train rushes forward at full speed. Nothing can better illustrate the modern aspects of our everyday life, or the high state of tension at which we live, than the general conditions of the Limited Mail.

There are two Special Mails : the Irish and the Limited. The Irish,



which leaves Euston at 8.25 p.m., reaches Holyhead in the grey light of the early summer morning about 3.0 a.m. The mail boats which ply across to Kingstown are splendidly fitted, and for the work they have to do are probably the most perfect in the world. They are hurricane decked, built on lines as fine as a racing yacht, and can be driven to a speed of eighteen miles per hour. They are large, handsome, well fitted, and commodious, and during the whole of their career have been singularly free from any kind of accident, due no doubt to the care bestowed upon every point of detail. The first essential of a route is safety, and in this particular the results leave nothing to be desired. The boats, to which we have now referred, carry the mails between Holyhead and Kingstown, a suburb some seven miles distant from Dublin itself. A new line of boats has lately been established by the London and North Western Company, combining all the latest improvements for safety, speed, and comfort. They run from Holyhead direct for North Wall, Dublin. The Limited Mail leaves Euston at 8.50, and pursues its way direct for Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and the North. Thus, within twenty-five minutes of each other, every night two express trains speed forth on their errand, linking together the vivid life of the Metropolis with the growing activity of Ireland and the restless energy of Scotch progressiveness.

There are two points in connection with the railway which are essentially the growth of our own day: the collection and dispatch of letters. The collection is effected by the process of hanging the letter-bags from posts by the side of the line, and the train in passing sweeps the bags out of the lever springs into the expanded net by the side of the Post Office Van. In a somewhat similar manner the mail bags, which have to be left at stations whilst the train is at full speed, are swung out from the door of the van and swept out of the springs by which they are held into the ground-net fixed at the station. The economy of time and labour is immense.

In passing across to Ireland, whether landing at Kingstown or North Wall, a tourist will find himself on the borders of that scenery which has been at once so plaintively and passionately sung by the long list of lyrical writers for which Ireland is famous. The genius of Tom Moore—the son of the grocer of Dublin—has immortalized numberless points in the Emerald Isle. The reputation of Killarney and Connemara gains by being more intimately known; and men who have seen all the scenery that Europe can offer, come back to wonder why so few should be familiar with the exquisite natural beauties of their own land. No one of the four domains: England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, but has some special feature of its own; and the railway communication of to-day brings us almost without an effort into the heart of each. With a wise discretion, tourist tickets have been extended for two months from the date of issue, and it is not too much to expect that the increased activity of our day will find a natural satisfaction in rendering itself familiar with the scenes of beauty or interest that exist so plentifully around us.

## LEAMINGTON AND WARWICK.

AT the commencement of the century an obscure undrained village bore the name of that which is now one of the most fashionable watering-places in England. The growth of its population is equally marked: in 1811 it numbered 543, whilst in 1871 it had reached to nearly 23,000. The increase is not an increase in mere numbers, it betokens the growth of wealth, culture, and all the pleasant surroundings of a fashionable watering-place. The season at Leamington is from May to October, and during that period the pump-rooms and baths are in full activity. There are four springs, each one differing from the other, and therefore suitable for widely differing circumstances. It may be said of these medicinal springs that



THE PARADE, LEAMINGTON.

they are powerful remedial agents, but ought at all times to be taken under medical advice. Their permanent reputation is the best test of their healing capacity. All the ordinary conditions of good hotels, good roads, good society, and plenty of amusement are conspicuous at Leamington. Opposite the Royal Pump Room is one of the greatest attractions of Leamington—the Jephson Gardens. They are well laid out, carefully kept, and occupy an exceptionally pleasant position by the side of the river Leam. They constitute the most fashionable promenade for the town. It may here be noted that archery has many votaries in this locality, and the winter season is enlivened by the meet of a pack of fox hounds which have their head quarters about a mile from Leamington. The position of Leamington, in the centre of so many objects of interest, gives it a great claim on the tourist. The railway carries the traveller to many of these places, while others may be approached by footpaths across lovely fields. “The high roads are made pleasant to the traveller by a border of trees, and

often afford him the hospitality of a way-side bench beneath a comfortable shade. The footpaths go wandering away from stile to stile, along hedges, and across broad fields, and through wooded parks, leading to little hamlets of thatched cottages, ancient solitary farm-houses, picturesque old mills, streamlets, pools, and all those quiet, secret, unexpected, yet strangely familiar features of English scenery that Tennyson shows us in his *Idylls* and *Eclogues*. These by-paths admit the wayfarer into the very heart of rural life, and yet do not burden him with a sense of intrusiveness."

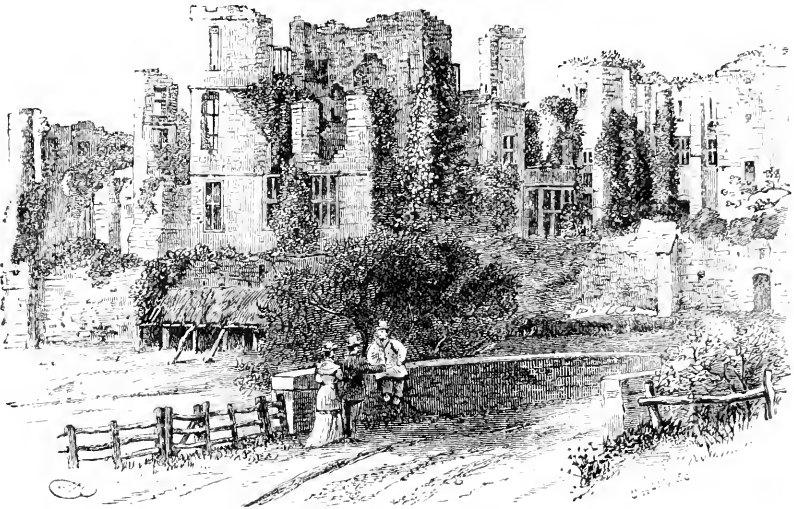
In the immediate neighbourhood is charming Warwick Castle, the most splendid baronial residence in England. It has the additional advantage of being maintained in its integrity and perfection to the present hour. Its position on the side of the Avon, whose waters lave its base, renders it peculiarly picturesque and beautiful. Its foundations are laid by tradition in ages which are lost in the mists of antiquity, whilst the rough fact remains that it rose into prominent notice at the time of the Conquest.

The approach to the Castle is by a winding road cut out of the rock on which the castle itself is built. The entrance is through a Gothic porch on the south east side of the inner court. Then follows a long list of halls and drawing-rooms full of objects of interest and beauty. In the Great Baronial Hall is preserved a helmet originally worn by Oliver Cromwell. In the Great Banqueting Hall is the splendid Pietra Commissa Table formed of precious stones, formerly the property of Marie Antoinette. Here also are original busts of Augustus Cæsar, Scipio Africanus, and the Emperor Trajan. In the Red Drawing Room are pictures by Vandyke and Raffaele, Rembrandt, Paul Veronese, and Rubens. There are Cedar and Gilt Drawing Rooms, Lady Warwick's Boudoir, the Compass Room, and the Chapel Passage, one and all filled with objects of beauty and adorned with magnificent paintings. It is only possible to select a few of the most remarkable. In the Cedar Drawing Room there is a noble painting of Circe the Enchantress by Guido. In the Gilt Drawing Room opposite the fireplace is a portrait of Ignatius Loyola, the celebrated founder of the Jesuits: Here also is a portrait of the Earl of Leicester, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and the hero of Scott's "*Kenilworth*." In Lady Warwick's Boudoir is a far-famed portrait, half length, of Bluff King Hal, one of Anne Boleyn, also a fine half-length portrait of Martin Luther, all of them by Holbein. In the Chapel Passage is a plaster cast of the face of Oliver Cromwell. Whilst in this part of the building it is well to note the effect of an equestrian painting of Charles I., when viewed from the end of the passage itself. In the grounds are many points of interest, notably "*Guy's Tower*" and "*Cæsar's Tower*," which are near the main entrance. In the Greenhouse is the celebrated Warwick Vase, which was discovered in 1774 at Rome, near the Emperor Hadrian's Villa, at the bottom of a lake. It is fine Grecian work.

Whilst in the neighbourhood Guy's Cliff ought to be seen: it is rather more than a mile from Warwick, and is much esteemed for its natural and acquired beauty. The best view is from the Coventry road, through a magnificent avenue of fir trees.

## KENILWORTH.

KENILWORTH, in its palmy days, must have been as Sir Walter Scott declares, "a splendid and gigantic structure." Its outer wall enclosed seven acres, "the lordly structure itself, which rose near the centre of this spacious enclosure, was composed of a huge pile of magnificent castellated buildings, apparently of different ages, surrounding an inner court, and bearing the emblems of mighty chiefs who had long passed away." The circumvallation of the royal castle was on two sides adorned and defended by a lake. The usual entrance was to the northward, which was defended by a gate-house or barbican equal in extent and superior in architecture to the baronial castle of many a northern chief. Beyond the lake lay an extensive chase full of



KENILWORTH CASTLE.

lofty trees, beneath which red deer, fallow deer, roes, and every other kind of game found their haunts. The name of Kenilworth inevitably awakens the memory of Amy Robsart and the fickle favourite of the Virgin Queen. It is to the genius of Scott that the crumbling ruins owe their charm. If the tale created by his genius and intellectual power were destroyed, the larger portion of our interest would have vanished with it. The moss-covered ruins, over which and through which the ivy creeps in rich green festoons, would still appeal to our sense of beauty; but the individual associations, that charm of individuality, would have been lost. It is quite possible to trace the outlines of walls, and picture the scene when Leicester welcomed Elizabeth to the estate which her bounty had conferred on her favourite.

Cesar's Tower, apparently the oldest part of the building, has been a keep of immense strength. It is Norman. Some of its walls are 16 feet thick. It has been square in form, but the north side is demolished. In one angle is the well. Westward were the kitchens; and the arched passage between

the tower and the kitchens communicated with the gardens. The Strong Tower, or Mervyn's Tower, will be seen with special interest from the associations Scott has connected with it. The Great Hall has been an apartment of magnificent proportions, 90 feet long by 45 in breadth. The windows are of great height and exquisite in design. When visited by Elizabeth it was "gorgeously hung for her reception with the richest silken tapestry, misty with perfumes, and sounding to strains of soft and delicious music."

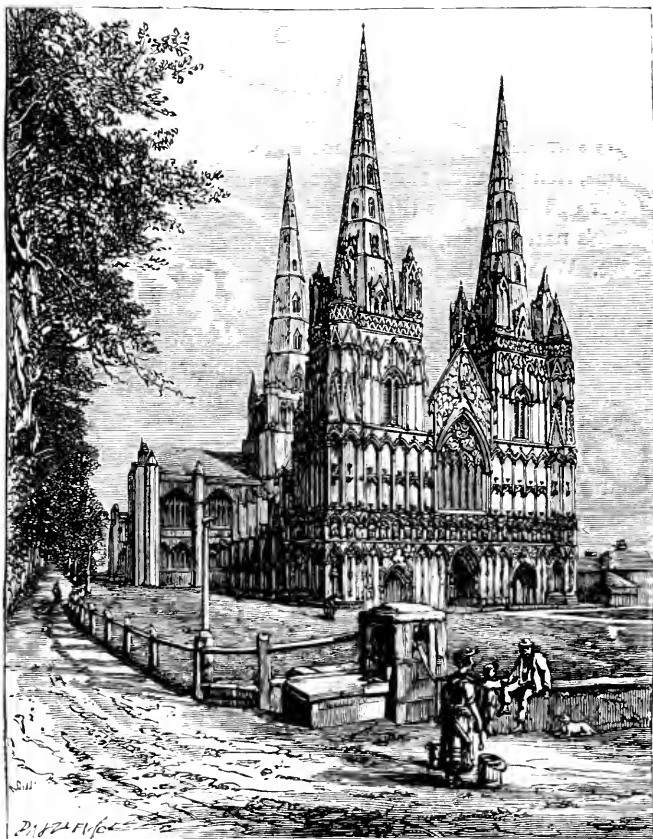
### STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

A BRANCH line running through Blisworth Station carries the tourist who wishes to visit the home and tomb of Shakespeare to Stratford-on-Avon. The scenery surrounding the birthplace was worthy of the man. Amid gently swelling hills, rich pastures, sleeping woodlands, and by the banks of a quiet flowing river with lofty trees throwing their shadows on the footpaths, stands Shakespeare's native town, and in its splendid collegiate church is his place of sepulture. We visit the lowly abode where William Shakespeare was born, and where, as Washington Irving says, "he was brought up to his father's craft of wool combing." It is a small mean edifice of wood and plaster—a true nestling-place of genius. The walls of its chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant, and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature. Washington Irving tells us that he was shown over the house by a garrulous old lady, who was particularly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. The American pilgrim, however, had his doubts with regard to their value aroused by an old sexton and a superannuated crony. "I was grieved," he playfully remarks, "to hear these two worthy wights speak very dubiously of the eloquent dame who shows the Shakespeare House. John Ange shook his head when I mentioned her valuable and inexhaustible collection of relics, particularly her remains of the mulberry tree; and the old sexton even expressed a doubt as to Shakespeare having been born in her house. I soon discovered that he looked upon her mansion with an evil eye, as a rival to the poet's tomb; the latter having comparatively but few visitors. Thus it is that historians differ at the very outset; and mere pebbles make the stream of truth diverge into different channels, even at the fountain head."

Passing up a beautiful avenue of lime trees, we now visit the church, a large and venerable cruciform structure, charmingly situated on the river bank. In the chancel is the tomb of Shakespeare. Memories of the Bard of Avon linger about the place. The whole pile seems his mausoleum. "Other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty." The monumental bust adorns the wall on the left of the chancel, and a plain flagstone with an inscription covers the last resting-place of the poet.

## LICHFIELD.

THE rare and picturesque beauty of Lichfield Cathedral has earned for it the reputation of being the most perfect in form of any ecclesiastical edifice in England. It has also seen strange days and strange scenes. Within its precincts arose those prisons where heretics awaited their trial, and from whence they passed to the stake. Around it arose those walls which formed the Close, and for the possession of which Cavalier and Roundhead fought with passionate intensity. The iron hail rained upon its front, crushing



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

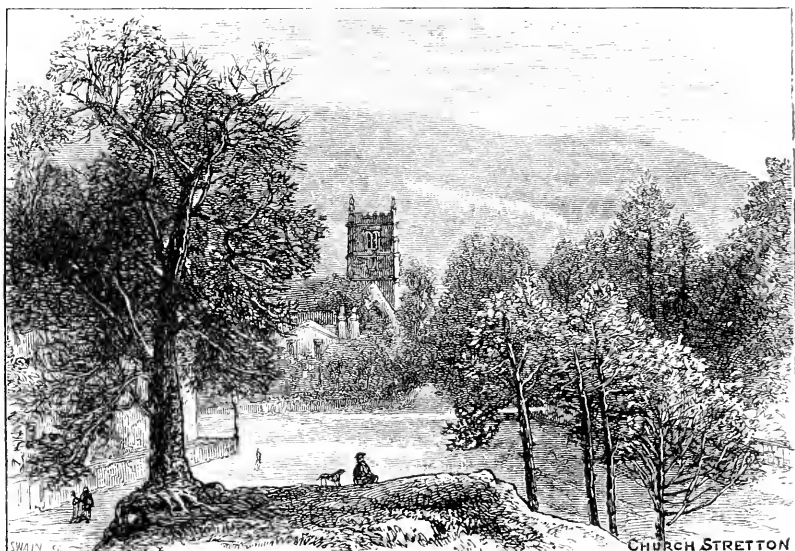
into powder the sculptured effigies of patron saints. The soldiers of the Commonwealth stabled their horses within its aisles, destroyed the monumental brasses, and in derision played at "chevy-chase" with cat and hounds. Still the Cathedral lived on, and to-day raises its head in renewed magnificence, revived by the genius of Sir Gilbert Scott. Within its aisles are to be found memorials associated with the great names of Chantrey, Addison, Garrick, and Johnson. At the end of the south aisle is the world-famed group by Chantrey of "The Sleeping Children," a composition which is probably unique in its touching and tender beauty. In the

south transept aisles memorials were erected to Johnson and Garrick ; but with very questionable taste these monuments were removed at the late restorations, the busts of the two great men being reserved to adorn the Library. The Nave is probably the most beautiful part of the Cathedral. It was erected in the thirteenth century, and has "the great advantage of being a completed idea." The father of Addison the essayist was Dean of the Cathedral, and courteous to Johnson whilst a lad at home.

The most interesting spot in Lichfield is the old house at the corner of Market Place. It was here that Michael Johnson the bookseller lived, gloating over choice editions of Homer and Virgil, publishing last dying speeches, and retailing quack medicines ; and it was here that Samuel Johnson, the great *littérateur*, was born. His brave patient struggle with poverty, his unflagging toil, and his unquenchable manhood, all combine to fling a halo around the spot. There are few names in English literary history around which men's sympathies cling with so much tenacity as around that of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Among the incidents connected with his early life there is one which comes out in connection with this neighbourhood. In the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1736 appears the following advertisement :—"At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages by Samuel Johnson." His pupils were very few, but among them may be mentioned David Garrick. Boswell relates an anecdote of Johnson in reference to his first visit to London, which brings out the peculiarities of the age with great distinctness. Johnson said : "In the last age, when my mother lived in London, there were two sets of people—those who gave the wall and those who took it ; the peaceable and the quarrelsome. When I returned to Lichfield, after having been in London, my mother asked me whether I was one of those who gave the wall or one of those who took it. Now it is fixed that every man keeps to the right, or if one is taking the wall another yields it, and it is never a dispute." Of Johnson's visit to his native place in 1776 Boswell says :—"When we came within the focus of the Lichfield lamps, 'Now,' said he, 'we are getting out of a state of death.' We put up at the 'Three Crowns,' not one of the great inns, but a good old-fashioned one, which was kept by Mr. Wilkins, and was the very next house to that in which Johnson was born and brought up, and which was still his own property." Boswell adds :—"I went through the house where my illustrious friend was born with a reverence with which it will doubtless long be visited." Of the town itself Boswell writes :—"Very little business appeared to be going forward in Lichfield. I found, however, two strange manufactures for so inland a place—sail-cloth and streamers for ships ; and I observed them making some saddle-cloths and dressing some sheep-skins, but upon the whole the busy hand of industry seemed to be quite slackened. 'Surely, sir,' said I, 'you are an idle set of people.' 'Sir,' said Johnson, 'we are a city of philosophers ; we work with our heads, and make the boobies of Birmingham work for us with their hands.'"

## CHURCH STRETTON.

THE railway from Shrewsbury to Hereford lies along the "Marches," as they used to be called, the boundary between England and Wales. After passing two or three stations we reach the little Salopian town of Church Stretton, situated in a fine rugged hollow between the Long Mynd Hills and Wenlock Edge. The neighbourhood is beautiful. There is a fine range of hills clothed with beauty from foot to peak. The Caradoc Hills include the heights of Ragleath, 1,000 feet high; Hope, Bowdler, and Caradoc, each 1,200 feet high; and the Lawley, 900 feet high. This range runs from south-west to north-east, extends across the Severn amid uplands of inferior height, and terminates near Wellington in the remarkable



elevation called the Wrekin, which is 1,674 feet above the sea, and being nearly detached from the neighbouring hills, forms a very conspicuous object. The Wrekin is nine miles south-east of Shrewsbury. The neighbourhood of Church Stretton is full of historical and geological attractions, and in the opinion of some only requires to be better known to secure for it a popularity almost equal to that enjoyed by Malvern. Near the town traces may be found of the old Roman road of Watling Street. It commenced at Dover and ended at Cardigan; and is said to have derived its name from the fact that in some parts at least of its course it was formed of large sticks with wattles between them. At *Caer Caradoc*, which means the Hill of Caractacus, in the vicinity of Church Stretton, the remains of a British camp may be traced. The London and North Western line which has run thus far south from the county town soon afterwards divides, one portion running towards Hereford and Ludlow, renowned for the ruins of its castle, consisting of keep, towers, chapel and hall, the other extending towards Swansea, Tenby, and Carmarthen.



## LLANDUDNO.

ON the northern shores of Wales, about half way between Liverpool and Holyhead, two mighty headlands stretch into the sea, and between them is spread out the large and fashionable watering-place of Llandudno. The eastern of the two hills is the Little Orme's Head, and it has been thought to resemble in appearance a recumbent elephant—"the body, head, eye, and ear, being developed with extraordinary fidelity; whilst the Great Orme's Head, to the left, represents the face and figure of a female, exactly as we have seen them in drawings of antique Grecian sculpture."

The Great Orme's Head has apparently been an island, and is now joined to the mainland only by a narrow neck of sand and marsh; and on

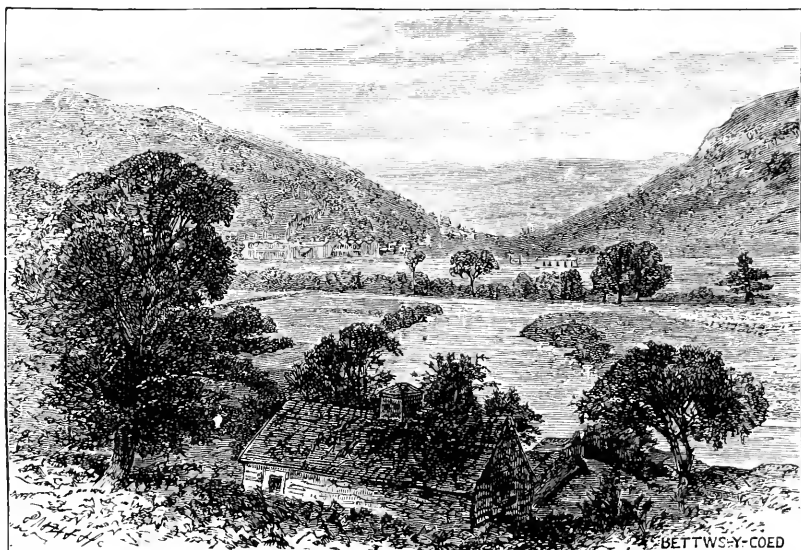


these, and on the eastern slope of the headland itself, the town has been built. Towards the sea the cliffs are precipitous, and these have been hollowed into numerous inaccessible caverns by the dashing of the waves; in these retreats multitudes of gulls, cormorants, herons, ravens, and rock pigeons long found a safe retreat, while above, on the steeper heights, was a favourite haunt of the peregrine falcon; but we fear that some of these denizens of the rock have fled before the advances of an innovating civilization. Samphire used to be gathered from the face of the cliffs by the means so vividly described by Shakespeare. On the higher slopes of the "Head" an old church has been erected dedicated to St. Tudno. The churchyard contains the grave of the little son of Mr. John Bright. At the top of the rock, 750 feet above the sea, is a telegraph station. A carriage-way has recently been completed round the Great Orme.

Llandudno is an excellent vantage ground for visitors who wish to explore North Wales. Railway and coach enable the tourist to make interesting and extended "circular tours" inland, and multitudes avail themselves of them

## BETTWS-Y-COED.

ONE of the most pleasant excursions from Llandudno is to Bettws-y-Coed. We pass, by train, from the fashionable bathing place along by sea and river beneath the venerable towers of Conway Castle up the broad and beautiful estuary of the Conway, until, at Llanwrst, we are in the heart of scenery eminently Welsh. Here the river is crossed by a bridge of remarkable construction, designed by Inigo Jones, who is said to have been a native of this town. Still journeying by rail four miles further bring us to the spot so renowned among artists, anglers, and tourists—Bettws-y-Coed, which means “The Station in the Wood.” Here Cox painted some of his most beautiful pictures, and here multitudes have come to revel amid the



endless delights of a romantic sylvan retreat, where moorland and mountain, river and cataract and woodland blend their charms. The village is situated near the junction of the two counties of Carnarvon and Denbigh. The church stands in the centre of the vale, “a venerable and interesting object.” Not far away the rivers Conway and Llugwy blend their waters; and three miles distant are the “Falls of the Conway.” A steep path leads to the foot of the falls, where they can best be seen.

Near Bettws is Pont-y-Pair, a stone bridge of singular form, “flung over the Llugwy,” and consisting of four arches planted on the rude rocks that form the piers, over the precipitous walls of which the floods often pour their foaming cataracts. The high road from Llanwrst crosses the Waterloo Bridge, constructed of a single arch of iron of 105 feet span, which has taken its name from the fact that it was built in the year in which that battle was fought. The beautiful cataracts of the Swallow Falls are about two miles distant. An extension of the line from Bettws to Festiniog is about to be opened, passing close to the ruin of Dolwyddelan Castle.

## CONWAY.

THE ancient towers of Conway Castle, as they look down on the suspension and tubular bridges beneath, suggest a strange conflict of centuries. Yet each has a majesty of its own. Here, on a solid slaty rock, washed by the wide-spread tidal river, the Briton, it is believed, piled his fastness; here the Roman came and took up his abode; and here at length, in 1282, Edward I. erected his noble fortress, and girdled the town around with lofty walls, a mile in length, strengthened by twenty-four round towers, and pierced with four military gates. The walls of the Castle are from 12 to 15 feet in thickness, and embattled; above them arose eight large

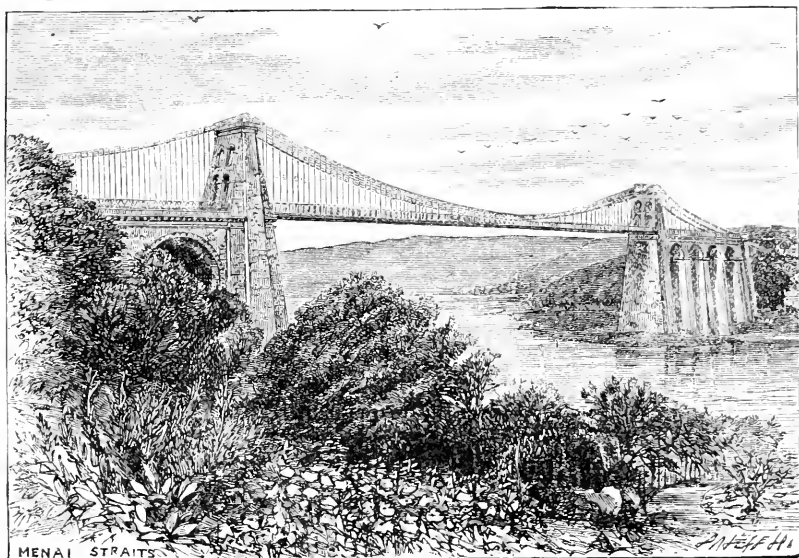


and massive towers, and above each of these a slender turret. The chief entrance was from the town by a drawbridge, over a very deep moat, and through a portcullised gateway that led to the large court. This, on the south side, contained the stately hall, 130 feet long, 32 wide, and 30 high, lighted by nine windows. At the east end of this court was the reservoir, fed through pipes that ran for a distance of a quarter of a mile. From the east end of the great court the King's Tower and the Queen's might be reached, and from these commanding views may be enjoyed, over hill and dale, river and sea. The castle was erected to guard against the fiery insurrections and incursions of Llewellyn. In the Civil War it was held by Archbishop Williams for the King, but eventually was surrendered to the Parliament. In 1665 the iron, timber, and lead were removed to Ireland, under pretence that they were for the service of the King. Time completed the desolation, and left the beautiful ruin that remains. The Suspension Bridge was opened in 1826; and the Tubular Bridge for the railway in 1848.

## MENAI BRIDGE.

ONE of the finest suspension bridges in the world is that which spans the Menai Straits. Something is due to the exquisite scenery amid which it is placed; something more is due to the qualities of the bridge itself. Its great span from point to point is 560 feet, and its elevation above the water-way at the highest tide is 100 feet. It should be seen from the river itself fully to appreciate its beautiful outline, its great elevation, and the splendid scene of which it forms a conspicuous feature. The bridge is noted for the production of a very remarkable echo.

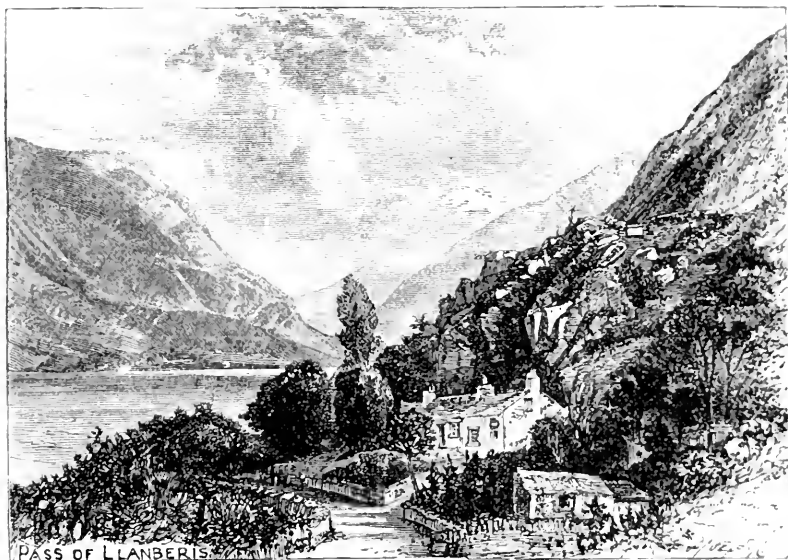
In the same portion of the London and North Western system, but on the route to Holyhead, is the far-famed Britannia Tubular Bridge, one of the greatest engineering feats of the century. It remains to-day a monu-



ment of skill, energy, and care, for it solved a great problem once and finally. The first germinating idea is to be found in that smaller structure at Conway, but it grew to its full position under the pressure of necessity, and after long painstaking and exhaustive experiment. In Smiles' "Lives of the Engineers," the tale is told how the two Stephensons worked out the thought; how the great originator of the railway system watched with pieased attention the processes by which the son made quite certain of each step in the development of the idea. It tells also how near to failure was the great effort; how on one occasion the raft drifted, and how on another the chain broke, and how as a final result the great tubes were placed where they now rest. One of the spans is 472 feet in length, and being composed entirely of iron, expands and contracts with the changes of temperature. To meet the difficulty, the ends of the tubes rest on moveable rollers and thus maintain the line of rail perfect. The Britannia Bridge is more than 100 feet above the water level.

## LLANBERIS.

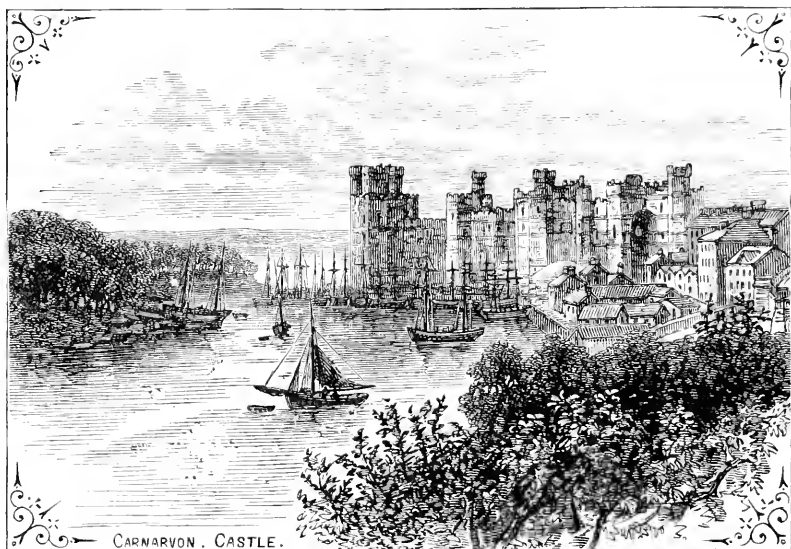
THE three great passes of North Wales are Beddgelert, Nant Francon, and Llanberis. Some extol the first because of the beauty of the vale, and because of the Swiss like appearance of the part that extends on towards Pont Aberglaslyn. Others prefer Nant Francon—"the Vale of the Beavers"—where the road winds under frowning precipices, and where lake Ogwen, with waters black as ink, breaks through a chasm in the rocks into numberless cascades, 100 feet high, that flow down the sides of the hill and then find their way into the vast and beautiful valley that extends northwards to Bethesda and Bangor. Other tourists give the palm to Llanberis. Each pass may be approached from Capel Curig. The road to Nant Francon



rises above Capel Curig itself; and if we take our course westward we shall, before long, come to "a parting of the ways," that to the left conducting by Nant Gwynant to Beddgelert; that to the right climbing the heights, until at length we find ourselves shut in on either hand by the frowning precipice of the pass; while, before long, we shall see stretching before us the devious road that descends the pass, till in the far off distance we descry the shining waters of the lakes of Llanberis. Of this celebrated pass a traveller remarks: "For four miles I was hemmed in on either side by high rocks. The tints on the prominences were of darkened purple, in the hollows sombre, and olive brown on the nearer edges. The foreground was overspread with masses of rock, and a rapid mountain stream forced its way along the middle of the narrow vale. The rocks on each side were almost perpendicular throughout." It is from Llanberis that the ascent to Snowdon is frequently made. Dolbadarn Castle, a single round tower, stands boldly forth on a rocky eminence.

## CARNARVON CASTLE.

CARNARVON CASTLE, says an historian, is a "stupendous monument of ancient grandeur." It occupies the whole west end of the town. Some years ago it seemed as if fast going to ruin; its ivy-clad walls appeared to be yielding to the ravages of time, yet withal retaining a romantic singularity of their own; and in 1828 the Eagle Tower—the largest of all—was struck by lightning, which cracked the walls several yards down from the summit, and displaced large masses of stone; but great pains have since been taken to repair and restore the entire fabric, and it stands before us to-day a grand and beautiful structure, less regular than Beaumaris, and, as some aver, more picturesque than Conway and larger. On two sides it is washed by the sea, on the third it was of yore protected by a ditch, and on



the fourth it was shut in by the town. Carnarvon is probably only about half a mile from the site of the Roman city of Segontium, their principal station in North Wales. The Castle became the head-quarters of the English Government after the Conquest by Edward, and here he had the treasury into which he received the taxes exacted from his Welsh subjects. The Eagle Tower—so named from the figure of that bird standing on the summit—occupies one end of the oblong court of the Castle, and has three turrets rising from it. Here on the 25th of April, 1284, the first Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward II., was born. Carnarvon, on account of its own interest, its excellent accommodation, and its central situation, is frequently made a place of rest and a point of departure for the tourist. By railway he can reach Llanberis on the east, and can pursue his way by coach or by foot to Bettws; or take the route by the glorious vale of Nant Francon back to Bangor; or visit Anglesea and Holyhead, or he can follow the western coast of North Wales down to Barmouth or Aberystwith.

## HOLYHEAD.

HOLYHEAD or Holy Island—so named because in the sixth century a monastery was founded here—is now the great link of communication between England and Ireland. It is one of the national Harbours of Refuge, and is formed by a breakwater to the northward that leaves the shore in the form of a bent arm, and another running from the opposite coast, the two enclosing an area nearly a mile in length and some seven hundred acres in extent. The works are of schistus quartz, brought by rail from the mountain side and plunged into the sea. The greater area is 400 feet wide at the bottom of the sea; it narrows as it rises. The top is about 40 feet above sea level. The whole affords a magnificent haven for



refuge to the vessels of all nations on an otherwise unsheltered and dangerous coast. It cost £1,500,000.

The promontory, called the Head, by which the harbour is sheltered from the westerly winds, presents a singular aspect, its sides towards the sea forming in some parts immense perpendicular precipices, while in others they are worn by the continued action of the waves into caverns of magnificent appearance. Of these, one called the Parliament Cave is 70 feet high. It is accessible by boats at half-ebb tide, and consists of a series of receding arches supported by massive and lofty pillars of rocks. Its interior is extraordinarily beautiful, and also impressive in its grandeur. Some of these caverns are the homes of innumerable birds, the eggs of which used to be in great request as a delicacy for the table, and some of the hardest inhabitants of the neighbourhood employed themselves in the daring task of procuring them for sale. The loftiest crags are frequented by the peregrine falcon. A lighthouse, 200 feet high, is on the South Stack,

and the rocks are joined to the mainland by an elegant but rather fragile suspension bridge 110 feet long, which crosses a mighty chasm and connects the block of cliff on which the lighthouse stands with the 380 steps, called emphatically "The Stairs," by which on the land side we descend towards the chasm. When the lighthouse was first erected the only mode of access to it was by a basket and a rope; afterwards a rope bridge was made; but this, though less hazardous, was found to be unsafe, and eventually the chain-bridge was constructed. Even now the approach is not very tempting, for the steep road is some three-quarters of a mile long; but the weariness of the way is relieved by the fine rock scenery that opens to us in winding along. A strangely wild spot is this South Stack. On every ledge and in every rent of the grim, black, and riven rock are countless sea-birds—gulls, auks, puffins, razor-bills, cormorants, divers, and other aquatic birds—while the surface of the Stack Rock is literally whitened with them. They mock the eye with their rapid and ceaseless evolutions, and they mingle their plaintive wild cries with the sullen boom of the waves that break upon that iron-bound coast. The rock is frequently variegated, and is greasy to the touch, like soapstone. "When there is no heat-haze," says Mr. H. S. Wilson, "the Wicklow mountains can, I am told, be seen from the lighthouse. The sea now is calm and smiling; but the south-west gales, which in winter roar and rage around the exposed Stack are, as I can well believe, most grand and awful. The wild winter waves, maddened by such an obstruction, dash themselves in foaming fury over the great high rock; and in those terrible nights of storm, the revolving white light—now extinct in the daylight, as a fire is put out by the sun—must be of priceless value to the labouring ship and to the anxious seamen." There are the remains of several military forts in the neighbourhood of Holyhead. Their appearance indicates that they were of Roman origin. At a little distance westerly there is a large hill, within about 200 yards of the summit of which we see parts of a strong wall which seems to have belonged to a place of defence against the incursions of the Irish. From the top of the mountain there is a most extensive view, including the Isle of Man, the Hill of Howth, near Dublin, and parts of the Highlands of Scotland. Many gold coins of the later Roman Emperors have been found in Holyhead mountain, and also some spears, axe-heads, rings of bronze, and red amber beads, which seem to be of Phœnician origin. A large and a small but perfect cromlech may be seen near Holyhead.

Off the coast north of Holyhead, on a dreary island, is the Skerries Light. Till 1835 it belonged to a private person, who levied, for the services he rendered, a toll on passing ships. He is said to have sold his rights to the Trinity Board for £445,000!

There are three regular steamboat services from Holyhead: from Holyhead to Kingstown by the mail boats; from Holyhead to Dublin; and from Holyhead to Greenore. The last two are under the entire control of the London and North-Western Company.



## GREENORE.

THERE are, as we have said, three regular steam-boat services from Holyhead to Ireland. The mail route to Kingstown is perhaps the finest in the world. The Dublin line, consisting of a fine fleet of steamships, belongs to the London and North Western Railway Company, and carries passengers, goods, and live stock up the Liffey direct to Dublin.

The Holyhead and Greenore Service, the vessels of which ply once a day, in a voyage of about five hours and a half convey the traveller direct to Greenore, where he will find himself in immediate railway communication with all parts of the north of Ireland. The steamers of the London and North Western Company, irrespective of those that pass



between Holyhead and Kingstown, carry an average of 15,000 passengers a month.

At Greenore the tourist will see a fine quay, 750 feet long, a commodious terminus, and a good hotel. He is also in the presence of a splendid prospect of land and water, a foreground of rich verdure, and a background of mountains. "The bold and rugged mountain chain of Carlingford rises gradually, even from the water's edge, until it attains a height of 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. In front the view of the far-stretching waters of the lough is closed at a distance of some miles by Warrenpoint and Rosstrevor, while to the right are disposed, in full grandeur of outline and colouring, the series of mountain ranges and peaks that run from Rosstrevor to the Mourne Mountains. In the dim distance Sliev Donard, the highest of the Mourne Mountains, raises his grim form to a height of nearly 3,000 feet.

The line from Greenore to Dundalk is about twelve miles in length. It is carried over the estuaries of Castletown and Ballymascanlan by two large viaducts, each having twenty-two spans of nearly forty feet.

## BUXTON,

THE great fashionable centre of Derbyshire, rests upon the moorland of the Peak, and can boast of an altitude whose lowest level is more than 1,000 feet above the sea. The great limestone formation, which gives to the neighbourhood its characteristic grandeur and beauty, puts forth special features in the immediate neighbourhood of Buxton. Here are those thermal springs whose healing power has been recognized from before the days of the Druids to the present hour. The subtleties of chemistry have not yet solved the entire problem, but sufficient is known to give a scientific basis to the wide and long sustained reputation. Here the Romans built baths, whose remains are still in good preservation ; here the titular saints of the



early days of Christianity held dominion ; here, also, Cromwell's representative swept away the idols, denounced the practice, and sealed up the wells ; here rested at the old Hall, Mary Queen of Scots, while a prisoner in the charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury ; here also, in time, came that thickly-gathering throng which eventually produced the charming inland retreat which now exists ; here are to be found first-class hotels, bright winter gardens, smooth, broad walks, and all the incidental items that tend to make a locality pleasant and diverting.

The baths at Buxton are of special use in all cases of rheumatism and gout, and it may be assumed that there is no other locality in England so peculiarly fitted to afford relief. There are two public baths for gentlemen ; one measures 26 feet by 18 feet, and is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  feet deep ; the water enters at the rate of more than 100 gallons per minute, is admitted through perforations in the flooring, and flows out at the top, thus maintaining a constant supply of pure water. There are six private baths, half for ladies

and the other half for gentlemen. Here, also, are hot-water baths, both public and private.

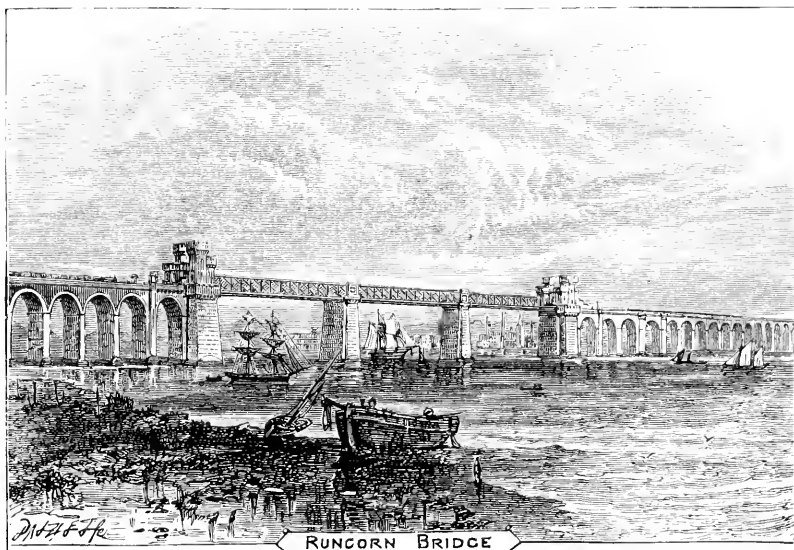
In the neighbourhood of Buxton the scenery is singularly beautiful, and within a short distance of the town is one of the caverns for which the limestone formation is famous, known as Pool's Hole. It is supposed to have been the retreat of a robber before the neighbourhood became as populous and civilized as it is at the present. Many curious remains have been found in the recesses of this cavern. The entrance is contracted, but in a few yards the space increases in size until it reaches great magnificence. The effect is immensely increased by the stalactites, which give to the whole a delicate and brilliant beauty. The cave is now lighted throughout with gas, and is decidedly worth seeing.

### LIVERPOOL.

FEW facts are more remarkable in the growth of towns than those which are associated with the rise and development of Liverpool. In two centuries the Crow's Nest of Prince Rupert has become a town of half a million of people. It has great natural advantages, and they have been rapidly utilized. There, as elsewhere, "cotton is king." The explanation of its life, its wealth, and its activity, is to be found in the expression that it is the great centre of all American produce, as it is the main inlet and outlet for Manchester commerce. The long-sea island cotton, famous the world over, grows into luxuriance in the Southern States, to be landed on its quay sides. The mills of Lancashire weave it into goods, and it is then re-shipped from the same quays for every quarter of the globe. In a lesser sense, it is the great port for Irish produce, and the rapid advance in wealth which has characterized the last quarter of a century in Ireland has left its impress upon the trade and development of Liverpool itself. The town bears the stamp of energy, wealth, and ease. A few of the special points of interest may be here enumerated. The Prince's Landing-Stage, St. George's Hall, the Town Hall, Exchange Buildings, and Lime Street Station; in connection with the latter is a large Hotel, belonging to the London and North Western Railway Company, fitted with all the latest improvements, very handsome, very commodious, and very moderate in its charges. Not far from the Hotel is the Free Public Library, built by Sir William Brown, Bart., to which is added a museum rich in Assyrian and Egyptian antiquities. One special point of interest in connection with Liverpool is its Docks; they are of immense extent. There are excursions from Liverpool to New Brighton, a fashionable locality and sea-side resort. There are others also to Eastham and the Rock Lighthouse, both of which are worth a visit for the charming scenery by which they are surrounded. In passing from Liverpool the line leads on to the celebrated structure known as Runcorn Bridge, the description of which follows on next page.

## RUNCORN BRIDGE.

THE great curve made by the vast estuary of the Mersey as it bends south and eastward and separates the counties of Cheshire and Lancashire, long rendered it impossible to secure direct communication between Crewe and Chester and Liverpool; and the traveller was compelled to take a circuitous route, first north and then west, or to leave his train and cross the river by steamboat from Birkenhead. At length, however, the London and North-Western Company resolved to overcome every obstacle and to carry their main line right over the Mersey, and at such an elevation as not to interrupt the busy navigation of the river. The work was one of unusual magnitude, but was successfully accomplished. The bridge is approached



by the Runcorn Viaduct, which consists of thirty-three arches; one of 20 feet span, twenty-nine of 40 feet span, and three of 61 feet. The bridge itself rests on four massive castellated piers, 300 feet apart, that sink into the bed of the river, and carry the girders 80 feet above the water. Ten other arches form the West Bank Viaduct; this leads to an embankment; and the line is now continued upon the Ditton Viaduct of forty-nine arches. The total cost of the structure was £422,000, of which nearly £42,000 were paid for land. The journey from London to Liverpool is by this route shortened some nine miles. The appearance of the Viaduct, as it carries the passenger over river and sea, is very striking. A footway on each side of the Viaduct supersedes the old and tedious ferry, and must be a great boon to the locality. The direct route to Crewe carries the traveller through a dull but important salt mining district. It is estimated that the total quantity of salt sent from hence is more than 1,500,000 tons a year.

Runcorn is an inland port with a population of some 13,000 souls.

## BLACKPOOL.

THE pretty watering place of Blackpool stands on a range of cliffs fronting the Irish Sea, and on a favourable day the promontory of Furness, the Cumberland Hills, and the mountains of North Wales are distinctly visible. Sometimes the Isle of Man may be seen. The situation of Blackpool confers some advantages over other watering places on the Lancashire coast. Its elevation above the sea at low water is considerable, and the tide does not recede more than half a mile. In very high tides, especially if accompanied with wind, the spray is thrown against the buildings on the parade, and solid walls of masonry have had to be erected to prevent dangerous inroads by the water. Where these precautions have not been



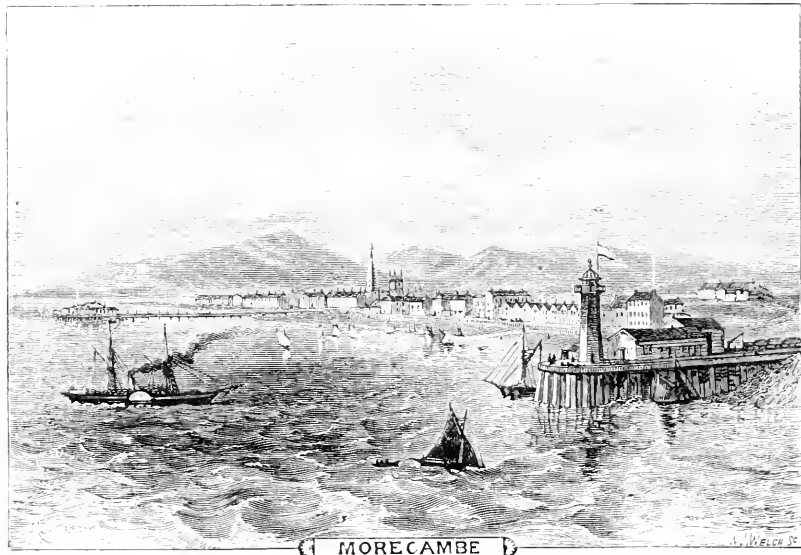
BLACKPOOL.

adopted, especially to the north of the town, the high clay cliffs have been seriously encroached upon. Tradition states that a large stone called Penny Stone, that stands upon the sands more than half a mile from the shore, marks a spot formerly occupied by a public-house. The healthy bracing air and the fine hard sands attract great numbers of visitors to Blackpool. A new pier and promenade were opened in 1873; and since then another pier has been erected, a carriage drive about three miles in length has been completed, and other improvements have been made. The name of the town is derived from a peaty-coloured pool near a farmhouse called Fox Hall, once the residence of the Tyldesleys. The whole of the adjacent country is within the district called Fylde, and is one of the richest parts of the county of Lancaster. The population of the town in 1835 was about 800; in 1871 it was nearly 8,000. In the summer steamers ply from the piers to Llandudno, Southport, Morecambe, the Isle of Man, and other places.

## MORECAMBE.

MORECAMBE is a favourite watering-place, about four miles from Lancaster, on the shores of Morecambe Bay. The bay, when the tide is up, is a fine sheet of water, 16 miles long by 10 miles wide. The tides rise and fall with unusual rapidity, and at low tide the quicksands are extremely treacherous, and are on no account to be attempted without a guide.

But while we caution our readers against dangers, we must not be unmindful of the many beauties of Morecambe Bay. A few years ago only an obscure fishing village stood where now is the large and growing town of Morecambe, with its promenades, its piers, its terraces and its churches, its sands, stretching at low tide "far, far out, almost to the rim of the horizon,

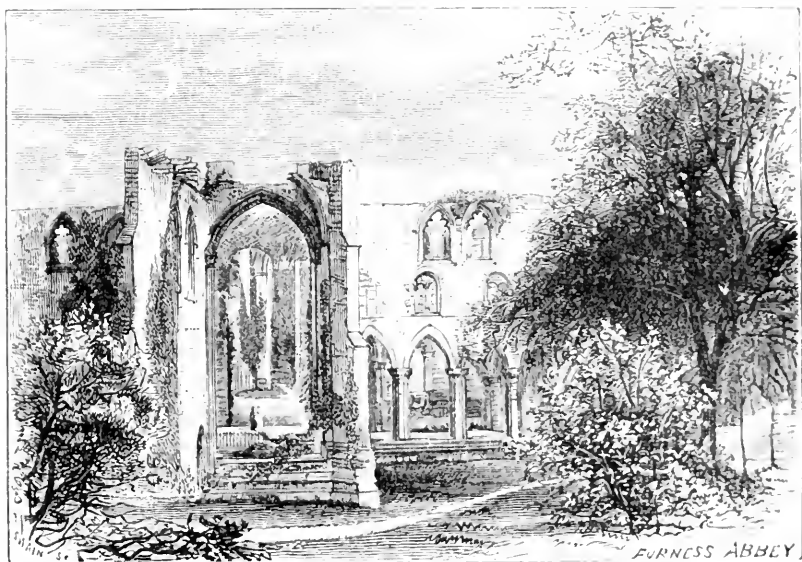


and yet the brighter rim burning beneath the sun tells of the sea beyond ;" its hills, its sea wall and railway stations, its bright and far-reaching coast line, its fishing vessels and coasting steamers, and not far away the grey and purple hills of the Lake District. To the north of the bay the estuary of the Kent is crossed by a noble viaduct of fifty spans of thirty feet each, with a drawbridge to admit of the passage of sailing vessels. A similar structure carries the line over the Leven. Large districts of land have by means of the railway embankments been reclaimed from the sea and brought under cultivation.

The favourite walk for visitors is the great pier. It stands high above the water, and affords a beautiful prospect on every hand. At the end is a good aquarium and a bazaar. The sands furnish splendid bathing facilities. So many visitors and residents come here from the West Riding that Morecambe has acquired the name of "Little Bradford." Steamers ply from hence to Londonderry and Portrush.

## FURNESS ABBEY.

IN the secluded and beautiful glen of Nightshade Vale, with its flowing stream and its wooded hills, the Abbey of Furness was founded in 1127: and here arose church and chapter-house, hall, cloisters, and school, lodge, mills, and granaries,—the remains of which survive; while on an eminence not far away the beacon-fire would blaze to tell the whole country-side of Furness that foes were expected or that help was required. Here the founders of the Abbey might be seen—the grey-robed Benedictine monks from the monastery of Savigny in Normandy. But after a while they changed their profession, and now wore the white cassock, caul, and scapulary of St. Bernard. The Abbey was a mother institution—nine other



monasteries arose under its auspices—and the abbot himself became a sort of king, whose rights were ratified by twelve English monarchs, and who with his successors held, for 400 years, supreme rule, ecclesiastical and civil, over the whole of Furness, extending from the Duddon to Windermere. The mesne lords did fealty, and every tenant was bound to furnish man and horse for the Border Wars. The Abbey grounds enclosed 65 acres.

The Abbey is of the pale red stone of the district, the effect of which is at first somewhat disappointing. In the Abbey itself “the heavy shaft alternates with the clustered pillar, and the round Norman with the Gothic arch.” “All,” says Harriet Martineau, “is sad and silent now. The chapter-house, where so many grave councils were held, is open to the babbling winds.” Where the abbot and his train swept by, the visitor strolls amid long grass and waving ferns. Instead of swelling anthems and penitential psalms are the voices of birds, and winds, and waters.

There is an excellent hotel hard by.

## KENDAL.

KENDAL is the largest market town in Westmoreland, and contains nearly 14,000 inhabitants. Wordsworth speaks of it as:—

“A straggling burgh, of ancient charter proud,  
And dignified by battlements and towers  
Of a stern castle, mouldering on the brow  
Of a green hill.”

The woollen manufacture was founded here as early as the fourteenth century by Flemish weavers, and the quality of the material produced is indicated in the lines that declare that “for making of our cloth” Kendal is “scarce matched in all the land.” The town is built of a mountain lime-



HAWES BRIDGE, KENDAL.

stone which abounds in fossils; and the material, found in abundance on the fells, being susceptible of a high polish, is much used for chimney-pieces.

The ruins of Kendal Castle, consisting of four broken towers and part of the outer wall, crown the summit of a grassy knoll to the east of the town, and from hence a pleasant and extensive prospect may be enjoyed. Queen Catharine Parr was born here.

One of the most interesting excursions from Kendal is to a spot not too well known to visitors to the Lake District. It is through Longsled Dale to Hawes Water. The dale itself, with its rustic cottages nestling among groves enclosed by dark fells, is, as Mr. Radcliffe asserts, “a little scene of exquisite beauty.” At length, after some long and hard climbing, we reach the summit of the pass, and descending on the other side, Hawes Water comes into view—fifteen miles from Kendal. From hence we may reach the glorious mountains and lake of Ullswater.



## THE LAKES.

ENTERING the train at Euston, a pleasant run of about seven hours brings us to the charming village of Windermere and the heart of the lake country. As we step out of the station and look around, the extreme stillness and sense of quiet which prevail on every hand, impress us as being in strong contrast to the whirl and excitement of city life. Here "calm is all nature as a resting wheel."

For those to whom rest after months of toil is a necessity, the change is at once thorough and soothing, while the lover of solitude, with time at his disposal, may here hold converse with nature in some of her loveliest haunts.

The position of the village of Windermere itself is singularly picturesque. The cozy-looking villas, mostly new; the clean streets, the wooded heights that shelter it from the bitter north-east winds, its elevated situation above the lake, its comfortable accommodation and good society, combine to make it a very desirable place for either a lengthened sojourn or a short stay. There is no necessity to walk long distances in order to enjoy the scenery around Windermere; the beauty lies close at hand, although there are certain coigns of 'vantage from which a more extended and glorious prospect can be obtained. Chief among these may be mentioned Orrest Head and Elleray. The former is but a few minutes' walk from the railway station, and commands a magnificent prospect of the lake, stretched out in all its grandeur, flanked on the north-west by a range of mountains whose lonely peaks stand out sharp and clear against the sky-line. Among these, like time-worn anchorites, solitary and distinct, the Langdale pikes attract the eye, and in very clear weather the highest point among English hills, Scawfell pike can be discerned in the extreme distance. The view given in our illustration, from the grounds of Elleray, the seat of Mr. Heywood, is in most respects almost similar to that seen from Orrest Head. Among the many tours that may be made to places of interest in the lake district, our space will allow us to briefly mention only a few. A pleasant walk down-hill brings the traveller to Bowness, at which a boat may be hired for a row on the Lake. Close by is the Ferry Nab, the view from which is exceedingly beautiful. The sight of Storrs will recall the memorable scene described by Lockhart in his life of Scott. When the great Northern Minstrel visited the lakes in 1825, it was at Storrs that he met Mr. Canning, then visiting Mr. Bolton. "A large company had been assembled there in honour of the minister, and it included already Mr. Wordsworth. The weather was as Elysian as the scenery. There were brilliant cavalcades through the woods in the morning, and delicious boatings on the lake by moonlight; and the last day the Admiral of the Lake (a title bestowed on Professor Wilson by Canning) presided over one of the most splendid regattas that ever enlivened Windermere. Perhaps there were not fewer than fifty barges following in the professor's radiant procession when it paused at the point of Storrs to admit into the place of



## *Lake District: Windermere.*

honour the kind and happy Mr. Bolton and his guests. The bards of the lakes led the cheers that greeted Scott and Canning, and music and sunshine, flags, streamers, and gay dresses, the merry hum of voices, and the rapid splashing of innumerable oars, made up a dazzling mixture of sensations, as the flotilla wound its way among the richly foliaged islands, and along bays and promontories peopled with enthusiastic spectators."

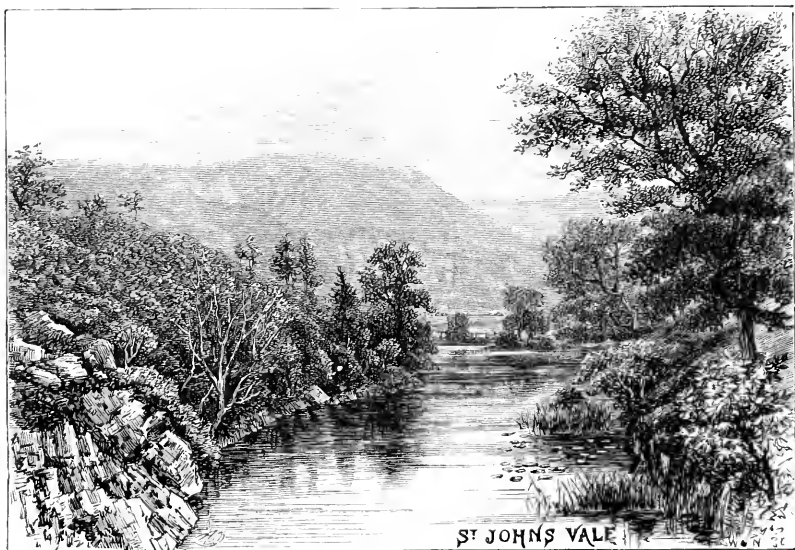
Probably the most delightful drive in England is that by the coach from Windermere to Keswick, a distance of twenty-one miles, the time required for the journey being a little less than three hours. The road from Windermere lies through the beautiful valley of Troutbeck, where an uncle of the great painter, Hogarth, resided at one time, and had some repute as a local poet.

Two miles from Ambleside, a town of considerable and still growing attractiveness, situated in the very heart of lovely scenes, we reach Rydal, with its Mere, a place at once recalling the name so intimately connected with the whole of the lake district in general, and this spot in particular—William Wordsworth. Close by, nestling at the summit of a beautifully shaded avenue, stands the "Mount," which became, from 1813 till his death, the home of the poet. The grounds may be seen by permission.

Apart from the interest awakened by the possession of lovely scenery, the associations of Westmoreland are inseparable from the life of William Wordsworth. Although it cannot be said that he has done for the lake country what Sir Walter Scott has done for Scotland, yet the memories that cluster around the name and neighbourhood of so great a genius attract the traveller from every clime, and thus, "perhaps as an English shrine, Rydal Mount stands next to Stratford-on-Avon for the multitude and devotion of its palmer spirits." Unlike Dr. Samuel Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith, and many other great men whose names stand out emblazoned on the scroll of literary fame, the pressure of life at no time weighed heavily on Wordsworth. He never knew what it was to work, whether inspiration came or not, in order that he might live, and to this in some degree may be attributed the want of interest in his works manifested during his life by the general public, for certain it is that few poets have during their lifetime received so little approbation. The motto, "*vox populi vox Dei*," however, will not hold water for an instant as regards Wordsworth, for few men wrote with less of the voice of the people to cheer them on. Another reason for this absence of appreciation was undoubtedly the character of his poetry, and the difficulty of understanding the philosophic mind which manifests itself in all his writings. In our own day Wordsworth is better understood, and therefore our appreciation of his writings is the greater.

About two miles from Rydal we pass Grasmere, with its beautiful lake, on which there are facilities for boating and fishing, and pressing on we arrive at the famous pass known as "Dunmail Raise," so called from the fact that here the brave and gallant Dunmail, last king of the Cumbrian Britons, died in battle with the Saxons. Over the spot where he was

buried a large pile of stones, overgrown with moss, is raised, and is known as "Dunmail's Cairn." The pass is flanked on either side by two lofty mountain heights, known respectively as "Seat Sandal" and "Steel Fell," who frowningly look down from their altitude of 2,000 feet above Dunmail Raise, while the pass itself is more than 700 feet above sea level. So on the road leads along the side of beautiful Thirlmere, past the Castle Rock of "Triermain," on through the "Vale of St. John's," renowned for its glorious scenery, till at last there bursts upon the view one of the most splendid scenes in Europe: the little town of Keswick, invested on every side by mountains, crags, woods, and waters. In the distance we see how—



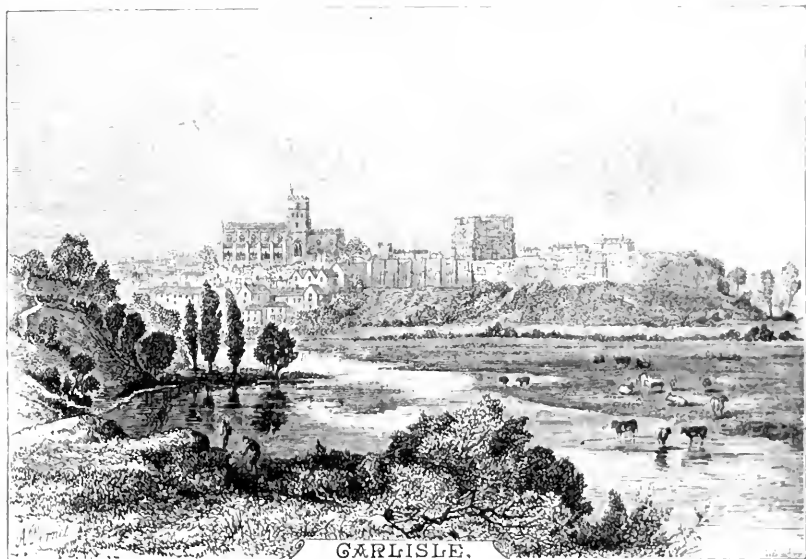
"His wizard course where hoary Derwent takes  
Through crags and forest, glooms and opening lakes,  
Staying his silent waves to hear the roar  
That stuns the tremulous cliffs of high Lodore."

From Keswick the tourist may visit Buttermere, distant fourteen miles, by coaches leaving the hotels about 10 a.m. and returning about 6 p.m. The drive for three miles of the route is by the side of Derwentwater, and glimpses of great beauty constantly come forth. The Bowder Stone, near Borrowdale, in shape somewhat like the keel of a ship capsized, and said to weigh 1,900 tons, is an object of interest on the way. The Lodore Cascade, sometimes called the English Niagara, and the Falls of Barrow, should not be forgotten.

Ullswater may also be visited from Keswick by public conveyance. The distance is fifteen miles. A pleasant sail by the steam yacht on the waters of this fine lake may be enjoyed, or for those to whom the manly exercise of rowing is preferable, every facility is offered.

## CARLISLE.

THE old grey town constitutes the border station of the London and North Western Line before it enters Scotland. Within its walls are contained relics of Roman, Norman, and Middle-Age struggles. Here stood one of the chief stations in Hadrian's Wall, traces of which still remain: here also was upreared by William Rufus that Norman Keep whose dark and rugged outlines still stand gaunt against the sky. Within the walls of this fortress Mary Queen of Scots was detained after the battle of Langside; whilst round this city of Carlisle itself, were waged those bloody struggles of border warfare. Its proud title of "The Key of Scotland"



marked its value and position in times past. It took the side of Royalty during the Civil Wars, and paid the penalty for espousing the cause of the Martyr King. Still later it manifested its old spirit of loyalty by opening its gates to Bonnie Prince Charlie in 1745, and was punished with merciless severity by the Duke of Cumberland.

Not far from the old castle stands what was once a Norman Priory, and is to-day an English Cathedral. It has running through its structure that principle of symbolism by which so much of our Church architecture is characterized. It is constructed in the form of a crucifix. The material used is that of the old red sandstone.

Beyond Carlisle the line proceeds northwards, and divides at Carstairs, from which point it branches away towards the two great centres of Scotland—Edinburgh and Glasgow; the one the representative of intellectual activity, the original home of Scottish Royalty and the modern Athens; the other the active city of commerce, the great leader of maritime construction, and the locality surrounded by splendid scenery. The River Clyde takes its

own position as a locality of great natural beauty, and the falls which break its course are famous far and wide. The best point from which to visit the falls and the most immediate centre of interest, but only for its associations, is the ancient town of Lanark, four miles from Carstairs. Here Kenneth II. summoned the first Scottish Parliament in 978. The town at once recalls to our minds the life of the greatest of Scottish patriots—William Wallace, the Knight of Ellerslie. Here he lived and commenced his historical career by striking down the English Sheriff Haselrigg, in return for the murder of his wife; the neighbourhood teems with the incidents connected with his memory. From Glasgow numerous localities of interest may be visited. Among these may be mentioned Greenock, from which the beautiful island of Rothesay, noted for its sea-bathing facilities, may be easily reached. Wemyss Bay is also much resorted to by excursionists from Glasgow, and will well repay a visit.

In Edinburgh, the city itself is worthy of its far-famed reputation. The Castle on the upreared massive rock stands out in singular force, clearly defined, though dark and threatening. Beneath its shadow the white jet of steam marks the presence of the railway engine; whilst within a stone's throw the Gothic monument raised to Sir Walter Scott lifts its delicate tracery in pinnaced outline to the sky. Down in the hollow near the Canongate is Holyrood Palace, famous as the scene of Rizzio's murder; they still show the room where the deed was done. A little beyond is Burns's monument, and behind it lies Arthur's seat, one of the range of hills that encircle Edinburgh. In the upper town is the house inhabited by Walter Scott before he built Abbotsford; whilst in the lower town is the house inhabited by Knox: beyond these there are numerous localities which the great novelist has lifted into fame by incorporating them into his novels, giving to his writings a lifelike vividness, and elevating the localities themselves by his antiquarian knowledge. From Edinburgh and Glasgow the trains run to the far-famed Highlands, where Scotch mountains and Scotch lakes combine with the keen Scotch air, to give fresh life to those who are weary from over-work, or those who are tired of the London season.

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#### NOTE.

Considerable care has been taken to make the Guide fairly representative of the leading points in connection with the London and North Western Railway. Embracing as it does a great variety of subjects and a large number of localities, it is quite possible that some noteworthy points may have escaped attention. The Editor will therefore be glad to receive information, hints, or corrections, on any of the topics which have been treated.

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7, WATER LANE, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

# THE BROAD GAUGE.

FROM Paddington to Penzance the trunk line of the Great Western runs in unbroken continuity over the broad gauge. In the early days of railway enterprise the genius of Brunel moulded the Great Western into its present form, and gave to the travelling public a broad road which was at once the most easy, the most expeditious, and the most luxurious in the world. The fame then achieved has not yet died out. The first-class carriages of the system are unique in their combined advantages; they unite smoothness of motion, luxuriousness of fitting, and a general sense of comfort. New demands have created new appliances and new inventions, but the broad gauge carriages still stand alone. The claims for precedence put forward for Drawing-room Saloons or Pullman Cars have failed to win full recognition, and despite their many advantages they are not in perfect harmony with our insular exclusiveness. In the same way the challenge for speed remains intact. "The Flying Dutchman" performs the journey between London and Exeter, a distance of 194 miles, in four hours and a quarter, which, when allowance is made for stoppages, will raise the full pace to at least sixty miles per hour, a rate of speed high enough for all conceivable purposes, and which will probably never be exceeded.

On the Great Western system there are more than 2,000 miles of road stretching far and wide over all the western counties. In the north it forms connections with Manchester and Liverpool, those celebrated centres of Lancashire energy and skill. In the west it embraces the great and thriving ports of Bristol and Cardiff: the one the representative of past commercial effort, the other the representative of young and rising energy. In the south it embraces Plymouth and Falmouth, the great naval depôts of our southern coast. Near the head of the promontory which stretches farthest west is the renowned Milford Haven, one of the great natural harbours of the world. From it there issue fleets of steamers plying between England and the Emerald Isle, and uniting Waterford and Cork with the trunk line of the great Western. Far down on the south coast similar results are being achieved in connection with the Channel Islands and the French coast. The fleet of steamers that ply between Weymouth and Cherbourg unite the Great Western of England with the Great Western of France. The latter line passes direct through Caen in Normandy and then branches right and left for Paris and the south. On its way to the frontier it passes far-famed Bordeaux, the great wine district of France, and as it nears the Pyrenees sends a short branch to the world-famed sanatorium of Pau. Thus stretches far and wide the great trunk line which has its central station at Paddington. In the far north it stands ready at the open port of Liverpool, looking towards America; in the far west it stands equally ready at Milford Haven, Plymouth and Falmouth; whilst

in the far south it bridges the Channel waters and links itself with the route to the health-giving range of the Pyrenees and the never-failing charm of the south of sunny France.

In the interests which are nearer home it does not fail. The charms of scenery and association hang round numberless portions of the route. As the train sweeps past Reading, huge warehouses and chimneys indicate the locality of the largest biscuit manufactory in the world—the far-famed works of Huntley and Palmers.

On its way north the line passes through world-famed Oxford; a little further on it embraces Leamington, Warwick, and Kenilworth; whilst across the country, linked by a branch line, is Shakespeare's birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon. In the neighbourhood are Worcester, Hereford, and Gloucester, all renowned for their cathedrals and all worth seeing. Scattered at wide intervals and under widely-varying conditions are the inland spots and sea-side resorts. Bath and Cheltenham still retain their reputation as fashionable centres, though somewhat changed; whilst the newer claims of sea-side places furnish forth a host of names, and conspicuous among them Penzance, Torquay, and Dartmouth, the English Italy, the English Naples, and the English Rhine. Some minor points are worth noting in connection with the Great Western Railway. It was on its system that the first excursion train was run, the first telegraph was constructed, and her Majesty made her first journey in a railway train.

### WINDSOR.

WINDSOR CASTLE is, beyond question, the finest Castle residence in the world; while its history is that of the great people whose sovereigns, through many hundred years, have looked upon Windsor as their chief home. When Westminster Abbey ceased to be the royal burying-place, Windsor was devoted to that purpose, and here sleep in peace many of the later sovereigns of England, together with their consorts.

The Castle walls surround not only the finest old palace in Europe, but one of the most magnificent existing Gothic ecclesiastic edifices, that of St. George's Chapel, while the Great Keep, or Round Tower, is one of the most massive in Europe. From the summit of this pile is to be seen one of the finest views in England over half-a-dozen counties.

Commenced by William the Conqueror, this monarch celebrated Christmas in his new fortress four years after the conquest of England. Henry I. made many additions to the building. But it was not until the reign of Edward III. that this castle-palace began to assume its present proportions. Almost all the sovereigns since that monarch's reign have added to Windsor, the chief amongst them being Edward IV., Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth, who added the fine north terrace, commanding an extensive prospect over the Thames, and which is said to be our present Queen's favourite walk.

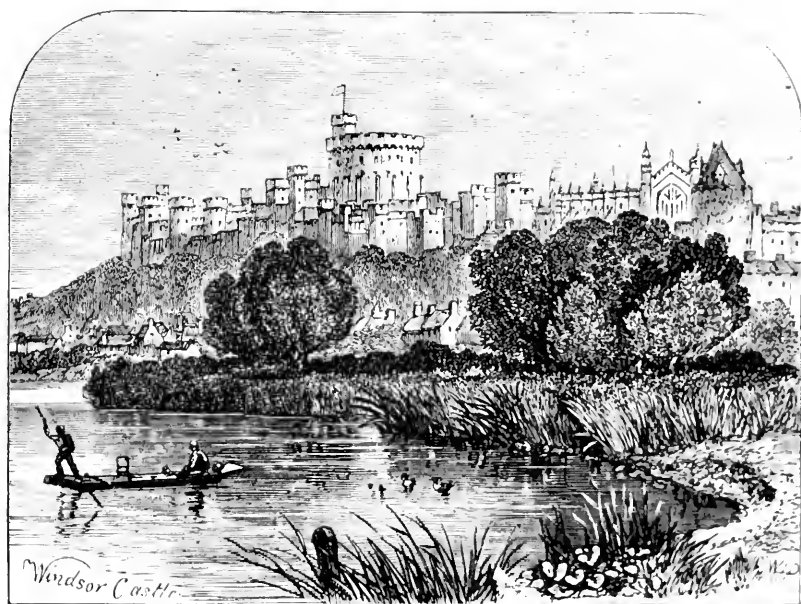
After the Restoration every successive monarch made some addition or alteration at Windsor. George III. restored St. George's Chapel at his own expense, while his successor gave considerable attention to making the



## Windsor Castle.

residences of those employed about the court extensive and commodious. George IV. obtained from Parliament more than three-quarters of a million of money to carry these improvements and additions into effect. The present sovereign has also expended large sums from the Privy Purse in embellishing (by the use of varied polished marbles) the building now known as the Albert, but for centuries described as the Wolsey, Chapel. This veritable shrine can only be seen by permission ticket, which can be readily obtained.

The state rooms at Windsor can also always be visited when the sovereign is absent, and responsible persons attached to the Castle are available as



WINDSOR CASTLE.

guides. The chief works of art here are to be found in the Waterloo Chamber, while St. George's Chapel possesses numberless points of artistic interest. The stables attached to the Castle are open to inspection, while the visitor may stroll at will along the terraces, and in and about the more ancient and historical portions of the Castle. The walks in the vicinity of Windsor are truly charming and picturesque. The principal of these are the Long Walk and Virginia Water.

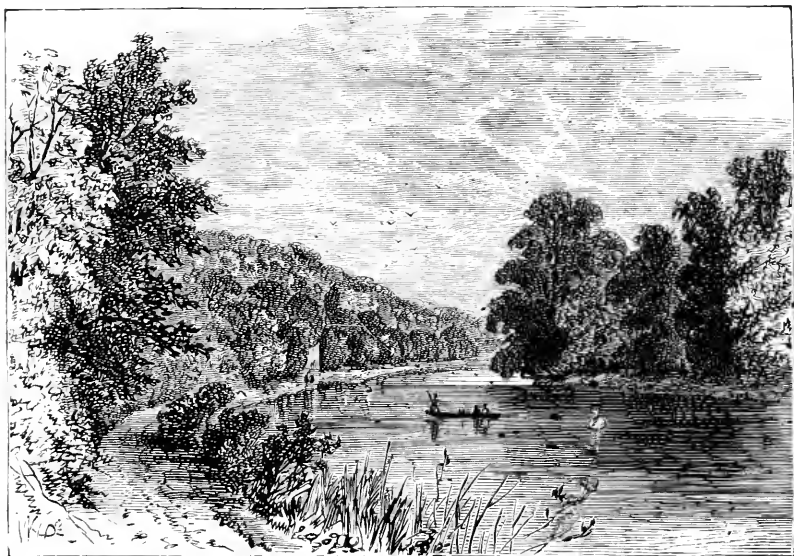
Windsor should not be quitted before a visit has been made to the interesting tapestry works which have here been established, under the direct patronage of the royal family. A short distance from Windsor, on the opposite side of the river, stands Eton College. From the halls of this famous seat of learning, founded as far back as 1440, by Henry VI., have issued many of the greatest statesmen, warriors, philosophers, divines and poets, whose names are inscribed on the roll of our country's history.

## MAIDENHEAD.

MAIDENHEAD is one of the pleasantest market-towns in Berkshire, celebrated equally for an endowed school, liberal charities, and its hotels, where provision of the best is made for the many boating men and anglers who frequent the Thames in this district and almost live upon it.

The river is spanned at this point by a handsome stone bridge, from which the views up and down the river are very fine. Looking down stream the visitor marks Windsor Castle, grand and majestic, as it dominates the town below, while to the left the beautiful chapel of Eton College is seen, set in the heart of the meads.

Looking up river from the bridge, can be seen the heights of Clieveden, where stands the residence of the Duke of Westminster. This



THE THAMES: NEAR MAIDENHEAD.

building may be visited when the family are away, and will amply repay inspection. The view from the terrace before Clieveden House, which is built upon the highest ground on or near the banks of the Thames, is very fine. The eye roams over a vast stretch of trees, Windsor and Eton being seen in the distance.

On the left, below the bridge, may be seen the footway which leads to Cookham, where some of the best trout-fishing which the Thames affords is to be found. Here many a pleasant point may be found where the angler, according to Pope, may

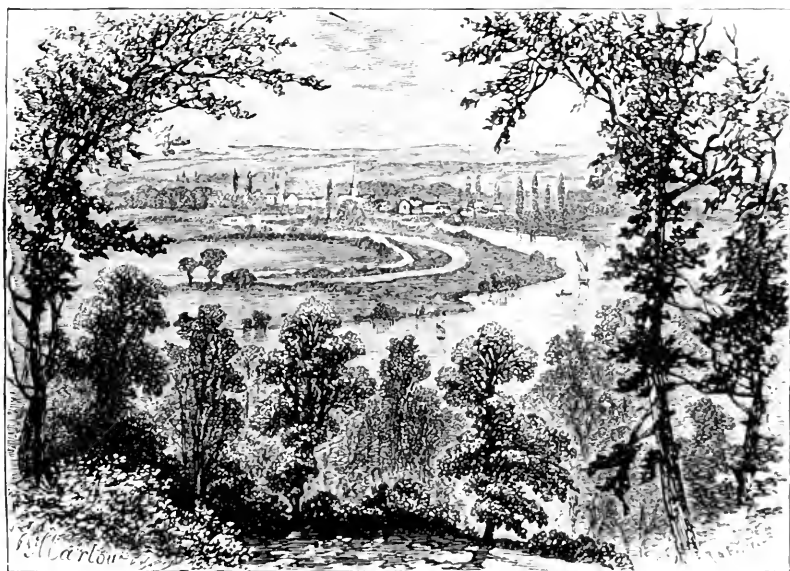
"Take his silent stand  
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand."

Under Maidenhead Bridge one of the clearest echoes to be found on the Thames may be awakened. It was here, at the Greyhound Inn, that Charles I., after six years' separation, was allowed to see his children.

## MARLOW.

GREAT MARLOW, a market-town in Bucks, is situated upon a very lovely stretch of "silver Thames," as Spenser calls the world-renowned river. The townsfolk may certainly be proud of the beauty of the locality of their native town. Seen from Prospect Hill, which is behind Marlow, and on the road to Reading, the beechen slopes of the river are indeed very charming. Shelley pronounced this view one of the finest in the south of England.

Below Marlow may be seen Bisham Woods, the favourite camping-ground of boating men. Here, "all in the sweet summer weather," may be noted perchance a score of twinkling fires shining out as the soft evening wanes apace, while busy boatmen in white flannel, hurry about preparing their



RIVER THAMES: BELOW MARLOW.

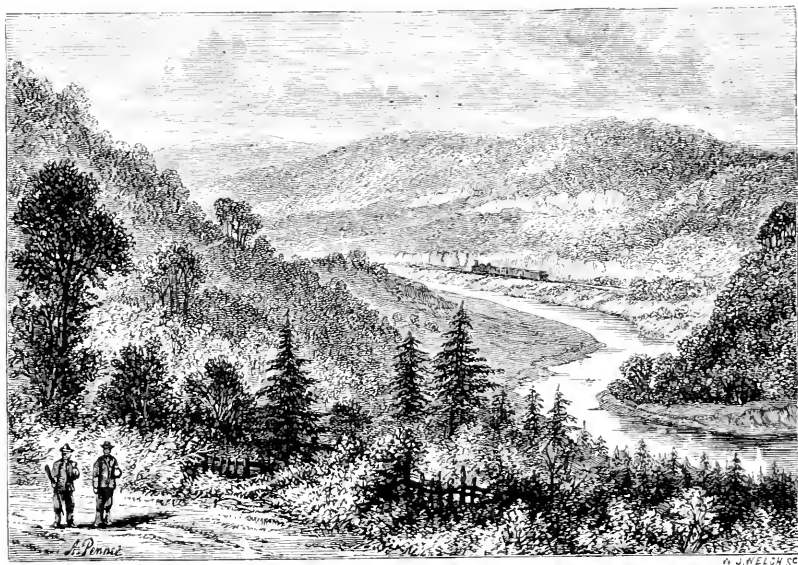
dinners under the beeches, after a good day's pull up the river. Eight miles up stream brings the visitor to Henley, famed for its regattas, pulled over a mile and a half of splendid water. Marlow Church, which is a very beautiful edifice, deserves a visit.

It was at Marlow that Shelley, most unhappy of geniuses, wrote much of his best poetry while swinging in a boat moored in the shadow of Bisham beeches. Speaking of the river he says, addressing his wife,

"The toil which stole from thee so many an hour  
Is ended, and the fruit is at thy feet.  
No longer, where the woods to frame a bower  
With interlaced branches mix and meet,  
Or where with sound like many voices sweet  
Waterfalls leap among wild islands green,  
Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat  
Of moss-grown trees, and weeds, shall I be seen,  
But beside thee, where still my heart has ever been "

## VALLEY OF THE WYE.

IT is the scenery on the banks of the Wye which has gained for it the name of the most beautiful river in England. Turbid and hurried in itself, it runs through some of the most lovely landscape in the island. A tiny steamer now and again forges up stream against the fierce current of the Wye, or readily floats down on the top of it; but the Wye may best be judged from its banks; and now that the Wye Valley Railway readily carries the tourist from one end of the valley to the other, the more practicable plan is to steam from Bristol to Chepstow, or to reach that place from Gloucester, a lovely run on the right bank of the Severn, and thence leisurely to take the train from point to point up the valley—the beauties



RIVER WYE: FROM WYNDCLIFF.

of which occupy, speaking within bounds, a fair hundred miles. It is the extent of the sylvan and other beauties of the Wye which have made it so perfectly celebrated. From its source, near the summit of Plinlimmon, to its union with the lordly Severn, the Wye is continuously beautiful. Wild and rugged in the midst of its Welsh hills, no sooner does it reach the vales of Herefordshire than it becomes singularly beautiful, and thence it flows through Monmouthshire until it loses itself in the Severn. We will assume that the tourist decides to ascend the Wye rather than follow it from its source. The start from Bristol by the Chepstow steamer is not promising; but soon the swift, strong current of the Wye is compressed between high rocks, and here the river will rise and fall from fifty even to seventy feet at certain tides. Soon the fine old walls of Chepstow Castle will loom upon the horizon and the romantic aspect of the Wye is reached. Chepstow is equally celebrated for its old castle and its fresh salmon.

Leaving Chepstow, and making for the Wyndcliff, the tourist passes below the celebrated stretch of private property called Piercefield, which possesses three miles of paths winding along the edges of the cliffs above the Wye. Wyndcliff once reached, the tourist stands on a colossal point seven to eight hundred feet above high water, from whence the observer may see portions of seven English and two Welsh counties. Our view is taken looking up the river, which at this point winds through the landscape like a carelessly thrown ribbon of silver. Below hill on the left lies Tintern Abbey, while far beyond the Welsh hills fringe the northern view.

Tintern, far down in the valley, passed, a walk of five miles brings us to Monmouth, where the influence of tide ceases, and the Wye becomes clear and glittering.

From Monmouth to New Weir a rowing-boat should be taken, as it is only from the river that the great beauties of this part of the Wye are to be appreciated. Thence to Ross is a very pleasant tour. Here are to be found in the parish church the celebrated elms which sprang up through the floor of the pew once occupied by John Kyrle, Pope's celebrated "Man of Ross."

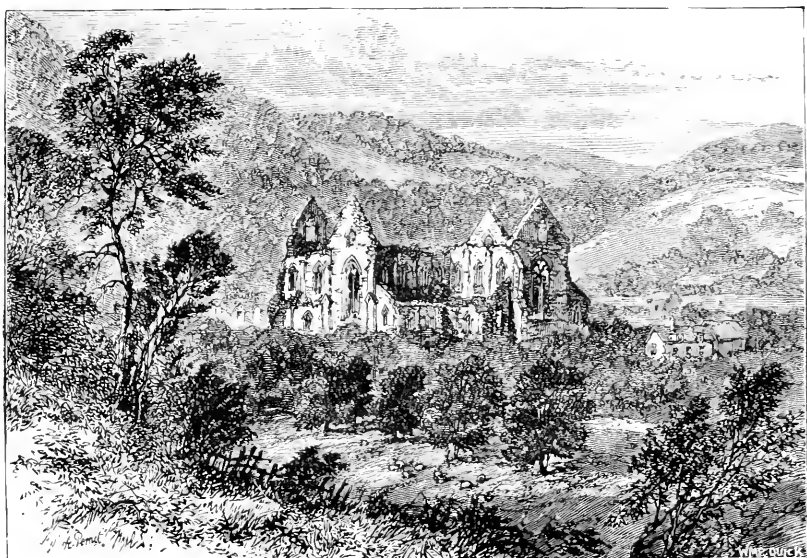
Several of the finest of an avenue of elms (planted in the churchyard by this generous man) being sold by a greedy incumbent, from the roots of one of them, which had pushed their way through or under the church wall, there sprang up a couple of remarkable elms.

A third made its appearance some thirty years since. "The Song of the Trees," says an American writer, "is a strange addition to the reading of the English Church Service on Sunday morning, for the birds amongst the branches join in the responses, and hop about quite free from any fear of consequences." These elms are held almost in veneration by the good people of Ross. Moreover, they put forth their leaves earlier in spring than any other elms in the Valley of the Wye, while not any of their kind retain foliage so late in the autumn as those which mark the spot where the Man of Ross once worshipped, and where the pew is exactly as he left it. Kyrle's house is still shown, and also his arm-chair. But what is still more interesting, as illustrating Addison's dictum to the effect that example is superior to precept, the men of Ross are peculiarly distinguished for works of charity and for sobriety of behaviour.

Leaving Ross, near which the visitor may find Goodrich Castle, the tourist proceeds towards Hereford, below which and on to Ross the Wye becomes smooth and placid. Above Hereford the Wye is a babbling rivulet. Thence following up its noisy course we enter Wales and reach Rhayador, where the Valley of the Wye may be said to end. Thence up to its spring-head on Plinlimmon, the Wye may be seen dashing down from the Welsh hills, and sporting, free and bright, as it tumbles swiftly to its lovely and most enchanting valley.

## TINTERN ABBEY: VALLEY OF THE WYE.

TINTERN ABBEY is "a dream in stone," and a dream set in some of the loveliest scenery to be found throughout England. The localities of most monasteries are generally beautiful, but that of Tintern is exceptionally glorious; while the noble edifice itself is admittedly the finest ecclesiastical ruin within the boundaries of the Empire. Indeed, the late Prince Consort, whose knowledge of art was above dispute, declared Tintern the finest ruin in Europe, and therefore in the world. The magic of proportion is felt in a supreme degree as the observer stands at any point in the glorious nave and looks towards that eastern window (shown to the right in our illustration), with its unique, fairy-like shaft of delicate stone. Architects of the

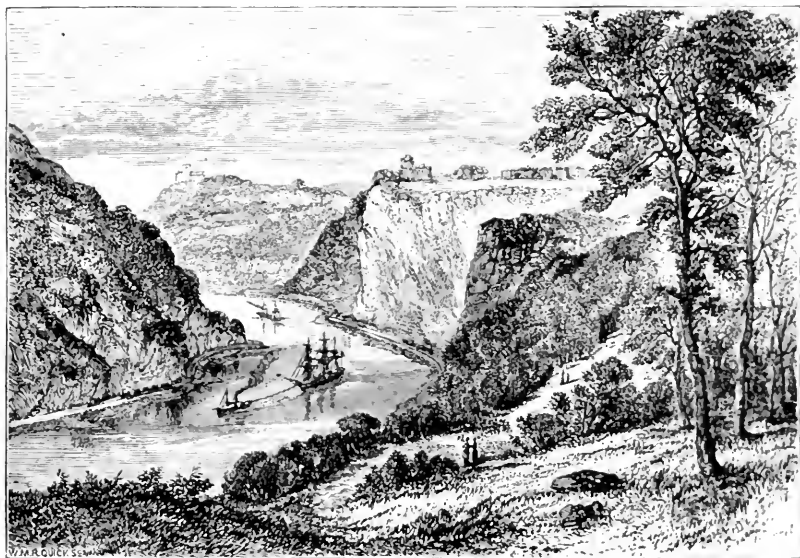


TINTERN ABBEY: ON THE WYE.

highest order coming to Tintern, astonished at the serene and perfect relation of all its parts to one another, have taken careful measurements, and made profound calculations; but apparently with little success, for there is no modern Gothic which even faintly reminds one of exquisite Tintern. Here Barry came for suggestions when building the Houses of Parliament. But of all great Gothic ruins, Tintern perhaps least of all will yield the secrets of its perfect harmony to the hurried student. Where all is so very beautiful, it were weak to point out especial beauties; but amongst the wealth of Gothic art here portrayed, the visitor will do well not to forget the noble west window, where the greater part of its exquisite tracery is still to be seen. Tintern is not only admirable when studied as a whole, its details are of the most beautiful character, and thoroughly compensate minute inspection. Several very interesting tombs are to be found here of men whose names are known in English history. The valley of Tintern itself well repays a visit.

## CLIFTON, NEAR BRISTOL.

HERE the Avon flows through a valley, between rocks which are nearly two hundred and fifty feet above high-water mark. In our engraving we are looking down the river towards the Bristol Channel. On the right, high on the cliffs, lies Clifton itself, while on the left is to be found the lovely district called Leigh Woods and Nightingale Valley. Here a number of chalet-like villas have been built, and which are reached in a few minutes by a branch line from Bristol to Clifton Bridge—a line which entirely avoids the busy streets, and practically brings Leigh Woods within ten minutes of the heart of the handsome smoky city. Here, high on the rocks, the air is so clear that one might fancy himself scores of miles from

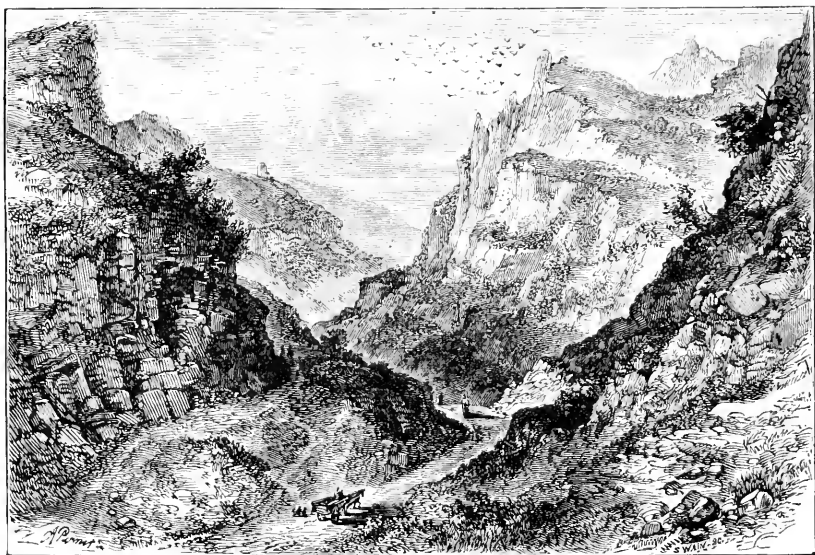


CLIFTON ROCKS: NEAR BRISTOL.

any busy haunt of man, were it not that Bristol is stretched, a magnificent panorama, far below our vantage point. Looking down the gorge about an hour before mid-day, and from the centre of the beautiful suspension bridge which connects the two sweeping lines of rock, the visitor remarks a winding gorge of reddened cliff—on the right open and breezy, on the left beautifully wooded and sylvan. Far down the river the expanse of the cliff known as Black Rock faces one, and closes farther view of the river. To the right, St. Vincent's Rock, which contains a curious cavern-chapel, is capped by the old Observatory with its mural crown of deep red brick; while on the left the slopes of Nightingale Valley are alive with songs of birds. Here many beautiful villas suggest the great healthiness and prosperity of the district, while so far the presence of man has not driven away the feathered songsters from whom the vale has gained its name.

## CHEDDAR CLIFFS.

CHEDDAR lies close under the centre of the beautiful amphitheatre of high limestone rocks which form the Mendip Hills. The inner curve of this chain faces the south-west, and so mild is the climate that ice is rarely seen, house-flies are to be observed in the severest winter, while in the crevices of the architecture built about the old market cross, may be marked various luxuriantly grown ferns, green and hale even in January. The weather here is so mild that the district rivals Penzance in the production of early peas and potatoes, while there are nooks in the hills which would form superb spots for the erection of tree-encircled villas, such as are totally wanting in this favoured spot.



CHEDDAR CLIFFS: NEAR BRISTOL.

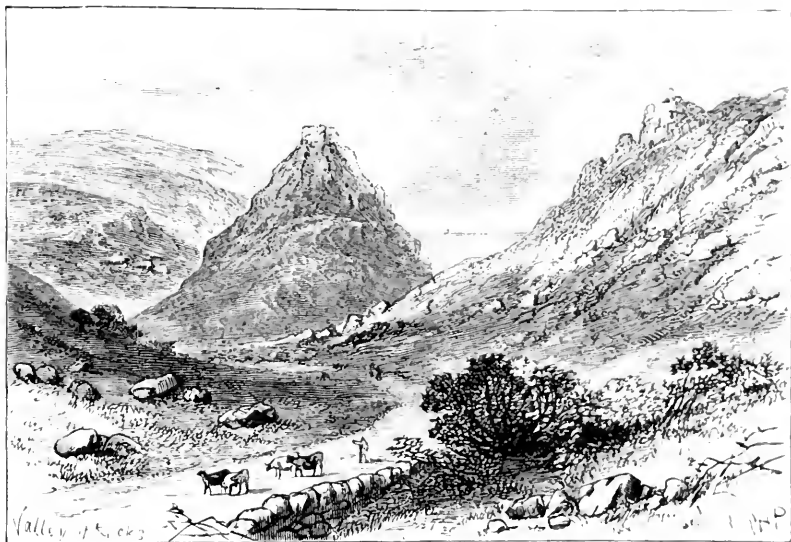
The celebrated Cheddar Cliffs still remain comparatively unknown. Nowhere in England can be found so extended a line of perpendicularly broken rock as at Cheddar. The winding road through the pass affords an exquisite variety of absolute mountain scenery, while a certain indigenous pink, and multitudes of jackdaws, lend colour and life to the scene.

Again, Cheddar is especially fortunate in the possession of a stalactite cavern, which contains more delicate stalactites than does any other cavern in England, or even in America, if the testimony of the late Elihu Burritt be accepted. This cavern may be visited at any time, while the use of gas results in a beautiful illumination of this wonderful place. The Mendips are, indeed, full of caverns, and at one point they show a low opening, at which a dog having entered and supposed to be lost, crawled out at another point two or three miles away. Hannah More did good work in Cheddar, which only requires commodious residences to become very prosperous.



## LYNTON.

LYNTON, together with Lynmouth, may be reached by land either from Ilfracombe, or Barnstaple. By either route the distance is about twenty miles. From Barnstaple the visitor crosses a corner of Exmoor, where he may have a chance of seeing some of the celebrated wild red-deer. But the road along the rocky coast above Ilfracombe is generally preferred. At one point, that of Paracombe Common, the road winds nine hundred feet above high-water mark. Lynton and Lynmouth, however, are generally reached by steamer from Bristol in a few hours. It is from the sea that the finest views of this wild coast are obtained, and it is by this means that the Valley of Rocks should be first approached.



VALLEY OF ROCKS, LYNTON: NORTH DEVON.

Lynton lies well above Lynmouth, and is probably far the healthier of the two. Here various isolated cliffs attract attention, especially the Castle Rock. But of course the great attraction is the Valley of Rocks. This stupendous scene is situated about a mile from Lynton. It is reached by a road which winds along the side of a tremendous declivity, and which suddenly opens out into a magnificent ravine. "Imagine," says Southey, "a narrow vale between two ridges of rock, covered with huge stones, the bare northern ridge looking like the very bones and skeletons of the earth-rock, imprisoning rock-stone held in thrall by other stone—the whole forming a huge, terrific, stupendously grand mass. I never felt the sublimity of solitude until I stood alone in the Valley of Rocks." Local superstition ascribes the tumbled character of the rocks to the anger of the demon, who being foiled in obtaining possession of the soul of the then owner of a beautiful estate, made it the splendid waste we now behold. In our engraving we are looking in the direction of the opening seawards.

## ILFRACOMBE.

FACING the north, and therefore bracing at most times in summer weather, Ilfracombe has always been a favourite sea-side sojourning place with the people of Bristol (whence the place is easily reached by steamer), and the inhabitants of North Devon generally. A trip by coach, about two hours in length, takes the visitor from Barnstaple to this charming town, which is celebrated for its "tors" and fine walks in the vicinity. Several of these tors—craggy heights—are 400 feet above sea level. They are chiefly found to westward of the town, one of them, the Capstone, a huge cone of dark rock, being utilized as a promenade, a road having been cut high up on the face of the living rock. It is from this sheltering Capstone that a pier



BATHING COVE, ILFRACOMBE: NORTH DEVON.

shoots out and forms the harbour which has helped to make Ilfracombe prosperous.

On the right a lofty stretch of land, which shelters the town from the east winds, is called Helesborough. The Lantern rock, also on the east, bears the lighthouse, which has been constructed out of an old chapel dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of mariners.

Here in Ilfracombe the lieges maintain that the local junkets and squab-pies are better than elsewhere in Devonshire. Let this be as it may, it is certain that the far-famed clotted cream, the exquisite butter, and refreshing cider of the west are quite as good here as anywhere in the county. That is saying very much for them.

Amongst the lovely walks in and about Ilfracombe should be named the way up Lantern Hill, that to the romantic cove of Wildersmouth, where stands the exceedingly comfortable Ilfracombe Hotel, and the stroll along the Seven Tors Road to White Pebble Bay, where there is a rock

called the Lover's Leap. A very pleasant walk will be found on the old Barnstaple Road, going across Winsome Farm, and returning by the cemetery. Another may be taken over the headland to Rillage Point. Of all these promenades, the Tors Walk (toll one penny) is the most beautiful, while it is necessarily exclusive. Upon the pier, which is 850 feet in length, the sea breeze can at most times be enjoyed when under the warm tors it is difficult to find fresh air.

Ilfracombe, however, is chiefly celebrated for its sea-bathing. The water is always exceptionally clear and fresh, while the beach being shingly very few weeds are to be found, and the air has that brisk perfume which the sea-side atmosphere only possesses where the shore is free from marine vegetation. The exhalations from sea-weed being disagreeable to many persons, Ilfracombe possesses on this point exceptional advantages. The principal bathing-places are situated behind the public Baths. They are reached by various tunnels worked through the spurs of rocks lying between the town and the rock-bound coves which form the thoroughly wind-protected bathing-pools.

Our engraving represents the bathing-cove in connection with the beach devoted to ladies. This rock-bound pool is completely sheltered from observation, and here every convenience for comfortable sea-bathing may be found.

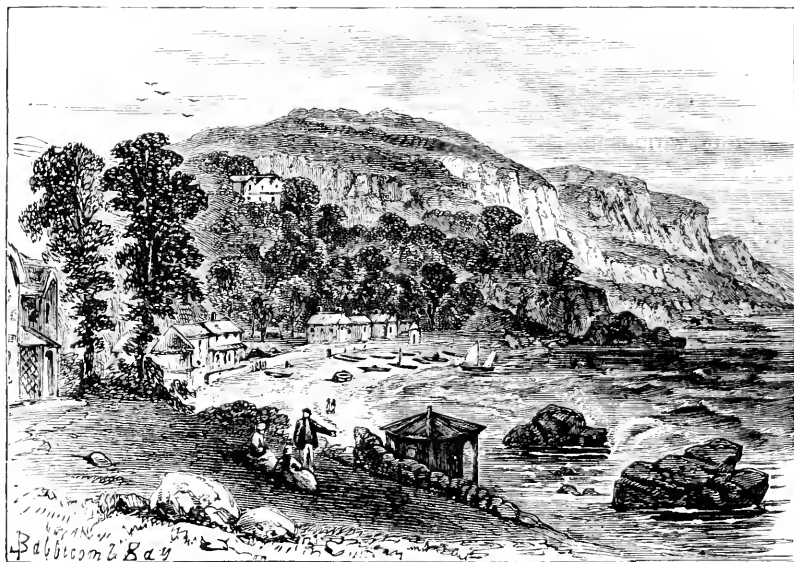
The best houses in Ilfracombe are to be found in Coronation and Helesborough terraces, healthily standing—one on the slopes of the Runna-cleaves, to the east of the town, the other near the Tors on the west.

The Baths were built in 1783. and are to be found at the entrance of a tunnel which leads under the Runna-cleaves to a cave still called Crook-horn Cavern, albeit the crooked crag, whence its name was derived, has long since been washed away. This cavern is dry at low water, but is an expanse of water at flood, except during three months of the year. They tell you in Ilfracombe that it was in this cavern (of course during its dry season) that Sir William Tracy, one of the more active assassins engaged in the destruction of Thomas à Becket, hid himself during some weeks. The legendary addition, as to the peculiar mode in which he was fed by his daughter, is possibly rather borrowed from Roman history than based upon truth.

The parish church should be visited. In itself it is a good specimen of early Norman and later Gothic architecture. But to Englishmen generally it will be interesting as containing the remains of an English sailor who was well spoken of by Nelson. "A more enterprising, able, and gallant officer," said the great admiral, speaking of Captain Richard Bowen, R.N., slain in the unsuccessful attack upon Teneriffe, "does not grace His Majesty's naval service." The government of his day refused Bowen a monument in St. Paul's; but his spirit may well be contented with the memorial raised to him in the parish church of healthy, breezy, lovely Ilfracombe.

## BABBACOMBE BAY, DEVONSHIRE.

THIS charming sea-side retreat is more easily reached from the Torre Station rather than that at Torquay. From Babbacombe Downs, where the best houses are to be found, one of the most delightful of the delightful views in South Devon is to be found. The eyes wander along the eastern coast to Teignmouth, Starcross, over the Exe to Exmouth, and past this point to those of Budleigh-Salterton and Sidmouth. The rich dark red of the rocks, the deep tone of the sea, and the brilliant green of the meadows topping the undulating cliffs form, with the vast expanse of the sky, a most lovely panorama. Below, lies the well-sheltered beach, whence our view, looking eastward, is taken. Here the waters are clear as crystal, and



BABBACOMBE BAY: NEAR TORQUAY.

plash over an expanse of such well-rounded pebbles, that the bather is guaranteed from injury. To the eastward rises a mass of roseate rock, while to the right lies the undercliff, where the closely-sheltered houses promise a pleasant refuge for the invalid. Here and at Torquay the arbutus grows to its greatest English height, while myrtles bloom freely in the open air, and geraniums form complete hedges. Above, on the breezy downs, quite a town may now be seen, and here, visitors seeking invigorating sea-side air, may readily find it, while sojourning in houses well guaranteed from extreme heat, even in the hottest weather.

Babbacombe possesses the advantage of being rural and retired, while it is only a drive of two or three miles over a road (which is a perfect avenue of fine trees), and by the sea-wall, into charming Torquay. The walks east and west over the downs are unparalleled. Indeed, Babbacombe, with its lofty rocks, its beetling cliffs, and its masses of deep shadowy foliage, is a place to be remembered.

## ANSTEY'S COVE, NEAR TORQUAY.

ANSTEY'S COVE, as it is called by the authorities, Anstis Cove as the "Thomas" of the place itself styles this charming retreat, is a spot as romantic and isolated as any lover of solitude can desire. Not a house is to be seen, the tumbled rocks on every side appear the result of a terrible and recent earthquake, while the only busy occupants seem to be the moles. These droll animals are always throwing up the rich ruddy earth, the result of the disintegration of the red sandstone formation of which to a large extent the rocks of this district are composed.

The pebbly beach of Anstey's Cove offers a most lovely study of colours, the prevailing tones being rose-pink, creamy-white, and a sober olive-green



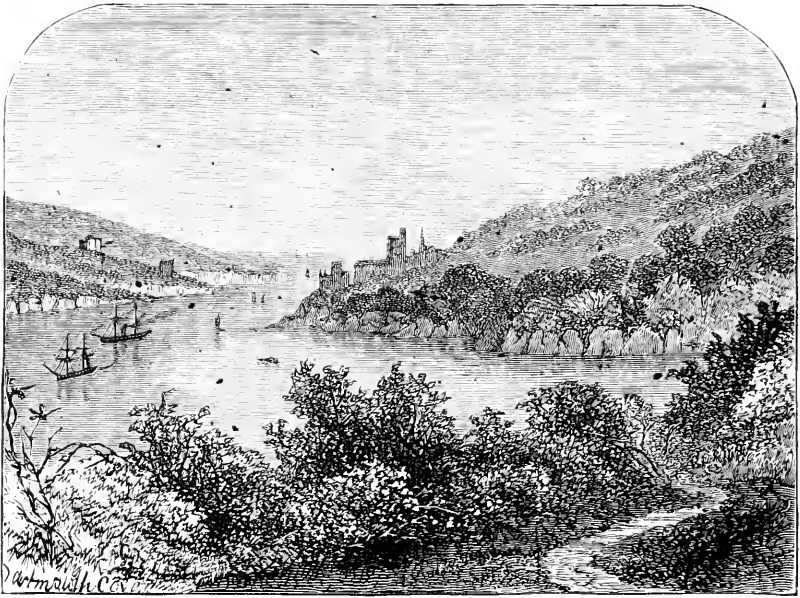
ANSTEY'S COVE: NEAR TORQUAY.

(which latter creates a charming effect), together with sparsely sown pebbles of a canary yellow. To the left the jutting promontory of pale pink stone is, by a freak of nature, cut into several angular peaks; while to the right sweeps a panorama of water-worn broken rocks of mossy green, a tinge due to millions of tiny limpets which cling to the boulders, and soften their outlines. The whole scene is shut out from the world, and is so given over to nature that the honest mariner, Thomas aforesaid, who keeps here a bathing-machine or two, and as many queer craft, together with a refreshment and curiosity shanty, has found it imperative to warn in print all lieges of a sporting turn that the barn-door poultry pecking about are tame and not wild fowl. Moreover, there is a classic votive offering over the door which will enable the visitor at one and the same time to air his Latin and exercise his wits. Anstey's Cove, in few words, offers an extent of broken cliffs, lovely beach, and clear water, backed by an exquisite sweep of landscape such as is presented by few other spots.

## DARTMOUTH.

DARTMOUTH and the Dart may well be called the English Rhine. Indeed, at the entrance to the harbour the tower of the church of St. Petrox and the bastions of Dartmouth Castle give to this point much of the appearance of "dear Bingen on the Rhine;" while above the town the church of St. Clement suggests one of those old castles which make the great German river so thoroughly picturesque. Completely surrounded by beautifully undulating and frequently wooded hills, it is difficult for the stranger at once to ascertain where the entrance to the harbour may be found, or to discover the inland course of the river.

The steam ferry communication between the eastern and western sides of



DARTMOUTH COVE.

the harbour now places Dartmouth in equally rapid and direct communication with the metropolis. The town itself is one of the most picturesque in Devon. The houses dipping into the water give a quaint air to the place, while the unique half-dozen houses in Duke Street are some of the finest specimens of seventeenth-century buildings in the kingdom. The capitals of the fine stone pillars supporting these houses bear the carved dates 1635—1640. The central and nearest perfect house, which still retains its bay windows, corbels, and outer carvings generally, even to an exceedingly good panelled street-door, may be inspected. From Newgrounds, the tree-shaded public parade of Dartmouth, may be seen the stern of the training-ship "Britannia," where the two elder sons of the Prince of Wales are now studying navigation. Of these two royal cadets, the younger, Prince George, appears to be the favourite, as possessing more of the sailorly character than his elder brother.

## SHARPHAM HOUSE, ON THE DART.

ALL in the fair summer weather a toy steamer plies up and down the lovely Dart, between Dartmouth and Totnes, where a shapely stone bridge sufficiently intimates that steam navigation of the river ceases. The trip up the Dart is only equalled by the return voyage. Starting from Dartmouth, and leaving behind us picturesque St. Saviour's Church, with its rare Spanish roof set in the midst of the quaint houses, and passing Newgrounds, which, by the way, are a hundred years old, and were formed by filling up a useless harbour, we are soon abreast of the training-ship "Britannia" and her attendant hulk, the "Hindostan," the vessels being joined by a flying-bridge.



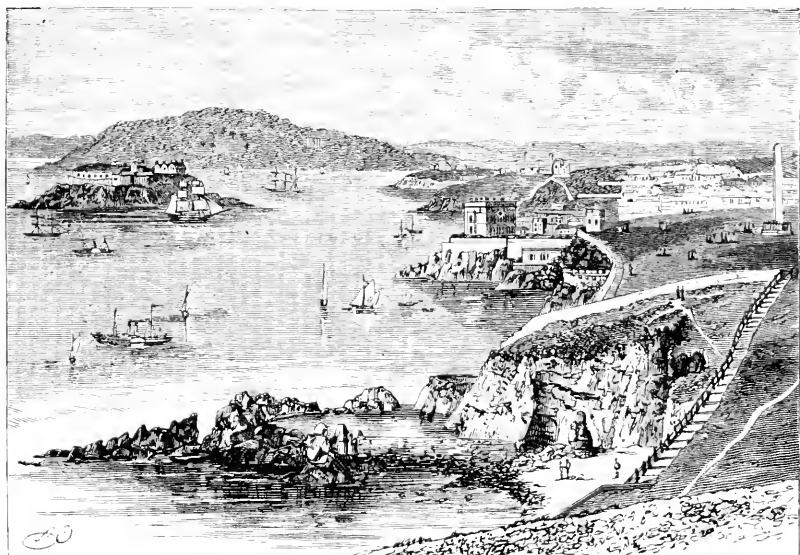
SHARPHAM HOUSE, ON THE DART.

Here the visitor will be told, if speaking to any one acquainted with Dartmouth, how Prince George was "slated," exactly as any ordinary cadet would have been, for swinging off by a rope from the training-ship into a boat, instead of descending by the gangway. This sailorly act of lapsing discipline is looked upon in Dartmouth as a proof that the Prince was a born sailor.

The first reach on the Dart is now made. No words can sufficiently well paint the sylvan beauties of this trip of ten miles or more, at a cost of half-a-crown for the return fare. The surprises on this little voyage are infinite, including the Scold's Rock in mid-stream. Sharpham or Sherbourne House marks one of the most romantic stretches on the Dart, and is interesting in itself as the residence of the late Mr. Durant, who, from being a poor boy in this neighbourhood, rose to be a millionaire, dying recently full of years and honour. Totnes reached, its rare old Norman Castle should be visited.

## PLYMOUTH.

PLYMOUTH SOUND may be described as an inland sea, for landlocked on three sides, the breakwater stretches across its mouth, admitting of harbourage for a vast quantity of shipping. Plymouth and its neighbourhood are especially healthy, as the cheeks of the dark-eyed lasses who pass you in the streets sufficiently demonstrate. Nor are the necessities of life dear, if proper precautions are used in marketing. In the engraving the observer is looking from below the obelisk on the east, towards Stonehouse, and over towards Mount Edgcumbe, where may be found one of the loveliest parks in England. A little distance in advance a number of very good houses are in the course of building. These residences will



PLYMOUTH.

be admirably sheltered from behind, while they will possess an uninterrupted view of the sea.

Life at Plymouth is very pleasant. One of several military bands plays daily on the celebrated Hoe, that breezy meadow which crests the hill and which forms the inner end of the Sound, while the multitudinous vessels give an exceptional animation to this part of Devonshire. Drake and Howard, Lord Admirals, were at bowls on the Hoe when the news came of the approach of the Armada.

The government establishments at Devonport, which with Stonehouse and Plymouth practically form one vast town, may be visited after but little trouble in gaining admittance, while the drives and views in the vicinity form a mingled panorama of ordinarily peaceful sea and luxuriantly cultivated undulating landscape.

Plymouth was the result, in the first place, of the fostering care of the priors of Plympton; but its true expansion is due to the splendid shelter



## *Plymouth.*

afforded by the depth of the Sound, its direct projection into the land, and the continuous height of the surrounding hills, which completely shelter these waters.

Even so early as 1346 Plymouth was an important naval station, for it fitted out twenty-five small ships with a complement of six hundred and three mariners, destined to the blockade of Calais. But it was at the period of the threatened invasion in 1588 that Plymouth came out in thorough force, and equipped a greater number of vessels than any other port in England—London excepted. By the way, the Spanish admiral, calculating on certain success, decided to fix his residence upon Mount Edgumbe.

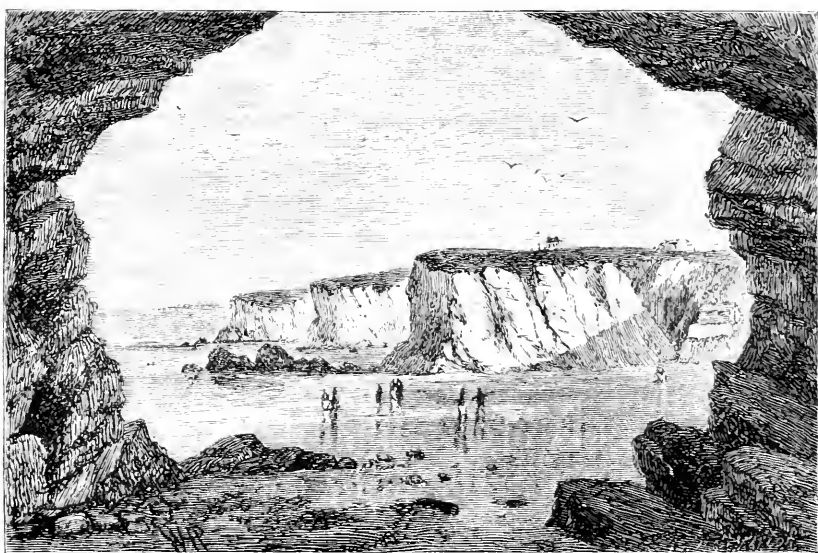
During the civil war Plymouth declared for the Parliamentarians, and held their town against the best efforts of the Royalists. In 1815 Napoleon was brought here, a prisoner in the "*Bellerophon*," upon a gangway of which vessel of war the fallen emperor would frequently present himself and bow to the excited people when boats from the shore crowded about his floating prison.

There is at present no port in the English Channel where so great an amount of business is done as at Plymouth, and where so much shipping is employed. In recent years Plymouth has become a port of emigration to Australia. Here mackerel is sometimes taken in vast quantities. As many as half a million have in one day got into the Sound, despite the breakwater which stretches in great measure from shore to shore. This quantity of fish will realize at least £2,000. Plymouth has produced many great men, especially artists, amongst whom Samuel Prout is undoubtedly the greatest, while Haydon, his companion, was certainly the most unfortunate. Sir J. Hawkins, who commanded the rear of the fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada, was born here.

The high lands of Mount Edgumbe, southward and westward, protect Plymouth from the extreme violence of the terrible south-western Atlantic storms; while Stoddon heights, and the high lands south and east, preserve the place from the south-east gales. The atmosphere of Plymouth is primarily depressing to strangers, but its effect upon natives is evidently exhilarating. Plymouth is, in its best parts, eminently calculated as a winter residence for invalids, and the houses being chiefly built of hard limestone, they do not suffer, as would brick, from the moist but pleasant equable air of this part of England. Plymouth possesses a good theatre, and to lovers of the dramatic art the town will not be any the less interesting that here the elder Charles Mathews lies buried. The gateway to the citadel is worth a visit, while for those who do not care to walk, various winding roads have recently been formed upon the Hoe, commonly called "*the lungs of Plymouth*." The breakwater may be visited. From it, about a dozen miles in a westward direction may be seen the Eddystone Light-house. Saltram House, to which access is readily obtained, should be visited; nor should Plympton be neglected; while the park of Mount Edgumbe may be seen many times with increasing interest.

## NEW QUAY SANDS: NORTH CORNWALL.

NEW QUAY is reached by a branch from the main line at Par. Situated on the north coast of Cornwall, and therefore an invigorating spot even in the height of summer, it is guarded from the east winds by a noble and sweeping stretch of rocks which may be followed by the eye for many miles. But the great charm of New Quay is its sands, some of the most extensive and unbroken in England. At Porth, the bay adjacent to that about which New Quay is built, the sands at low water stretch half a mile from high-water mark. And here by the way are to be found several very remarkable caverns, of which the Banqueting Hall is the finest. It has much the appearance of a handsome Gothic interior, while its neighbour and rival, the Cathedral Cave, boasts some fine water-worn columns.



NEW QUAY SANDS: NORTH CORNWALL.

A great advantage possessed by New Quay Sands takes the shape of isolated boulders of black rock, which retain their low temperature, owing to their size, the whole time that the tide is out, so that upon the hottest summer day cool shadow can always be found near these convenient places of rest. The sands stretch for miles on every side, and so level are they that at low water the harbour is almost dry.

The fresh breezy beach here is rapidly bringing this place into note, while the springy, undulating downs above the town afford an admirable riding-ground; as, indeed, at low water do the sands, which are then hard and firm. All the sand is never wholly covered by the sea. There is always enough for the occupation of the children's spades.

The town is protected from all winds except the north and north-western, while a very considerable sum has recently been expended upon drainage. An hotel, to the right of the town, and standing in its own grounds, has recently been completed.

## TOWAN HEAD—NEW QUAY.

THE Towan Head, to the west of New Quay, is one of the finest promontories, jutting far out into the sea, possessed by this or any other portion of the English coast. From the outskirts of the town to the abrupt craggy termination of this breezy peninsula, the visitor passes over quite a mile of winding roadway, with the beating, seething sea not only ahead of him, but on both sides, and far behind. To go to the end of Towan Head is practically to be at sea.

The point of the Towan is composed of a fine mass of broken black rock, which the sea has through the ages worn into strange and even eccentric forms. Far adown, the curious observer, possessed of nerve sufficient to allow of his approaching the edge of the cliff, may at low water



TOWAN HEAD, NEW QUAY: NORTH CORNWALL.

mark a little beach, perfectly inaccessible from above, and lying cosily in the midst of the worn and shining rocks. From the summit of the Towan Head the visitor will remark on the left some remains of a massive breakwater, built some quarter of a century since, but which was powerless to resist the terrible force of the western wind and wave from the mighty Atlantic. Its remains stand a noble testimony to the energy and liberality of a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who endeavoured to form a harbour for the fishing craft of North Cornwall when caught in a westerly gale.

It has been in contemplation to obtain a good shelter in New Quay Bay by the erection of a breakwater, shooting from the eastern side of the Towan, and thereby avoiding the awful force of the western wind and water. Such a breakwater (which, according to the calculations of an eminent engineer, would cost half a million of money) would yield a harbour such as the north coast of Cornwall does not yet possess.

## BEDRUTHAN STEPS—NEW QUAY.

BEDRUTHAN STEPS lead to a beautiful bit of the north coast of Cornwall which is reached by a branch line from Par, terminating at New Quay.

The line in question passes for the first miles of the run through some very romantic scenery, and finally, when Luxulyan is reached, cuts through some fine moors, dotted with many mine-heads. Nor should the celebrated Roche Rock be missed. This is a towering mass of almost perpendicular granite, rising hundreds of feet from nearly level ground.

Bedruthan Sands is about an hour's brisk drive from New Quay, while there is a short way of about seven miles along the coast which must delight the pedestrian. The name is derived from the steps cut in the living



BEDRUTHAN STEPS: NORTH COAST OF CORNWALL.

rock where it offered the least difficulties. Recently some of these half-natural, half-cut steps gave way, and fell to the sands below, but others have been made, and the rough uneven stone flight is now once more easily available.

A wild, strange, savage bit of huge rock-laden shore is seen when the sands are reached; and here, in the midst of the scattered rocks, worn smooth at their edges by the ceaseless waters, stands the celebrated Queen Bess Rock, probably that chief attraction which for so many years has drawn most visitors to the coast of North Cornwall as far as this remote and solitary spot. The inhabitants on the cliff above Bedruthan Steps are few and singularly primitive. Indeed, it may be unhesitatingly asserted that here we are in the wildest portion of Cornwall, and amongst the most superstitious of Cornish people. At Bedruthan they will point you out haunted spots by the dozen—that is, if you once gain the Cornish confidence, a matter which requires but little effort.

## QUEEN BESS ROCK—BEDRUTHAN.

THE locality of Bedruthan Steps has been described as "a scene of gigantic confusion mingled with the most peaceful beauty." In the midst of the expanse of broken stone stands the Queen Bess Rock, a towering utterly inaccessible mass of stone, standing well out seawards, and in which the willing visitor may readily detect a likeness to the Virgin Queen, wearing crown, ruff, and farthingale. Looking out to sea as it stands, the figure seems to be making a stately courtesy to that Spanish Armada whose coming was looked upon by the Cornish men with more interest perhaps than by the men of other counties, simply because Cornwall might be the first English land the Spaniards would sight.



QUEEN BESS ROCK, BEDRUTHAN STEPS: NORTH CORNWALL.

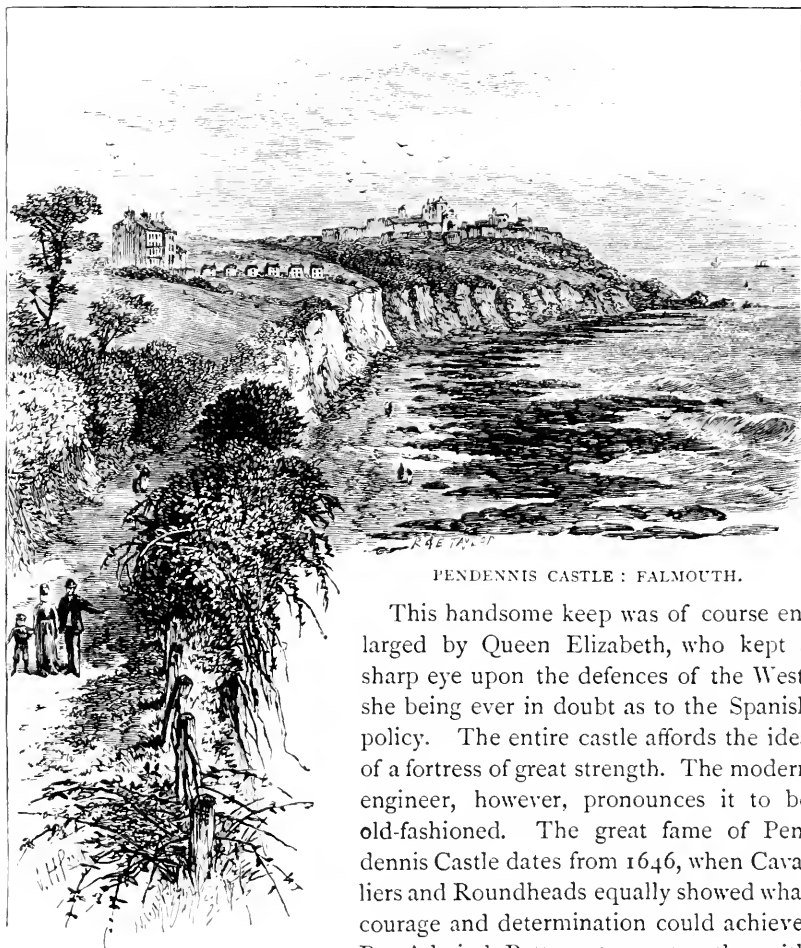
It would be an interesting inquiry as to when its apposite name was given to the rock. The oldest inhabitant knows nothing beyond this, that it was called Queen Bess Rock when he was a "chick." The use of the name "Bess" rather than Elizabeth suggests antiquity in the first application of the name. And when we remember how intimately Elizabeth was associated with the Armada, when we recall how bold Admiral Drake was a western man, and how Sir Walter Raleigh was certainly more than once within a day's ride of this spot, we may fairly opine that the rock gained its name during the reign of the lion-hearted woman herself, and that the fitness of the appellation was intensified by the peculiar mocking aspect of the rock as it seemed, and seems, to make an obeisance in the very direction where the Armada met with its heaviest losses.

The influence of Elizabeth in the West extended even to the Scilly Isles, where the famous initials E. R. may still be observed over the gateway of the Star Castle, St. Mary's Island.

## PENDENNIS CASTLE: FALMOUTH.

FALMOUTH is a more convenient point than Penzance whence to visit the Lizard Point. But whether the visitor go to one or the other town, Helstone must be traversed in order to reach the most southern land in all England. It is to Falmouth also that the tourist must take his way in order to reach Pendennis Castle, one of the most historical in England.

The castle occupies the promontory to the right of the town, and is built upon a bold abrupt hill quite two hundred feet above the level of the sea. Some years since a very pleasant drive was made completely round the outer wall of Pendennis Castle, which includes fourteen acres within its boundaries. The round tower, of the time of Henry VIII., may be taken as its centre, about which the other buildings have been grouped.



PENDENNIS CASTLE : FALMOUTH.

This handsome keep was of course enlarged by Queen Elizabeth, who kept a sharp eye upon the defences of the West, she being ever in doubt as to the Spanish policy. The entire castle affords the idea of a fortress of great strength. The modern engineer, however, pronounces it to be old-fashioned. The great fame of Pendennis Castle dates from 1646, when Cavaliers and Roundheads equally showed what courage and determination could achieve. But Admiral Batten at sea, together with

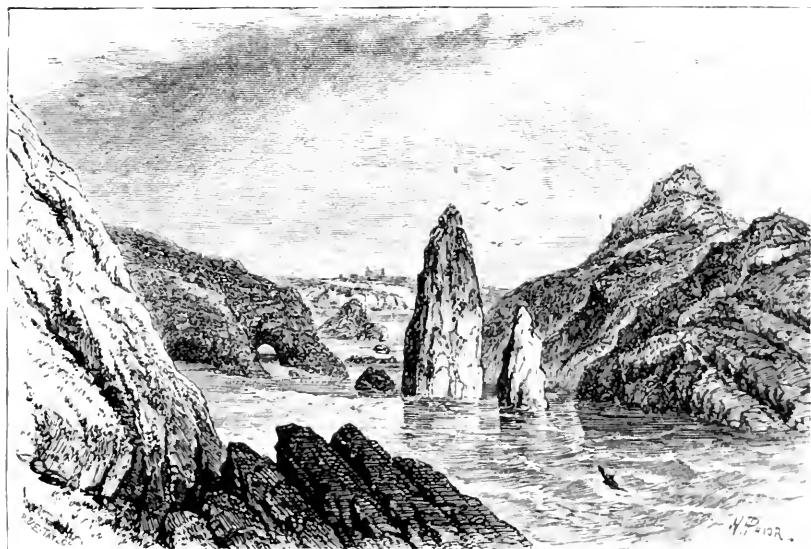
Colonel Fortescue on land, were too much for the stout old cavalier governor, Sir John Arundel.

## KYNANCE COVE.

KYNANCE COVE should be visited at low water, or its greatest beauties will not be realized. In our engraving the tide is at flood.

From this district is obtained that serpentine marble which is very rapidly becoming fashionable. And in so many varieties is serpentine found, that the most careless visitor may in a few moments gather a dozen differing specimens from amongst the stones at his feet.

Certain caverns are a great attraction here. These have been slowly beaten out of the solid rock by the sea. Here picnics are held, as also on the adjacent rocks styled Asparagus Island, a name rationally given to the group of rocks, as in their fissures wild asparagus is found. It is upon this island that the "Post Office" and the "Bellows" are to be found. The for-

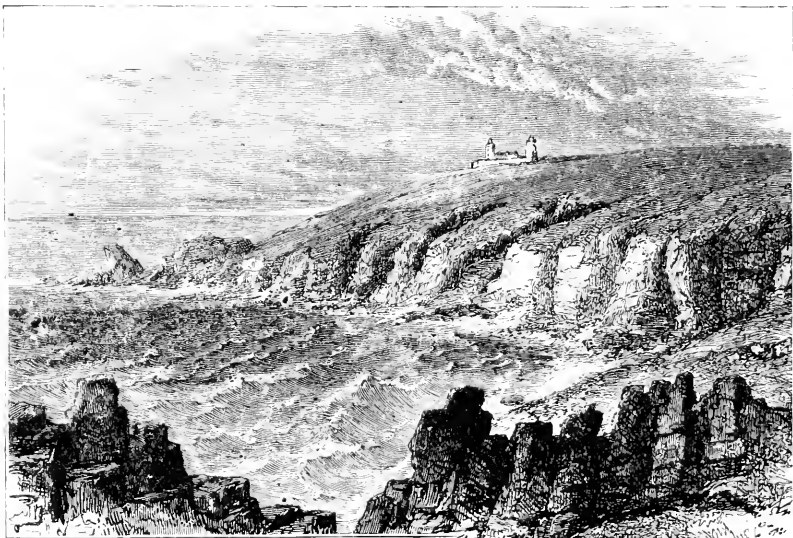


KYNANCE COVE: NEAR LIZARD HEAD.

mer consists of a hole in the solid rock, wherein an envelope being thrown, it is delivered some yards away from an orifice, whence it falls into a shallow pool. This postal delivery can only be witnessed when the Bellows are at work. Both phenomena are due to wind and wave battling in a water-worn rock-hole. At times the roar of the Bellows is very fine. The rush of the foaming, milk-white mingled air and water leaping from their imprisonment in the hole, and which of course accompanies the roar, affords a delightful surprise. The Queen and the Prince Consort visited lovely Kynance Cove in their early married days, and during nearly a score of summers afterwards a certain archway of serpentine which the Prince much admired was named after him. It fell somewhere about the year in which he died. The sea at Kynance is exquisitely green, and fosters certain rare plants and sea anemones, while on every side mighty headlands give noble distance to the panoramic scene.

## THE LIZARD HEAD AND LIGHTS.

LIZARD HEAD is about a mile and a half from Kynance Cove, the rocks and cliffs of which it certainly rivals in strength, loneliness, and savage grandeur. But it has no pretence to the beauty of that lovely spot. Here the awful black bulwarks of Cornwall are utterly broken, defiant, and monumental. Nor is there any greater charm at this point than to turn from the stern splendour of the massive iron-bound coast sullenly bearing the assaults of the sea, which is here rarely peaceful, and search over the close-lying heather at one's feet for specimens of the exquisite wild heaths, which are found in exceptional abundance and variety. There is one little white specimen which may be found boldly blooming even to the end of October.



LIZARD HEAD AND LIGHTS.

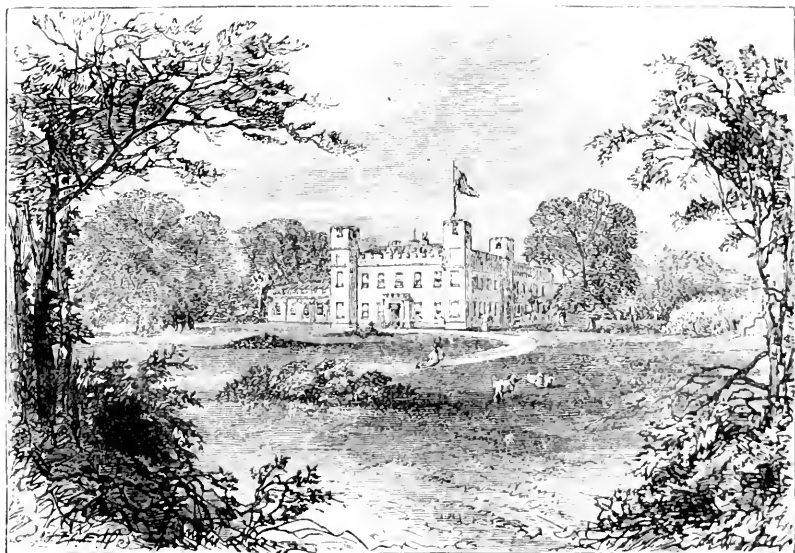
The Lizard is interesting as being the last English land seen by those who sail south and pass out of the Channel in fair weather. The Lizard Lights may be visited. The men on duty will be found very pleasant and communicative, especially if the exquisite cleanliness of the light-house should be praised, while the more intelligent visitor will be touched by the appearance of the "garden." The point on which the light-house is built being too exposed to admit of the cultivation of flowers, the old sailors (always a kindly race), who have the honoured care of the light, have created for themselves a garden of variously coloured stones, chiefly from Kynance Cove, which they have laid out in parti-coloured beds, with walks between, and neat edges, the whole effected, with a tender sense of gardening, after a manner quite delightful to behold. There are many points of interest in the neighbourhood; and if the inns are unpretending, their caterers are certainly hospitable.



## TREGENNA CASTLE AND ST. IVES.

TREGENNA CASTLE, now an hotel, boasts of one of the finest situations in North Cornwall. It is reached by the branch line, opened a year or two since, from St. Eorth to St. Ives, the head-quarters of the pilchard fishery. Tregenna Castle is, however, situated far above this intricate, though picturesque, little town.

Tregenna is located about half a mile from St. Ives, and at a height of one hundred and fifty feet above high water. It is an embattled and turreted building, warm and dry, owing to the thickness of its granite walls. It still retains the appearance of a gentleman's ancient seat, while the grounds which surround the building are exceptionally beautiful and sylvan.

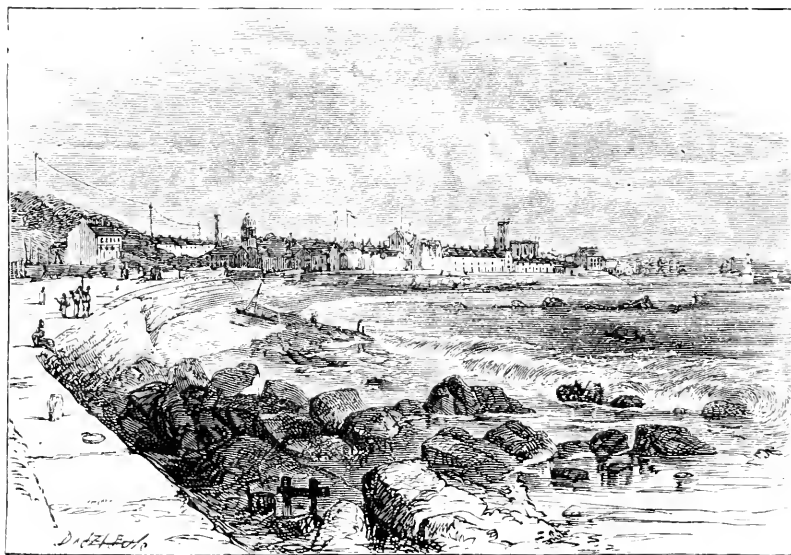


TREGENNA CASTLE.

Within the hundred acres to which the grounds extend, there are various groves of ivy-mantled trees on every side, so that whichever way the wind may blow, the visitor can always find a sheltered walk. The general mildness of the climate here is proved by the numberless ferns which continue to carpet the dells even in the severest weather. At the same time (Tregenna and St. Ives Bay facing the north), the place is never relaxing, and even in the height of summer the hill is rarely sultry. There is a farm attached to the castle, and from this spot is supplied much of the dairy produce required by visitors. The nooks and arbours here are extremely beautiful; while a private road leads down to the Mester shore, a carpet-like stretch of unbroken sand, separated from busy St. Ives by a spur of granite shooting far into the sea. The views are perfectly charming. On the right the "towans," a line of sandy hills or dunes, carry the eye to Gull Island. To the left, the town, built upon a series of broken hills, rises towards what is called the Island—a towering promontory.

## PENZANCE.

THE continuous mildness of the climate in this the "last town" in England is convincingly proved by the abundance and variety of the vegetation throughout the whole district of which Penzance may be called the capital. That intense verdure in evergreens (especially in the varieties of pines) which is only remarked near springtime in most parts of England, may be observed at Penzance in the depth of what in other places is the winter season, but which is here, except upon rare occasions, perpetual summer. In most cottage windows, having a sunny aspect, common hardy geraniums may be seen in flower even during January. Nay, ordinary begonias, when once in bloom, will do well in an ordinary window, and continue to bloom in the



PENZANCE, FROM THE ESPLANADE.

coldest months. Fuchsias kept indoors rarely if ever completely shed their leaves.

Penzance itself cannot boast of any particular attractions, but it is exceptionally healthy, while the inhabitants are singularly kind-hearted, though upon the surface they appear to be uncouth. Surrounded by hills on three of its sides, the district is splendidly sheltered, and admits of the cultivation of the more delicate vegetables at times of the year when most market-gardens in England are practically unproductive.

Being only ten miles from the Land's End, Penzance is the starting-point whence tourists radiate to the Logan Stone, the Land's End itself, the Botallack mine, &c.

Not more than five or six miles from the town is to be found the celebrated mass of oscillating granite, upon which has been bestowed the title of the Logan Stone. This time-worn granite boulder can be perceptibly rocked by any person of moderate strength. The old belief that this

boulder was a Druidic stone used for testing the innocence, or discovering the guilt, of an accused person has long since been exploded. Granite boulders have a tendency to grow round as they become weather worn, and in this case, as in many others throughout the granite district, the upper and movable stone has been steadily worn away at all points except where it impinges upon an equally weather-smoothened mass of granite. By chance the stone thus becomes well-poised, and may be steadily rocked. However, it has become a firmly believed legend in the neighbourhood that the Logan Stone has never rocked so well since it was pulled back into, or nearly into its place, after having been pushed from its fulcrum early in this century by a careless party of British tars, who were compelled to restore the stone to its original position. The ravine at this point sweeping clear into the sea is very fine. It requires steady nerves and sure feet to enable one to make the circuit of the Logan Stone.

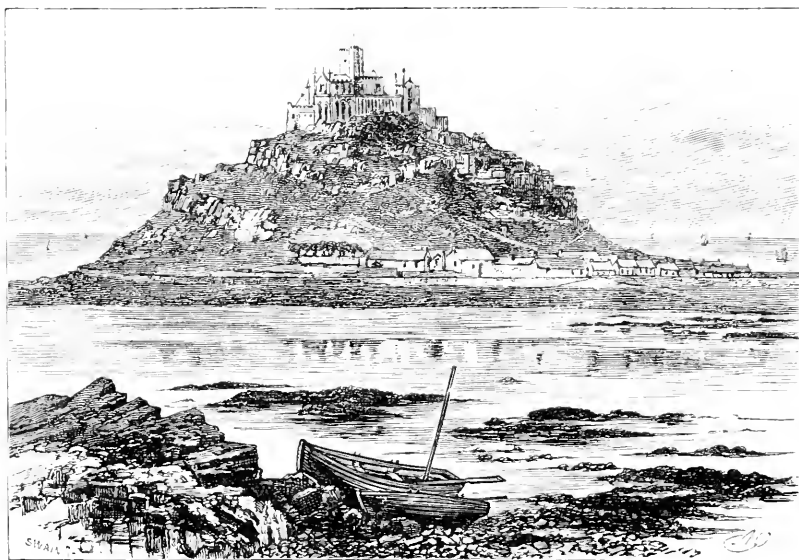
Penzance itself is a straggling town, possessed of some pretty nooks and a handsome esplanade. The gentle nature of its inhabitants is suggested by the fearlessness of small birds, and even by the friendliness of the dogs, while gulls, rarely scared by the report of a gun, flock in vast numbers in and about the harbour, where frequently several hundreds may be seen floating or feeding in crowded but well-defined communities. Penzance has few architectural points of interest. The statue of Sir Humphrey Davy, who was born here, is a striking piece of sculpture, while the Town Hall and Market House form a stately building. But it is in the neighbourhood of Penzance that the visitor will find much to delight him; unexpected caves and breaks in the cliff surprise him constantly if he wanders west, while the views from the range of hills behind the town are very varied. If, however, the visitor walks towards the east, and in the direction of St. Michael's Mount, he will find himself in a charming valley, with prolific and undulating uplands stretching away to the hills far above him. So fertile indeed is the land about Penzance, that a certain portion consisting of about one thousand acres, produces a rental of £10,000.

In the town, where it is said Sir Walter Raleigh first smoked tobacco in England, and at the western corner of the market-house, is to be found an ancient granite cross; while the one really fine architectural feature of the town is the group of municipal and institutional edifices known as St. John's Buildings, which include a Masonic Hall. The exterior is thoroughly good and admirably harmonious. The saint, by the way, to whom these buildings are dedicated is honoured in Penzance much after the fashion prevailing on the opposite side of the Channel, and indeed throughout Britain. On the eve of St. John the Baptist the youth of the town insist, despite police regulations, upon a noisy torch-light procession, after which a strange winding dance is performed. The more advanced antiquarians are inclined to see in this peculiar institution a reminiscence of the fire-worship which undoubtedly preceded the Druidic worship in all Western Europe. In short, Penzance thoroughly repays a visit.

## ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

NOR more than two miles to the east of Penzance, St. Michael's Mount rears its noble height of yellow-grey granite and craggy slate, boldly crowned with a beautiful chapel and a castellated mansion. St. Michael's Mount was probably the first place in England to which Christianity was brought, possibly in the fifth century. St. Michael's should be gained on foot, of course from Penzance, for every step of the way is picturesque and varied. The mount, which is about a quarter of a mile from the main land, may be reached by a rough road during a third of the day. At other times a boat brings the islet in communication with the shore.

The steep path to the castle winds amongst rabbit warrens, the inhabitants



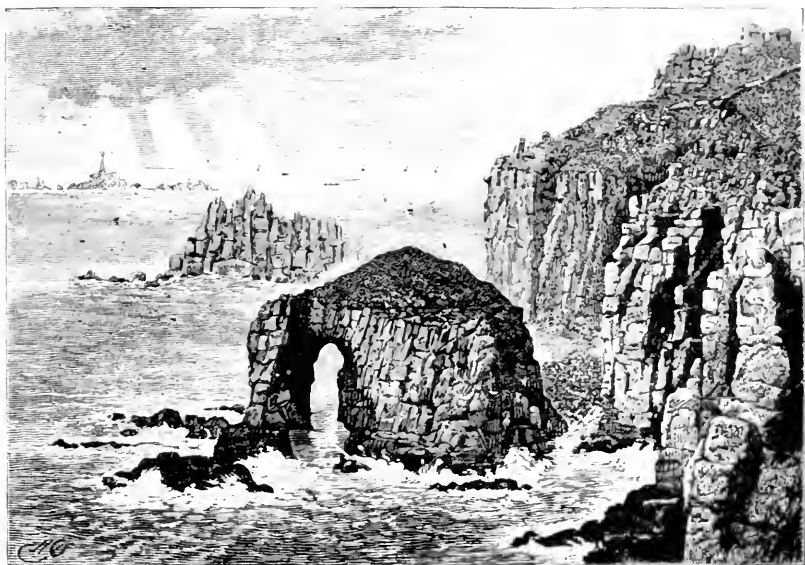
ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT: PENZANCE.

of which, having no experience of dogs, shot, and powder, stare at the intruder or slowly get away to cover. Then the old fortifications, still with their cannon pointed, are reached, and finally the buildings, which can always be seen at any reasonable hour. To the unpractised eye the place appears to be quite new. This freshness is, however, but on the surface. Antiquity is there, as the visitor strikingly feels when he is shown a recently discovered subterranean way on the right of the chapel to a small dungeon, where was found a human skeleton of almost gigantic size.

The Chevy Chase room shares the visitor's interest with the celebrated St. Michael's Chair, which is actually the remains of the stone frame-work of a beacon fire-holder. This chair is situated on an outermost angle of the tower of the church, and it requires iron nerves to enable the visitor to take that seat in it which traditionally gives a husband or wife rule over the house—a legend based on a keen knowledge of humanity, for only a powerful will could force its owner to “take the chair.” The panorama of land and water as seen from the Mount is exceptionally splendid.

## THE LAND'S END.

No district affords such marvellous contrasts between fair and tempestuous weather as the bleak downs, broken land, and massive cliffs which go to make up the Land's End. It is a paradise of surprises. When the wind is hushed and the sun is pouring its magic rays over the Cornish woodlands, then the scene is one of enchantment. Colours of the brightest yet of the most evanescent character merge into each other, and form a panorama of unbroken beauty. Nevertheless the Land's End is most magnificent in its rugged grandeur—when the raging sea is driving its swift waters far up over the defiant, frowning, iron-like coast, which merely frowns as the silver sword-like thrusts of angry waters strike up and



LAND'S END.

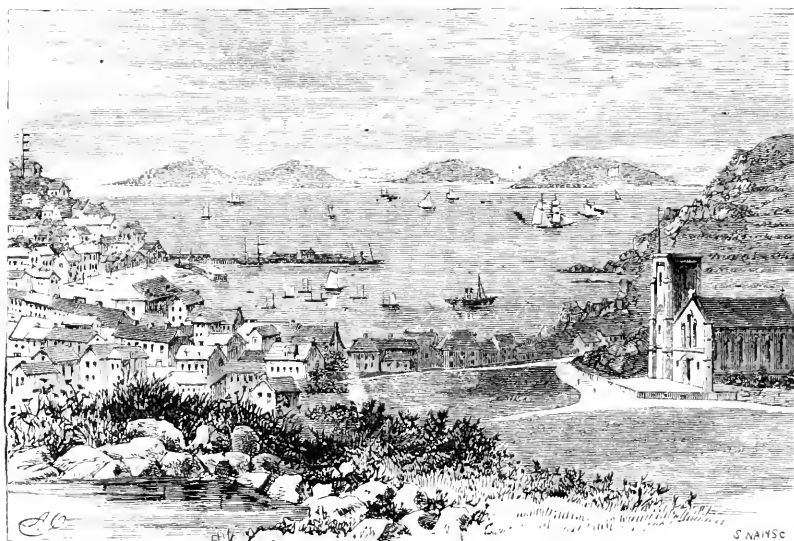
along the sullen rock-bound undulating coast-line. The wind-worried roll of Atlantic waters dashes upon the last land in England, the water leaps up even to the very brow of the overhanging cliffs, while the storm birds, white and soaring, give an added splendour to the noble scene.

Here, as the land breaks into craggy islets, broken, scattered ledges and points of rocks, is seen the Longship light-house, calm and serene, steadily served, while every night its light shines out clear and bright.

There are a score of interesting points in the neighbourhood, notably Botallack Tin Mine and Tintagel Castle, both within easy walking distance. On a very fine summer day it is possible to see certain faint darkish spots on the horizon. These are the Scilly Islands. It is between the Land's End and the Scilly Islands where lies the submerged land of Lyonesse, once the country over which ruled King Arthur. No part of England is so rich in folk-lore, and in quaint, innocent superstitions, as the Land's End.

## THE SCILLY ISLES.

WENDING your way to the point of the extension pier at Penzance you may find a small steamer, perchance "The Queen of the Isles," steam up and prepared for that voyage of four hours in fair weather, which carries the visitor to the Scilly Isles. The granite rocks, and they are little more, which are collectively called the Scilly Islands are literally about three hundred. But not many can boast a blade of grass, and only five are actually inhabited. Of the islands St. Mary's is the principal. It contains considerably beyond a thousand inhabitants, more than double the number of the occupants of the other four inhabited isles, while its acreage nearly equals that of the remainder, the names of which are Tresco, St. Martin's, St. Agnes,



SCILLY ISLES, LOOKING FROM ST. MARY'S.

and Bryher. Samson, the next in point of size, boasts not a single inhabitant. A week may be very pleasantly spent in the Scilly Isles.

There are some remarkable rocks in these islets, especially the Nag's Head, and the Hatchet and Block, while the most remarkable sight is the litter of Western Isles, the scene of many shipwrecks, and where the Bishop lighthouse is built far in advance of those dangerous points.

Once in the Scilly Isles, and necessarily landing in St. Mary's, the visitor will do well to make a tour round Star Castle. He should then make for the rocks at Peninnis.

The best points in St. Mary's visited, the visitor will do wisely to visit Tresco, where at Pentle Bay many fine shells may be found. In Tresco and at the abbey lived the late lord proprietor of the isles, Augustus Smith, to whom the Scilly islanders owe very much of their present prosperity. Mr. Smith, who died in 1872, was the introducer of the successful early potato culture into these islands. The lighthouse of St. Agnes, and that of the Bishop Rock, should be visited.

## THE SOUTH-WEST.

THE most characteristic shape of England is that long stretch of bold coast-line, whose ultimate point is the Lands End. In a rough way it may be said, that between London, Devon, and Cornwall lies the district of the London and South-Western. Its main terminus at Waterloo still retains some of the peculiarities that railways possessed before they were admitted into the heart of London, but this removal of the main terminus from the centre of London life is compensated by the fact that the trains of the London and South Western now work in unison with the District, and run over its territory to the station at Mansion House. The route over the main line may be very briefly described. Leaving Waterloo we see the Houses of Parliament, the Victoria tower of which is 336 feet high; and Lambeth Palace, for nearly 700 years the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. Twelve miles from London we are at Kingston-on-Thames, a large and growing suburb of the metropolis. Two miles further is Esher, once the residence of Wolsey: and a small castled turret near the river Mole is pointed out as the place of his temporary imprisonment. At the opposite end of the village is the park of Claremont, in the palace of which the death of the lamented Princess Charlotte took place, in 1817. Here Louis Philippe and his ex-queen passed the last years of their exile, and died. Seventeen miles from London we are at the village of Walton-upon-Thames, an agreeable spot for a day's excursion from town. Here Bradshaw, one of the judges of Charles I., resided; here Admiral Rodney was born, and here, in the vestry of St. Mary's Church, the "Gossip's bridle" is preserved. We next pass Weybridge, where Louis Philippe and his queen were buried; and then we observe the Royal Dramatic College for aged actors and actresses, and the cemetery of Brookwood, near Woking; and as we run along the Frimley embankment the eye ranges over a wide stretch of pleasant country, with hills and wooded dales. Crossing a streamlet we leave Surrey for Hampshire, and reach Farnborough Station, where we are not far from Aldershot. Passing Fleet, with its lakes, and Winchfield, we notice, upon our left, the ruins of Basing House, valiantly defended for the King, and after four years' siege captured by Cromwell, and burnt to the ground. At Basingstoke we see the town lying in a hollow, and in the cemetery on our right the remains of what is known as the "Holy Ghost Chapel." A short distance south of Basingstoke, two main lines of the railway diverge: the one being the old high road to Winchester and Southampton, with its tributary branches; the other the great thoroughfare to the south-west, through Salisbury to Exeter. The line is now running over part of what was once Salisbury Plain; and, eighty-three miles from London we arrive at Salisbury. This station has lately been greatly enlarged. To our left, in the centre of the city, rises to a height of 400 feet the noble spire of the Cathedral, the highest in England. It

is justly the pride of the inhabitants of Salisbury. Standing in the midst of a wide-spread well-kept grassy lawn, and surrounded with trees, it gives, as Mr. Rickman says, the best general view of a cathedral to be had in England, and displays the various parts to the greatest advantage. On the right of the line the bold and remarkable earthworks of Old Sarum are seen, for many years the site of one of the principal towns of the kingdom. Sarum was the Roman station *Sorbiadunum*, meaning "the dry city." From hence six Roman roads diverged. Though not a house remained, Sarum returned two members to Parliament until the passing of the Reform Bill. The elm tree under which the elections took place may easily be found.

At Wilton the first manufactory of carpets is said to have been established, and it is still carried on. Axminster, Persian, and hand-made Brussels are produced here. The town stands in a broad rich valley near the confluence of the Nadder and Wyly. A battle was fought here between King Alfred and the Danes. When Sarum declined Wilton rose into importance; when the Great Western Road was made it was the "totale cause," says Leland, "of the ruine of Wiltown." Wilton House, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, is celebrated for its marbles and pictures. It may be seen on Wednesdays and Fridays. It is surrounded by a deer-park. Dinton House, near the next station, is on the river Nadder, and was the birth-place of the great Lord Clarendon. Passing the great village of Tisbury, in the churchyard of which is a yew-tree 30 feet in circumference, we reach Semley, 101 miles from London. The tower of the church may be seen from the line. Temple Combe is an important junction of the South Western and Midland Companies—the joint owners of the Somerset and Dorset lines. There is now easy and through communication between the Midland districts and Bristol and Bath, *via* Temple Combe, to Wimborne, Poole, Bournemouth, and the south and south-west coasts. Sherborne, 118 miles from town, has one of the finest old churches in the west of England'. It was once a cathedral but the bishopric was removed to Old Sarum in 1075. Macready lived at Sherborne House. Sherborne Castle was partly built by Sir Walter Raleigh, amid sheltering woods and picturesque scenery. Yeovil Junction comes next. Passing the pleasantly situated market-town of Crewkerne and Chard Junction, we arrive at Axminster, a town mentioned in the will of King Alfred, and at one time famous for its carpets; the name survives, but the manufacture has departed. Seaton Junction is now reached, from near which a glance may be had of the sea, the only one in our journey. Seven miles further we pass Honiton, renowned for its lace; Ottery Road for Ottery-St.-Mary, and Sidmouth; Whimble, with the square embattled tower of its church and its pretty railway station; Broad Clyst, which derives its name from the river; Pinhoe, the church of which used to serve as a landmark for ships, and we are at Exeter. A pleasant branch, skirting the Exe, will take us forward to the delightful sea-coast town of Exmouth; or another line will carry us from Exeter across Devon to the charming scenery that skirts the Bristol Channel.



## RICHMOND AND KEW.

THE glories of Richmond Hill have often been painted by pencil and by pen. Sir Walter Scott describes "the pleasant village" and the "commanding eminence, where the beauty of English landscape is displayed in its utmost luxuriance." The present day sees Richmond take a leading position as a fashionable suburb of London, the railway having brought it within a comfortable residential relation to the heart of business life. It has grown immensely in mere point of increase in its inhabitants; but its great natural position, together with its notoriety for genial dinners, retains for it a high reputation as a pleasant place for an outing. The great park was not enclosed till the time of Charles I. It is nearly nine miles in cir-



cumference, and includes some 2,250 acres. On the grassy lawns and beneath the deep woods of the Park some 1,600 fallow deer, and 70 or 80 red deer find their haunts and home. To obtain a complete view of its picturesque scenery, the tourist is recommended to enter the park at Richmond Hill Gate; to cross it in a southerly direction towards Kingston; then to keep along the borders to the Roehampton entrance, and thence to the lodge at East Sheen. The White Lodge stands on a height at the end of the Queens' Drive. It belongs to the Prince of Wales. At Pembroke Lodge, Earl Russell spent his declining days. Kew is a picturesque village, famous the world over for its Botanical Gardens. They include an Orangery 142 feet long, a Palm House, one of the finest in Europe, a Pinetum, Tropical Houses, Ferneries, &c., each of which contains countless objects of the greatest interest. The house called "the Palace," a Tudor building of red brick, is supposed to have been built by a Dutch merchant, named Portman. Kew Green is one of the most quaint bits of scenery round the Metropolis.

## WINDSOR.

THE visitor to Windsor has the choice of three routes. Trains run over the Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Lines, in addition to those from the main terminus at Waterloo. Taking our course by way of Richmond into the "Royal" County of Berks, we skirt the Home Park until the magnificent Castle breaks upon our view, and in a few minutes we reach our destination. No one can here pause and gaze upon the stately towers of "Windsor's Castled Keep" without emotion. It is not only that its appearance to-day is in the highest degree imposing and impressive, but that the mind also travels back to the times when, in the days of the Norman Conqueror, and often since, great events have been transacted,



and a long line of statesmen, warriors, churchmen, and courtiers, have taken their part in guiding, for good or for ill, the course of our national history. In this immediate neighbourhood stalwart barons compelled King John to sign the first Great Charter of the people's rights. Later on York and Lancaster struggled for the possession of the Castle. Within its walls "Tudors signed decrees to light the fires of Smithfield, and Cromwell declared to Continental despotism that no man should be persecuted on account of his Protestantism." But we must not longer linger. The "hundred steps" are the shortest approach from the South Western Station to the Castle. But we prefer to go round to the gateway of Henry VIII. It is flanked by two octagonal towers. Opposite to it is St. George's Chapel, one of the finest examples of perpendicular Gothic, an "exquisite gem of our florid architecture." Nearly the whole of it was built in the reign of Edward IV., the stone roof of the choir being added by Henry VII. No part of the interior is left unornamented. Beneath the organ screen we enter the choir, "where," says Murray, "the richness of

the architecture and splendour of the dark oak is increased by the effect of the escutcheons, helmets, banners, and mantles of the Knights of the Garter suspended over the stalls. Here the installation ceremonies of the Order have been performed ever since their first celebration on St. George's Day, 1349." Here Henry VIII. was buried "by his true and loving wife Queen Jane," and here also Charles I. was laid, "his pall white with the snow which fell upon it in its passage to the chapel." The round tower or keep of the Castle, formerly called "*La Rose*," was built by Edward III. He was born at Windsor, and he resolved here to raise an edifice which should surpass the palaces of his predecessors, and he entrusted the work to one who was worthy of the task—William of Wykeham. The tower stands on the summit of an artificial mound, and rises 300 feet above the Park. In clear weather—as a board on the battlements informs us—twelve counties may be seen: Middlesex, Essex, Herts, Bucks, Berks, Wilts, Oxford, Hants, Kent, Sussex, Surrey, and Bedford. When the Queen resides at Windsor the Royal Standard floats above.

The north terrace was the work of Queen Elizabeth. It is a third of a mile in length. It was a favourite walk of that Queen, and has been of all her successors. Pepys says that "the prospect is the best in the world, sure;" and Evelyn declares that "the terrace towards Eton, with the park, meandering Thames, and sweet meadows, yield one of the most delightful prospects in the world." The State Apartments are opened gratuitously to the public on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, in the absence of the Court, and are shown in the following order:—The Queen's Audience Chamber, the ceiling of which is by Verrio. The Gobelin tapestry represents the history of Esther and Mordecai. There are also portraits, and a picture of Mary Queen of Scots, "daughter, consort, and mother of kings" as she is described, with the scene of her execution at Fotheringhay in the background. The Vandyke Room comes next. It has an extraordinary series of portraits by that great master. We now enter the Queen's State Drawing Room, with large pictures by Zuccarelli; then the Queen's Closet; the King's Closet, adorned with marine emblems; the King's Drawing Room or the Rubens Room, filled with portraits by Rubens; the Council Chamber; the Vestibule; the Grand Staircase, containing Chantrey's statue of George IV.; the Grand Vestibule, 47 feet long and nearly as high, with banners, armour, and cannon; the Waterloo Chamber, in the Elizabethan style, nearly 100 feet in length, the walls of which are covered with portraits, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of all the chief persons who took part in the wars that ended with the battle at Waterloo; the Throne Room, with carvings by Gibbons; the Ball Room, 90 feet long, which has Gobelin tapestry presented by Charles X.; St. George's Hall, 200 feet long, where the Knights of the Garter receive their investiture; and the Guard Chamber, filled with armour, including that of John of France, taken at Poitiers, and David of Scotland, and having at the end of the room, on part of the mast of the "*Victory*," a bust of Nelson, by Chantrey.

## ETON.

"THE College of the Blessed Mary of Eton, beside Windsor," was founded in 1440, by Henry the Sixth, when he was eighteen years of age, on the Buckinghamshire bank of the Thames. For the execution of the buildings he provided funds, appointed the architect, and exercised supervision over the men employed upon the works. As the building grew towards completion he framed a charter of foundation, gave an endowment from his own demesne lands, and, in order that the College might not lack scholars, caused thirty-five of the Winchester boys to be transferred to Eton. The buildings have a venerable appearance, and, from a distance, form a conspicuous and striking group, the massive but



graceful chapel rising boldly above the rest, breaking the uniformity and giving unity and dignity to the whole. We turn to the well-known elm walk and pass through the central gateway into the chief quadrangle. It is the school hour. All around seems solitary and silent. The sombre edifice wears a grave academic look. On the north side is the Lower School, with the Old Dormitory above; on the west is the Upper School; on the south the Chapel. In the centre is a bronze statue by Bird to the "never-fading memory" of the Royal founder. In the general appearance of the buildings the visitor is reminded of St. James's or Hampton Court Palaces. The Chapel, 175 feet long, has some resemblance to that of King's College, Cambridge, and is a very fine specimen of the late Perpendicular style. The interior has been beautifully restored. The old screen, the ceiling, the wainscoting, and the seats have all been removed. The east window has been filled with stained glass. There are handsome dark oak benches in the body of the chapel, richly carved stalls occupy the sides, and the chancel

is laid with tessellated pavement. Passing through the gateway of the lofty clock tower—a handsome specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century, we enter the inner quadrangle, called the Green Yard. It is surrounded by cloisters. The buildings around consist of a hall, a library, and the lodgings of the provost and fellows. The Hall is a curious apartment with a dais for the dignitaries, and provided with three fireplaces “discovered behind the panelling at its restoration; that at the end is unique, as being behind the dais, and is coeval with the foundation.” The stained window above represents scenes in the life of Henry the Sixth. The panelling is richly decorated with the arms of benefactors and provosts. The library contains many treasures of bibliography. The New Buildings, as they are called, though now some thirty years old, are in the Tudor style, and have a frontage of about 120 feet. A tall tower of pleasing design, with well-grouped, carved chimney shafts stands at one angle. These buildings are appropriated to the scholars. Until they were erected the boys slept in a common dormitory. Part of the new building is occupied by the Boys’ Library, a large and lofty room, handsomely fitted up with a neat gallery carried round. It contains some 6,000 volumes, and a large collection of stuffed birds, presented by Dr. Thackeray. The scholars on the foundation of Eton reside within the College walls; the King’s scholars number perhaps seventy; the oppidans, as they are called, are 800 or 900. The school expenses of the former are almost nominal; those of an oppidan amount to perhaps £150 a-year.

For the modern history of Eton we must visit it; for what it was we must trust to the fading recollections of those who have been there, and curious stories they will tell us. Modern luxuries were unknown. At half-past eight, summer and winter, the senior boys and their younger companions were locked up together in their dormitory for eleven mortal hours. Fagging then was fagging indeed. The hardships of that Long Chamber were so great that parents were afraid to enter their sons for election. Still, says one who writes from his own experience, there was fun of a kind known even to the junior King’s boys. They shared the excitement of foraging excursions to supplement the meagre fare of over-roasted mutton, which was their unalterable daily principal meal. “They took an active part in the nightly rat-hunts up and down the oaken floor. They themselves were promoted to be ‘faggers’ in time, and tasted of those sweets of office which their youthful hearts had so long and earnestly yearned for. And when as seniors, they found their names placed on the roll for election to King’s College, Cambridge, it was with a kindly feeling of reverence, not unmixed with affection, for the place, that they took their leave of the cheerless and uncomfortable Long Chamber. Its pleasures and pastimes alone were remembered; its miseries were forgotten. But Long Chamber, with all its traditions, is now a thing of the past. And the King’s Scholars are now cared for, and properly supervised, by a master specially appointed to look after their domestic welfare.”

## VIRGINIA WATER.

THE great Park of Windsor is separated from the Castle by the high road, and by part of the town. For three miles it is crossed by the great avenue known as the Long Walk, at the extremity of which is Snow Hill ; where, on a block of granite, stands a colossal equestrian lead statue, twenty-six feet high, of George III., dressed in a Roman toga, by Westmacott. About half a mile from the end of the Long Walk is Cumberland Lodge, at one time the residence of the Duke who conquered at Culloden. Time was when Windsor Great Park formed part of a vast unenclosed forest, extending over more than 24,000 acres. Until, in fact, a comparatively modern period, the proud Keep of Windsor stood in solitary magnificence. "There



was then," as an admirable writer remarks, "little distinction of park or forest. The great oaks grew up to the Castle walls, and stretched away till they reached the sandy deserts of Surrey, and the chalk hills beyond the Kennet, almost to Reading." But among the vast expanse of heath and woodland some fertile spots had been enclosed, solitary farms had grown to villages, and villages into towns. During the lapse of four or five centuries, individual and manorial rights came to share with the Crown the ownership of some parts of the Royal forest. The Great Park was gradually separated from Windsor Forest, though in some parts by only imaginary lines ; and when the Duke of Cumberland received the office of Ranger to these estates, he planted the barren hills and turned the swampy flats into a vast artificial lake—the largest piece of artificial water in the kingdom, if that can be so designated where man has only collected the streams of the district into a natural basin which he deepened and extended. The out-flow escapes in an artificial cascade by the side of the Bagshot Road, and

## *Virginia Water.*

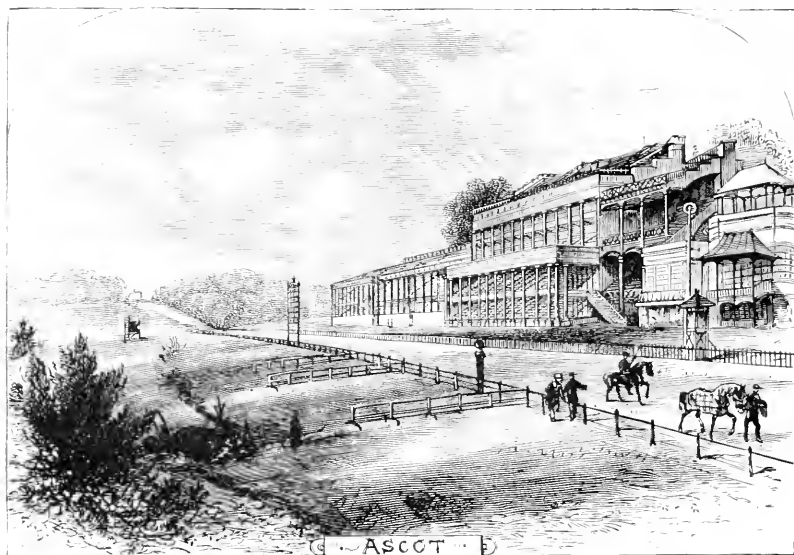
passes on to the Thames near Chertsey. "Great princes," it has been said, "have great playthings." The Duke of Cumberland wanted occupation in his solitude, and he both planted and built. "He had the merit of seeing the genius of Paul Sandby, whom he patronised as a draughtsman when he was a mere boy. Sandby was the landscape gardener of Virginia Water. He had large materials to deal with and he used them with a bold and masterly hand. The name of the place was an ambitious one. The little lake and the gentle fir-clad banks have no real associations with the boundless forests where the first adventurers of the Anglo-Saxon stock carried the power of civilization. We receive the name simply as expressive of silence and solitude amidst woods and waters;" and we surrender ourselves to the genial influences of nature.

Near the lake is an obelisk standing on a small mound, and bearing the following inscription: "This obelisk was raised by command of George II. after the battle of Culloden, in commemoration of the services of his son William, Duke of Cumberland, the success of his arms, and the gratitude of his father." A miniature frigate floats upon the lake. The banks are adorned on one side by a Chinese fishing temple, from the gallery in front of which George IV. used almost daily to amuse himself with angling; and on the other side are fragments of a picturesque colonnade of porphyry, granite, and marble, brought from the African Coast. The arrangement has been criticised. "Last of all," says a writer, "the ruins - Grecian capitals on Egyptian shafts! The spoils of the Nile and the Ilyssus huddled together in a forced companionship! Real ruins removed from the sites to which they belong are the worst species of exotics. The tale which they tell of their ancient grandeur is quite out of harmony with their modern appropriation. We can look with an antiquarian pleasure upon a capital in a museum; but a shaft or two perched up in a modern pleasure ground produce a struggle between the feeling of the true and the artificial, and a sort of scorn of the petty vanity of the living which snatches the ruins of the dead from the hallowed spot where time or the barbarian had crumbled them into nothingness, to administer to a sense of what is pretty and merely picturesque. A real ruin is a solemn thing, when it stands upon the site where it has defied the elements for centuries in its pomp and glory; but a mock ruin—a fiction of lath and plaster, or a collection of fragments brought over sea,—are baubles." But whether we agree with the criticism or not we may give ourselves up to the full enjoyment of the scene, and following the serpentine paths through the wooded dells, gaze upon the pleasing scenery that stretches around. It is also worth while to take the advice of our friend Bradshaw and cross the little bridge, and passing one of the streams that feed the lake to pursue its windings among the under-wood, or strike into the path which leads to Bishopsgate, a beautiful village surrounded by all the charms of wood and water. Here for some time Shelley resided, and wrote his impressions of the allurements of the spot in one of his finest poems.

## ASCOT.

ASCOT is an interesting spot for a day's outing. Many places of interest are passed in our railway journey thither. Near the station the tower of Sunningdale Church becomes visible. It was originally a Saxon edifice. The yew tree on the north side was planted before the Conquest.

Ascot race-course occupies an elevated situation in what was formerly Windsor Forest. When the remainder of it was enclosed, it was ordered by the Act of Parliament that the course and the avenues thereto should be "kept and continued as a race-course for the public use at all times." The races, which take place early in June, were founded by the Duke of Cumberland, uncle of George III., the breeder of the famous horse



THE RACE COURSE AND GRAND STAND, ASCOT.

"Eclipse." The course is circular and nearly two miles long. The first half is on the descent, the last uphill. Ascot and the neighbourhood form one of the healthiest localities of England, and are especially recommended to those who have weak lungs. The pine plantations that stud the country for miles give forth a fragrance which is as grateful to the chest as to the smell. Though Ascot has ordinarily a quiet look, it is wide awake for one week in June. One curious thing may then be noticed at the telegraph offices, and any student of nature desirous of knowing what varieties of form and colour the human hand can assume, should station himself inside the telegraph office when a great race has been run. Every window is then completely blocked with hands thrusting in messages; from within nothing can be seen but hands and messages; outside, the efforts of the owners of the hands to gain possession of them are worthy of a better cause. The Royal Ascot Hotel is hard by.



## PORTSMOUTH AND SOUTHSEA.

THE appearance of Portsmouth is very striking. As we approach from the roadstead of Spithead, where the "Royal George" went down, where 1,000 ships can ride, and where perhaps some leviathans of the deep belonging to the navy are lying sullenly at anchor, we see before us the waters becoming more and more alive with craft: yachts, fishing vessels, steamers, great and small, are perhaps on their way to some neighbouring port or some haven far away; or "homeward bound" ships, laden with the treasures of distant climes, loom on the horizon; frowning batteries are directly in front, and also the mouth of the harbour of Portsmouth, which, narrow at the entrance, soon expands to a vast area, where are the tapering masts of many ships in the great inland lake behind, and far away the outlines of the



chalky Portsdown Hills. And now we have entered "the largest harbour and the most perfect fortress in Britain." On our right lie the towns of Portsmouth and Portsea and the Dockyard; on our left is Gosport, with the Royal Clarence Victualling Yard, Haslar Hospital, and other establishments; while in the harbour itself are the huge clumsy hulks known by the name of "ships in ordinary," ready, if wanted, to be masted, armed, and commissioned, but meanwhile being taken care of "in ordinary."

The Dockyard ought to be seen by every one. It has a water front of nearly a mile in length, and it extends over not much less than 200 acres. The Gun Wharf is another of the sights of Portsmouth. The Floating Bridge will, if desired, carry us across to Gosport, where fresh wonders may be explored.

Southsea is a large and increasing watering-place suburban to Portsmouth. Southsea Common is an open space, extending to the beach. Here reviews take place.

## THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

A RUN of twenty or thirty minutes carries the passenger from Southsea or Stokes Bay across Spithead to Ryde in the Isle of Wight. As we approach the pier we see, on our right, the Motherbank, where ships of war are usually riding at anchor ; Ryde spreads itself out before us on a hill backed by fields and masses of foliage ; while to our left stretches the outline of the coast. The pier is nearly half a mile in length. Here we might take the train and pursue our way by Brading, Sandown, and Shanklin to Ventnor, or direct to Newport and Cowes ; but we propose, in a more leisurely fashion, to look at the beauties of the island. Bending eastward, in a mile and a half we reach Binstead, where William the Conqueror gave half a hide of land to the Bishop of Winchester for a quarry of stone for the repair of the Cathedral. Four miles from Ryde we arrive at Brading ; and, if the tide is up, we survey a beautiful lake of 800 acres, sheltered by hills covered with trees, while the surface of the water is brightened by the white sails of swift yachts, and hundreds of silver-winged seagulls. Brading is an ancient town. From the old churchyard there is an excellent view of the haven, but it is more generally visited for the sake of some who were buried here. One tombstone is to the memory of Mrs. Berry, whose epitaph begins with the lines, "Forgive, blest shade, the tributary tear," and they have been set to music by Dr. Calcott, and are known wherever English music is cultivated. Another tells us that "Jane, the Young Cottager, lies buried here." She was the heroine of a little tale by the Rev. Legh Richmond, which has been sold by the million. "The Dairyman's Daughter" also lived in this neighbourhood. Bembridge Down, which forms the summit of the Culver Cliffs, is one of the hills on which Brading is built, is 400 feet above the sea, and affords views unsurpassed in the island.

Sandown is a wide, deep bay. Here a few fishermen's huts, and two or three shrimpers plying their craft, were all that was to be seen ; but now, as Fuller puts it, "the plague of building has lighted upon it," as well as upon other parts of the island. In a small cottage here John Wilkes had his "villakin." The road now winds round the bay for some three miles, and we then reach Shanklin, nine miles from Ryde. The Chine commences about half a mile from the shore, and gradually increases in width and depth, until at the mouth its wall-like cliffs arise to a height of nearly 300 feet. The red and yellow rock, or rather ferruginous sand, is covered with shrubs, ivy, briars and underwood. From the village the stream meanders pleasantly along past the cottages, hurries faster down the Chine, and then leaps, with a fall of twenty feet, on to the ledges beneath.

We have now reached what is called the Back of the Island. Here the famous Undercliff begins, and stretches as far as Black Gang Chine, nearly seven miles distant. The Undercliff is a sort of series of terraces of land from a quarter to half a mile in width, that have broken away from the lofty cliffs, and lie beneath, forming chasms and dells, slopes and precipices, covered with fields and trees, shrubs and ferns, wild flowers and lichens.

## *Isle of Wight.*

Ventnor is the little capital of the Undercliff. Continuing our journey west, we pass the church of St. Lawrence, the smallest, except perhaps Buttermere, in England; Niton, with the delightful Sandrock Hotel; then, if we have time, we go on to St. Catherine's Down, whence we can see over a large part of Hampshire, eastward as far as Beachy Head, and over the Channel to Cherbourg, while the Isle of Wight itself lies like a map at our feet. Returning to the coast we visit Black Gang Chine, in some respects like Shanklin, but more gloomy, and in rough weather far more grand, for then the waves are larger than on any other part of the English coast. The depth of the water, the rapidity of the tide, the projection of the land, and the exposure of the Chine cause the sea to approach unbroken to the very



CARISBROOKE CASTLE

margin on which the waves are hurled, and then to rebound into the air to the height of forty or fifty feet. Leaving the Chine, we see the beautiful coast bear away westward to Freshwater Bay, at the extremity of which are the Needles, which rise boldly from the water; then the wonderfully coloured cliffs of Alum Bay, and the lofty and towering chalk precipices of Scratchell's Bay—insulated rocks 400 or 500 feet high. Bearing eastward we see Var-mouth, with Hurst Castle and Lymington on the other side the Solent, and at length turning inland we reach Newport, in the centre of the island.

Carisbrooke Castle is about a mile from Newport. It is renowned for the beauty of its site, crowning a hill 240 feet above the sea; for its picturesque aspect, with its lofty keep, its strong ivy-grown gateways, its walls and moat enclosing an area of twenty acres; for its historical associations, for here Charles I. was a prisoner; for its castle well 300 feet deep, and for the lovely country all around.

Newport is five miles from Cowes, whence we take the steamer, and in less than an hour are at Southampton.

## BOURNEMOUTH.

FIFTY years ago, between the towns of Christchurch and Poole in Hampshire, a little stream might have been found flowing down a lonely valley into the sea; while the barren heath that stretched east and west was known only to an occasional traveller who chanced to pass that way, and to a few determined smugglers who lived there, the story of whose deeds has even yet scarcely died away. Now all is changed. Instead of two or three mud hovels there are countless stately villas, and many handsome streets. Instead of a wild waste there are woods, commons, hills, and valleys, "jewelled with purple heather and golden gorse, and the shaded windings of the evergreen hedgerows," and plantations which have given to Bournemouth the name of "The Evergreen Valley of the South." In our ordinary watering-places the accommodation provided for visitors is specially suitable for summer time, when every one lives almost out of doors: the striking characteristic of Bournemouth is its ample provision as a winter home. On either side of spacious roads that wind through the pine-woods are broad footpaths, behind which, surrounded by closely-shaven lawns and deep thickets of arbutus, flowering bay, and laurel, are stately houses of modern erection, built with every regard for the comfort of the inmates.

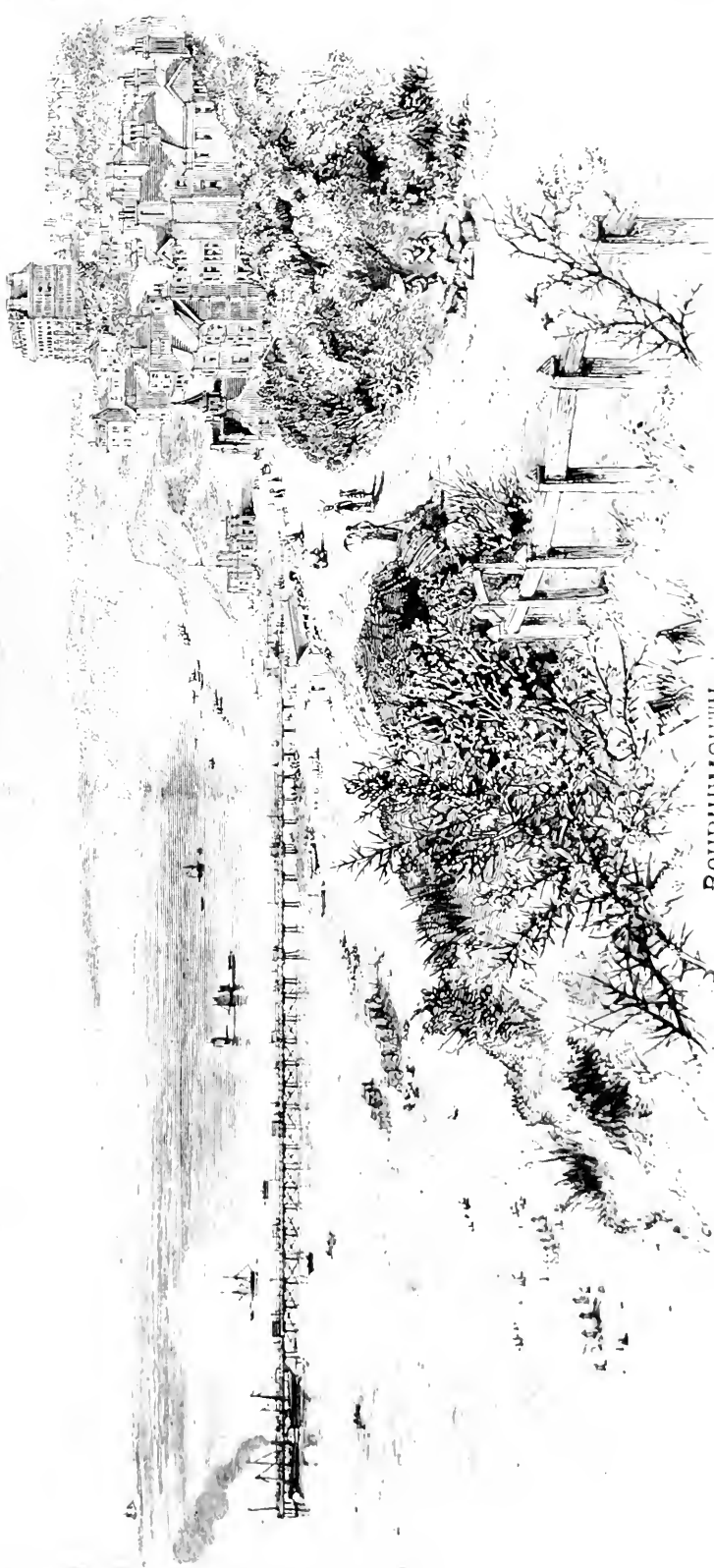
Rising above the sea and shore, and broken here and there by ravines, or "chines," as they are called, are lofty and precipitous cliffs that stretch for many a mile along the coast from Poole Harbour to Christchurch Head. The sands at their feet are bright, hard, and smooth. Even the water has characteristics of its own—"clear and pale-green close in shore, where the white sand of the beach shows through, deep-blue further out, and grey where the wind" breaks heaviest over its surface.

Standing on the cliffs and looking to the south-east we see the chalk cliffs of the Isle of Wight and the Needles; while westward are the wood and turrets of Branksome Tower, Branksea Castle and Island in Poole Harbour; and in the distance to the south-west the hills of the Isle of Purbeck, crowned by the magnificent ruins of Corfe Castle.

It was not till about the year 1854 that the peculiar salubrity of the climate of Bournemouth attracted attention. Situated on a great bay that looks over the sea to the south, with an unusually mild and rainless climate, with a porous soil of sand and gravel which does not retain moisture or return it to the atmosphere, it also enjoys the additional advantage of having no estuary nearer than four or five miles, and it is, in consequence, entirely free from the drawbacks arising from low lands, tidal muds or retentive soils.

The finest public building in Bournemouth is St. Peter's Church. In the south transept is a handsome window in memory of Keble, author of "The Christian Year," who died at Bournemouth. The tower and spire are 192 feet high. There are numerous benevolent institutions in Bournemouth, especially for invalids, among which are the Sanatorium, the Firs Home, and the Herbert Home. The Town Hall stands in the main road, and opposite to it is the Arcade. The Club, situated close to the pier, is conducted on the principle of the London clubs. The Winter Gardens are covered in with glass, and are beautified by costly plants and palms.

BOURHIENCOU

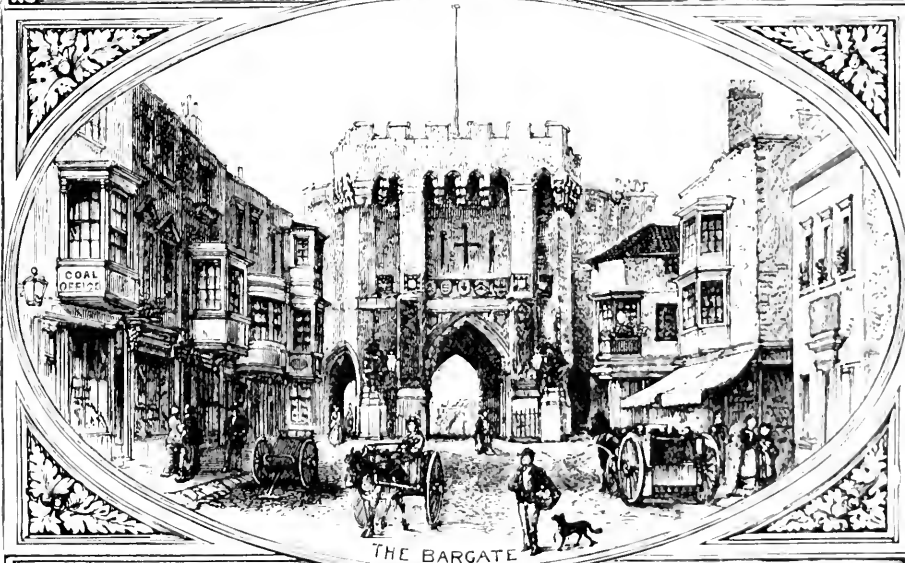
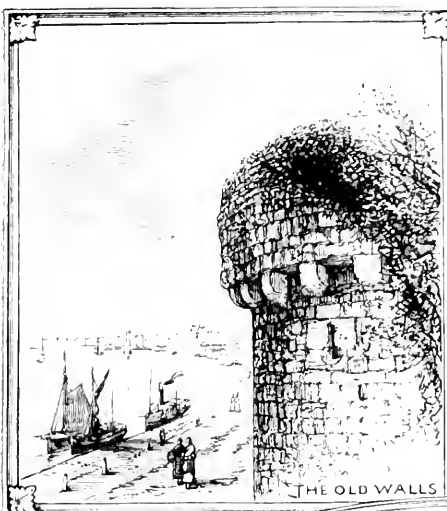


## SOUTHAMPTON.

As long ago as when Winchester was the residence of the sovereigns of England, and virtually its capital, Southampton—then called Hamptune—was a prosperous seaport. Southampton Water, some three miles wide, and in the centre about forty feet in depth, sheltered with wooded hills, and with the great natural breakwater of the Isle of Wight, offered a safe and inviting anchorage for any number of vessels of any burthen. In the reign of Henry II. it was made by royal charter an incorporated town; and, long before, it had been walled, and defended by moats filled from the sea. In the middle ages it was the most convenient place of embarkation for sovereigns and troops on their way to France, and its shores witnessed the departure of the men who won the fields of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. The Protestants driven from the Netherlands, in the middle of the seventeenth century, settled in Southampton, brought with them the manufacture of several kinds of cloth not before known in England, and contributed largely to the prosperity of the town. The first cause of its decay was the great plague of 1665.

The modern prosperity of Southampton dates from the beginning of the reign of George III. The town and suburbs alike increased during the wars with France that followed the Revolution. Bodies of troops were encamped on Shirley and Netley Commons, and were embarked from hence for foreign service. The progress of the town, however, was slow, until in 1834 the London and South Western Railway was commenced; and, subsequently, the docks were constructed on what was termed the Mudland—a large space between the town and the river Itchin. The first dock—the tidal dock—was opened in 1842, the area of the basin being sixteen acres, with quays paved with granite, and provided with commanding ranges of warehouses. Other docks have since been added; Southampton has been made the starting port for the splendid fleet of the Union Steamship Company, the ships of which have made such remarkable passages to the Cape; the Royal Mail, the Peninsular and Oriental and other navigation companies. The railway is in immediate connection with the docks, and runs its rails to the doors of the warehouses and along the margins of the quays, so that cargoes may be lifted from the holds of the vessels into the trucks, and despatched to any part of the kingdom without delay. The scene presented, when two or three mail steamers happen to arrive on the same day, is busy and varied. Notabilities of all sorts—"foreign monarchs, royal Bengal tigers, Indian, African and Egyptian princes, great monkeys, distinguished ambassadors, hippopotami, alligators, generals, admirals, illustrious exiles, Californian bears, colonial governors, etc.," are constantly coming upon shore, and many of them afford infinite amusement and occupation to the loungers and gossip retailers of the town. There is an excellent pier which serves as a promenade, and for the embarkation of passengers for the coasting steamers.

Three of the ancient bars of the town remain. The Bar-gate that now crosses the centre of the busy High Street was at one time the north gate,



and was approached from without by a drawbridge over the moat that encircled the walls on the land side. It is of two periods: the semi-circular archway is the original gate, and probably of the same date as the walls; the pointed arch northward belongs to the fourteenth century. On either side are figures of Sir Bevis, "whose memory is still fragrant in his old town," and of the giant Ascapart, who was overthrown in fight by Sir Bevis, and became his "knave." Near the south gate, not far from the pier, is a picturesque tower, formerly called a "castelet," and the remains of the castle survive. It is named the "Arundel Tower," after a governor who here, in 1377, repulsed a French attack. Portions of the town walls, and of some early houses attached thereto, also exist. The chief of these may be found by the tourist west of the main quay. Here the long line of massive grey wall stretches along; at one point there was a postern. The wall here consists of "a series of arches, carrying the parapet wall and 'alura' or passage along it. Some of these arches are round, others pointed. The piers are connected with the wall of the house close by, some of the windows of which are pierced in the intervening arches." The spaces at the top of the arches are open, and form a succession of machicolations, possibly for letting down beams so as to resist the action of catapults. There is a passage within the thickness of the wall. The *Domus Dei*, or house of God, or hospital, is in Winkle Street, near the Quay.

Netley Abbey, on the east bank of the Southampton Water, is three miles from Southampton, though the pedestrian may find a shorter way. It is supposed to have been founded in the twelfth century, by the Cistercian order of monks, who loved to build their homes among the woods. The community consisted of an abbot and twelve brethren. Many of the trees have been felled, but the scene is still one of great interest and beauty, and justifies the praises of Horace Walpole. "The ruin," he says, "is vast, and contains fragments of beautiful fretted roofs, pendant in the air, with all variety of Gothic patterns of windows, topped round and round with ivy. Many trees have sprouted up among the walls, and only want to be increased by cypresses. A hill rises above the abbey enriched with wood. The fort, in which we would build a tower for habitation, remains, with two small platforms. This little castle is buried from the abbey in a wood, in the very centre, on the edge of a hill. On each side breaks in a view of the Southampton sea, deep blue, glistening with silver and vessels; on one side terminated by Southampton, on the other by Calshot Castle; and the Isle of Wight rises above the opposite hills. In short, they are not the ruins of Netley, but of Paradise. Oh, the purpled abbots! What a spot they had chosen to slumber in! The scene is so beautifully tranquil, yet so lively, that they seem only to have retired *into* the world." Until the archæologist has carefully examined the ruins, he should reject the advice of Thomas Ingoldsby—

"And say to the person who drove his shay  
(A highly respectable man, by the way),  
'I don't like this at all, so take me away.'"



# THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

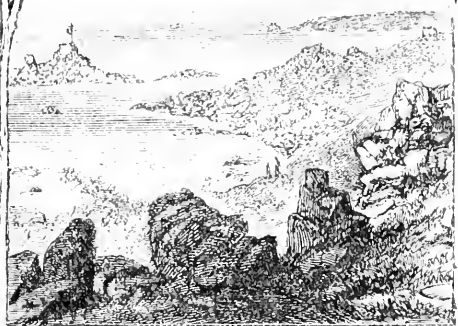
## GUERNSEY.

At a quarter before midnight every week-night, except Saturday, the Royal Mail steamer leaves Southampton for the Channel Islands, and in fine weather the boat reaches Guernsey next morning at eight, and Jersey at ten. Passing down the Solent between the rich meadow lands of Hampshire, and the beautiful shores of the Isle of Wight—by day or by moonlight—with Hurst Castle, Bournemouth, and Swanage Bay successively, on our right, and Yarmouth and then the Needles on our left, we are now fairly out in the Channel, the coast of Dorset and the Island fading away in the distance.

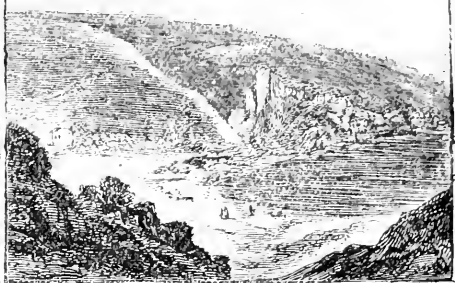
Guernsey is 123 miles from Southampton. Before we approach the island, we pass Alderney to the east, and on the west the Casquet Rocks, which rise abruptly out of deep water and seem to lie directly in our track. At night, however, the voyager is warned by three revolving lights placed on towers 112 feet above the sea, that are visible for twenty miles. The Casquets are a numerous group, and extend half a mile across and a mile and a half in length from east to west. The Island of Guernsey is a triangular granite rock, some nine miles long by six, but the sinuosities of the coast reach for nearly forty miles. The land slopes gradually downwards from the bold cliffs at the south, that rise perpendicularly and continuously from the sea to a height of nearly 300 feet, till it spreads out in the low, flat and fertile plains to the north of the island. Half a dozen brooks descend into the bays. St. Peter's Port is in the centre of a long irregular bay on the east coast, and it presents a straggling frontage towards the sea of nearly a mile and a half. St. Helier's, in Jersey, has a rock and a castle thereon in the middle of the harbour, and similarly St. Peter's Port has its rocky island on which Castle Cornet—picturesque in appearance if not formidable for defence—has been built. Many historical associations connected with "the Great Rebellion" cluster around its walls. The town of St. Peter's has a more striking appearance. The narrow, steep, and crooked streets climb the heights, and are flanked by substantial if venerable mansions; the houses overtop each other; the environs abound with pretty villas, and when seen from the water at night the numerous lights from window and street have the effect of a brilliant illumination. The New Town stands on so elevated a position that it is ascended from the market-place by no fewer than 145 steps. At the summit of these is Mount Gibel, and a quarter of a mile from hence is the "New Ground"—a military parade of some eight acres in extent.

The most pleasing natural scenery in the island is in the southern and south-western districts, where beautiful spots may be found. There the bold, rocky and precipitous heights of Pleinmont abound with jagged promontories somewhat difficult of access, but they reward the climber by the glorious views beyond and the seething cauldrons beneath. There is a good house of entertainment near Pleinmont. Fermain Bay, Petit Bo, and Moulin Huet also, are worthy of a visit. The best way of seeing the whole island is to walk right round the headlands.

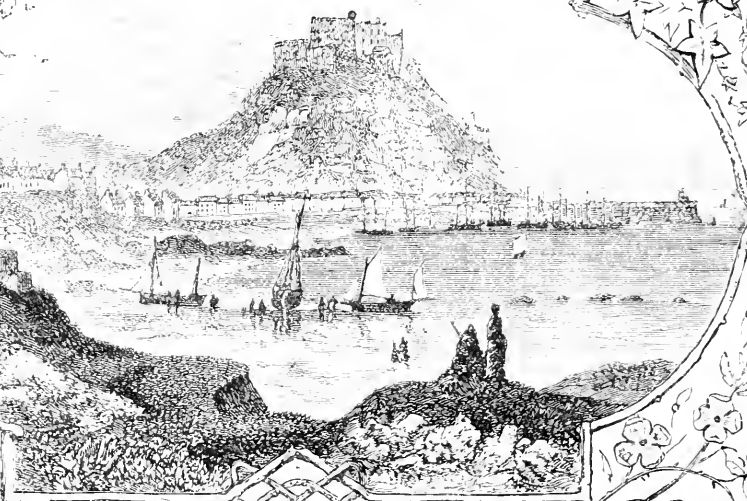
CORBIERE ROCKS



GREVE DE LEOG



MOUNT ORCUEIL



DEVILS HOLE



PLEMONT CAVE



VIEWS  
OF  
JERSEY

## JERSEY.

THIRTY miles from Guernsey, and 150 from Southampton, we are at St. Helier's the principal town in Jersey. Unlike Guernsey, Jersey slopes from north to south : and the whole of the north, east, and west coast has rugged and precipitous rocks, while the southern shore, though fringed with crags and undulating cliffs, spreads out in fine sandy beaches.

The steamers enter the harbour of St. Helier's on the eastern side of the Bay of St. Aubin's before disembarking their passengers : and if the tide is "up," the first impressions created by the island with its beautiful bay, its sloping shores, its thickly wooded heights, and its cottages and villas, are pleasing ; while the extensive defences of Fort Regent, which tower above and overtop the houses, remind us of the military importance of the position. They cost no less than £800,000.

One of the spots which the visitor to Jersey should not fail to see is Mount Orgueil. It is not quite five miles from St. Helier's, and it stands on the summit of a headland of granite rock that runs out into the sea. The origin and the architect are unknown, but there the fortress remains to-day—as it has done since, at least, before the time of King John—a massive and imposing ruin commanding views of the open bay, the harbour of Gorey with its oyster boats, the wooded interior of the island, and on the distant horizon the white shores of Normandy, and the cathedral spire of Coutances. At Mount Orgueil, Charles II. and also Prynne were confined. The latter refers to the Castle thus:—

“ Mount Orgueil is a lofty pile,  
Within the eastern port of Jersey Isle,  
Near to a sandy bay where boats do ride,  
Within a peere, safe from both wind and tide.”

The Corbière Rocks form one of the headlands on the south coast. Here the sea-ravens (Corbières) build their nests. The pink and grey granites of the cliff are crossed with veins of dark green which have a striking effect.

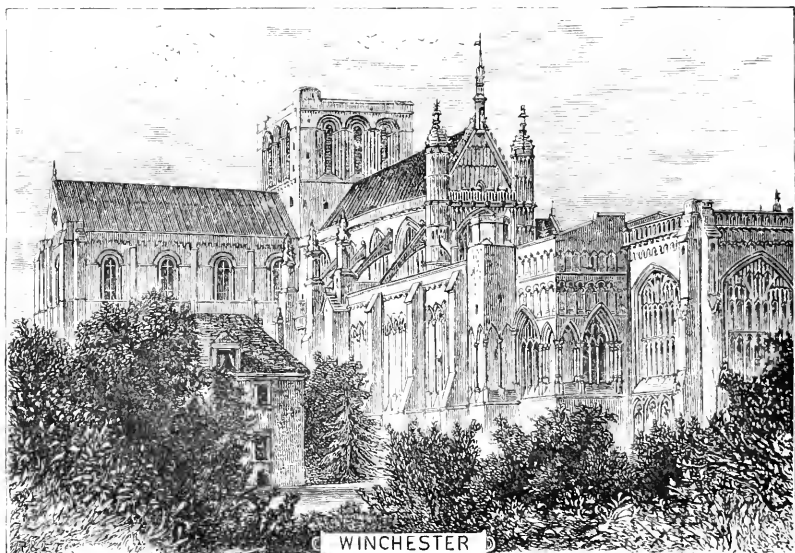
The Grève de Lecq is a beautiful sand bay, seven and a half miles north-west of St. Helier's. To the west towards Pleinmont, and also to the east, are a series of fine cliff scenery. From the cliff above, a beautiful view is obtained of the Paternosters or Pierres de Lecq, and “a rough path descends a gully in which is a pretty waterfall, and a small cavern overhung with ferns.” To the west are other gullies and “a remarkably deep narrow fiord with lofty vertical walls of granite.” A stream falls precipitously from the head of the fiord for 100 feet on to a shingle beach.

Twenty miles from Guernsey and forty from Jersey is the little island of Alderney, famous for its cows. It is only four miles long by a mile and a half broad. The cliffs on the south-east coast are 150 or 200 feet high. The harbour of refuge has cost more than £1,000,000 of money.

Sark, or Serk, is six miles east of Guernsey, and is about three miles long. The cliffs are 100 to 200 feet in height. The Coupée Rock, the chief wonder, is a neck of land about five feet broad with a precipice on either side of about 200 feet deep. It is a dangerous path in windy weather. The island is a kingdom, and is governed by a Parliament of its own, which meets under the command of the Lord of Sark.

## WINCHESTER.

WINCHESTER occupies a pre-eminent position in our ancient annals. The Britons took up their abode by the flowing streams and rich meadow lands of the sheltered valley, and gave it the name of Gwent, the white. The Belgæ came next, wrested the town from its possessors, and conquered South Britain. The Romans made it their chief station in these parts and gave Winchester its first historical importance. After the Norman Conquest it became the capital, and the residence of the sovereign; walls and castles were built for its defence, and the New Forest was afforested as a hunting-ground. One royal hunting party ended tragically, for a charcoal burner's cart carried along the streets of Winchester the dead body of a king.



In after years the Cathedral was almost entirely rebuilt by the famous William of Wykeham, who held the see of Winchester from 1366 to 1404. He converted the old Norman nave into Gothic, and made it one of the finest in England. It is 250 feet long and 85 broad. Here are the chantries of several of the bishops who contributed to the building or the renovation of the cathedral, and conspicuous among them for the delicacy of the tracery of the beautiful tomb is that of Wykeham himself. It is considered to be scarcely equalled in the kingdom. The choir is entered through a screen. "The great architectural feature of the choir is the magnificent altar screen; the most beautiful specimen of tabernacle work to be found in a similar structure in England. It rises to a great height, and contains within the most intricate lacework a vast number of richly canopied niches." The entire length of the cathedral is 545 feet; the choir is 40 feet wide; the transepts are 186 feet long; and the tower is 138 feet high. The architectural student will find the Cathedral instructive, as representing every style from early Norman to the latest Gothic.

## EXETER.

EXETER—the fair Queen of the West—is situated “on a hill among hills;” or, as Thomas Fuller quaintly puts it, is “sited on the top of a hill which conduceth much to the cleanness of this city; nature being the chief scavenger thereto, so that the rain that falleth there, falleth thence by the declivity of the place.” “The city,” he adds—and he wrote in the seventeenth century—“is greater in contents than appearance, being bigger than it presenteth itself to passengers through the same.”

The city abounds in interesting historic associations. Here, on the green slope of a hill, washed by a clear broad river, the Celts built “a town on the



waters.” Here the Roman eagle came, ousted the British bird from its strong nest, and became great and powerful. Here the Saxon took up his abode, and called his fair town Exanceastre—“the camp by the river.” Here the proud, prosperous, and valiant city long kept the Conqueror at bay, and might, perhaps, have prevented England ever becoming Norman, were it not that, as the Saxon Chronicle pathetically records: “the citizens surrendered the town because their chiefs betrayed them.” Here the Norman now piled his castle, and called it Rouge-Mont, perhaps from the colour of the soil. Here William of Orange came, on the 9th of November, 1688, but met with at first a cold reception.

The chief glory of Exeter is its cathedral. Slightly inferior in size and grandeur to some of our English minsters, it is considered to be one of the finest of the second class, and, “in some respects unique.” The total length of the cathedral is nearly 400 feet. The nave is 180 feet long, forty wide, and sixty-eight high; the transept and part of choir are 140 feet long; and the towers are twenty-eight feet square, and 145 feet high. The chief

entrance to a Gothic cathedral is usually by the western door, and here the architect has lavished the wealth of his art. It consists of three stories—if so they may be called—the lowest a screen (with three doorways), sculptured over with canopied niches containing statues of patriarchs, apostles, kings, crusaders, prelates, and worthies, and also emblematical figures. The second story contains the noble west window of the nave, about forty feet by twenty-seven, filled with nine lights, trefoiled, supporting a magnificent rose filled with geometrical tracery—

“Flamboyant with a thousand gorgeous colours,  
The perfect flower of Gothic loveliness.”

The nave is spacious, impressive, and beautiful. Its long row of clustered marble columns, with the arches above; the lofty vaulted stone roof which spans the whole extent of nave and choir, and the noble series of windows in the clerestories command the admiration of the beholder.

“The rich-fretted roof,  
And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,  
Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose,  
The tenderest image of mortality,  
Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts  
Cluster like stems in corn sheaves.”

Entering the choir, the visitor will notice the rich colouring of the east window, the splendid episcopal throne “that towers in airy state to the vaulting;” and, as he advances to the sanctuary, “he will acknowledge that the three stalls on the right are unrivalled in beauty and delicacy of sculpture.” The throne is of oak, fifty-two feet high. The stone altar-screen is a modern work. It has seven divisions, the central being enriched by a canopy entwined with ivy, combining the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock. The transepts are short and unimpressive, being formed out of the towers. The chapter house is a handsome structure, said to have been built by Bishop Lacey. It is oblong: the windows are good; the roof is oak in richly ornamented panels. The chapels are numerous, and some beautiful. Several contain monuments of more than ordinary interest. The north tower has an ancient and curious clock. It shows both the hours of the day and the age of the moon. It is supposed to date from the reign of Edward III. The great Peter Bell weighs 12,500 pounds. In the south tower are eleven bells, ten of which are rung in peal; they form the largest and heaviest set in the kingdom. The visitor should, if possible, ascend the north tower, whence he will see the city and the country round to great advantage. The view southward, down the valley of the Exe, is especially beautiful. The Castle of Rougemont, and the winding paths of Northernhay should also be visited. “The latter are the admiration of every stranger, and the pride, the ornament, and the boast of Exeter.”

Exeter had formerly a great trade in the manufacture of woollens. The exports, 100 years ago, were worth above £1,000,000 annually. Honiton pillow lace is largely made in the city and neighbourhood.

## ILFRACOMBE.

ILFRACOMBE is a fashionable watering-place on the north coast of Devon, at the mouth of the Bristol Channel. It is reached by the London and South Western Railway from Exeter, from which it is fifty-five miles distant. A steamer also comes two or three times a week across the Bristol Channel from Swansea.

The name of Ilfracombe is derived from the Valley or Combe—Ilford's Combe—in which it is situated. The town stands on the slope of a hill a mile long, that reaches from the church to the harbour, and the harbour is formed of a natural basin closed in on the outer side by a ridge of precipitous rocks that stretch from the base of Lantern Hill—on which is



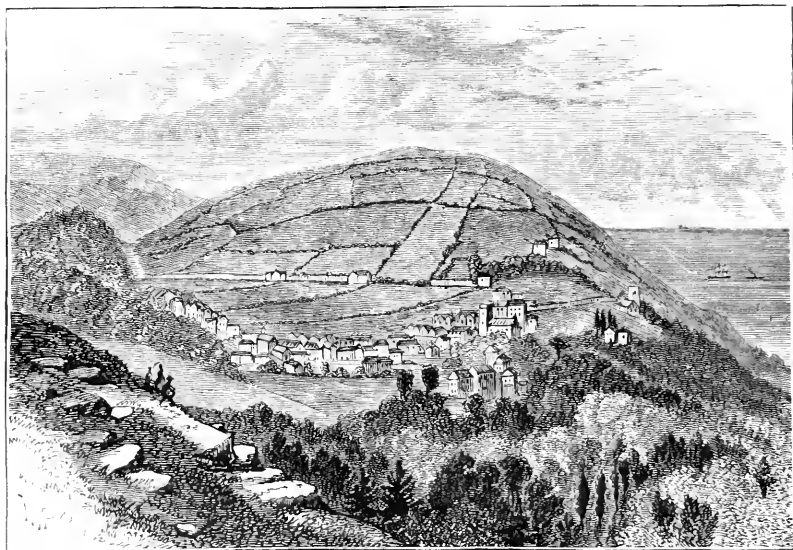
ILFRACOMBE

a lighthouse—and it is sheltered on the other side by the lofty camp-crested height of Hilsborough, which rises 500 feet above the sea. The entrance to the harbour is between these two hills. Several other craggy tors bound the harbour to the west, the most frequented of which is Capstone Hill—a hill of shale which breasts the billows of the Bristol Channel. Walks have been cut upon it. Fine breezy views from hence may be enjoyed over sea and land. “From its landward side, a pier, 850 feet in length, stretches partly across an inlet of the sea, and so encloses a basin sheltered from tempestuous winds, and of sufficient depth of water to admit vessels of considerable burthen.”

The town consists chiefly of one long street, but the best houses are erected on terraces on the slopes of the Runnacleaves. The parish church was built in the twelfth century. It has nave, chancel, and aisles. The baths are situated not far from the church—cleanliness being next to godliness. The New Market, Town Hall, and Assembly Room occupy an eligible site leading from High Street. The Public Rooms, consisting of ball, billiard, and reading rooms, are in Coronation Terrace.

## LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH.

A COAST ride of twenty miles, or, for the stout-limbed pedestrian, a delightful walk of seventeen miles, or a coasting trip by boat, will take the tourist from Ilfracombe to Lynton. Smallmouth and Watermouth are soon reached. The former has two caverns, one of which gives a peep of the pretty bay of Combe Martin as a "sun-gilt vignette, framed in jet." The other is entered by a narrow chink, which, expanding, leads into a pit open to the sky, which is seen through a network of branches. The situation of Watermouth is delightful, and the grouping of the knolls and ridges is singularly beautiful. Above are the rich woods, the verdant pastures, and

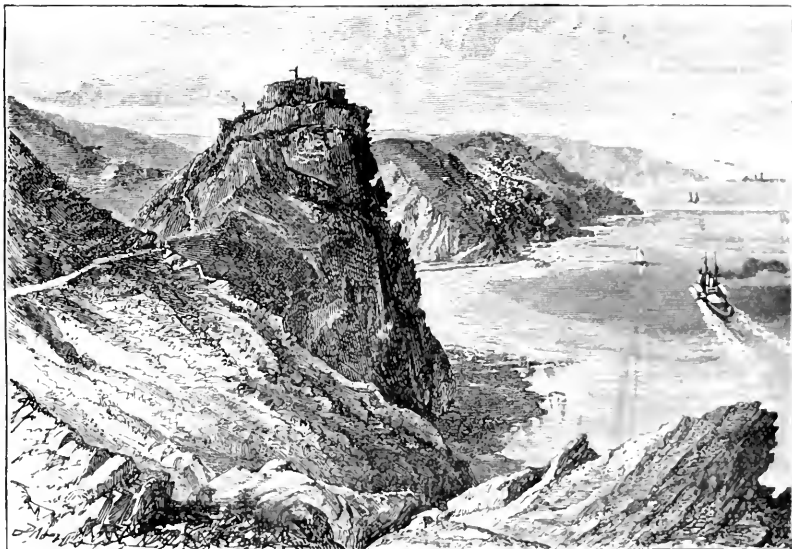


LYNTON.

the bleak coast of Exmoor; below a sweet romantic cove invites the sea to enter. "Rocks of gray slate encircle it, and reefs of grauwacke fling their long arms out into the channel. Down through a valley, which opens upon the shore, tumbles a crystal stream, after brightening the pleasant groves and blossomy lawns of Watermouth Castle." All the coast along there is a wondrous wealth of beauty: the rough furze-clad headlands alternate with masses of low dark rock, with beaches of fine sand and with deep recesses where the billows break, hung with maidenhair and the sweet black stalk spleenwort. Here along the water's edge sea anemones of brilliant colours—which, if cut across, feed at both ends at the same time—may be gathered, and the marine naturalist may collect rare treasures as he wanders on—the acorn shell with its "delicate grasping hand of feathery fingers," the madrapore, translucent, looking like the ghost of a zoophyte—the delicate *Actinea nivia*, the *Bellis candida*, and many others; while near at hand are hosts of plants, ferns, and grasses—"the vernal squill, the sweet-scented ladies' tresses, and the golden blossoms of the yellow wort, opening only in the sunlight," the samphire, the sea lavender, and the rare and beautiful wild



balm. The quaint village of Combe Martin is now reached, consisting of one street a mile in length at the bottom of the deep shadowy Combe which looks out into the quiet bay. At the southern end of the village stands the church, a fine old Perpendicular building of red stone, dedicated to St. Peter. The place takes its name from Martin of Tours, who received the manor from William the Conqueror. The silver-lead mines here were long famous—dating back at least to the times of the Plantagenets; but, as Camden says, "The first fynding and working of which there are no certain records remayninge." A cup of Combe Martin silver, weighing 137 ounces



THE CASTLE ROCK, LYNTON.

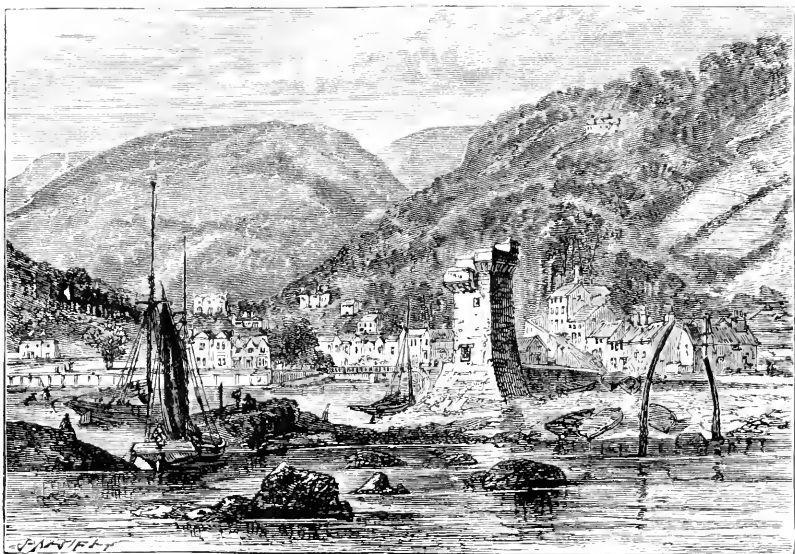
was presented in Queen Elizabeth's time to the Lord Mayor of London. The hamlet of Trentishoe comes next, where the river Parracombe flows into the sea, and where a romantic path leads through a deep wood to Heddon's Mouth—a glen of the Parracombe. From Heddon's Mouth a walk has recently been cut for several miles along the face of the rocks to Ley Abbey, on the way to Lynton. A small hostelry, the Hunters' Inn, may be found hard by—a good resting-house and centre for explorations. Martinhoe now appears, seated on the uplands that rise abruptly and high from the rocky coast; and that coast, we are assured, is haunted by the ghost of one Sir Robert Chichester, formerly of Martinhoe, who, for his iniquities, is condemned to weave ropes of sand and then to fasten them to his carriage and drive up the face of the cliff, whence, at full moon, he passes through a narrow fissure known as "Sir Robert's Road."

Lynton and Lynmouth, though within half a mile of each other, occupy entirely different situations. "Around are subalpine valleys, wild gloomy ridges, and precipices and crags;" while near at hand are tors and torrents, hills and dales, moorland and woodland and sea. Two beautiful rivers

## *Lynmouth.*

flowing down from the Exmoor Hills, here join together close upon the shore, the East Lyn roaring down a magnificent ravine, the West Lyn flowing through a lovely wooded vale. Lynmouth is seated at the mouth of the immense gorge of the two valleys of those streams; a steep winding road leads from hence up to Lynton, which lies in a valley midway up the hills, some 430 feet above the level of the sea.

"My walk," wrote Southey in 1799, "led me through Lynmouth, the finest spot except Cintra and the Arrabida that I ever saw. Two rivers join at Lynmouth. You probably know the hill streams of Devonshire; each of these flows down a combe, rolling down over huge stones like a



LYNMOUTH.

long waterfall; immediately at their junction they enter the sea, and the rivers and the sea make but one sound and uproar. Of these combes the one is richly wooded, the other runs between two high bare stony hills. From the hill between the two is a prospect most magnificent; on either hand combes and the river before the little village, which, I am assured by one familiar with Switzerland, resembles a Swiss village. This alone would constitute a view beautiful enough to repay the weariness of a long journey; but, to complete it, there is the blue and boundless sea; and, if the day is clear, the faint outline of the Welsh coast."

"Water's Meet," renowned for its beauty, is some two miles up the gorge of the East Lyn, and is the junction of that river with the Brendon stream. Here the sides of the deep ravine, sometimes 200 feet below us, are covered with wood, and moss and fern-covered rocks lie under the oaks—ruggedness and beauty mingling in rich and beautiful confusion. Immense blocks of grauwacke have been split from their bed and tumbled headlong, lodging at every conceivable angle in the gorge below. Centuries

by the score have thus been employed until the stream at every yard of its course is more or less dammed up; yet onward it pours, now swirling swiftly round some black shining rock, often breaking into a score of cascades, then widening out into dark, deep, and treacherous pools, and again hurrying therefrom, escaping with laughter and song on its way out to the ocean. These woods are sometimes visited by the red deer from the wilds and wastes and lonely streams of Exmoor—the only part of England where the deer are wild also.

The valley of Stones, as Southey calls it, but as it is usually designated, the Valley of Rocks, we justly characterize as one of the greatest wonders



UPPER FALL, WATER'S MEEL.

of the West of England. Ascending from Lynmouth by a road some 300 feet in length, which winds along the edge of a precipice, we pass through a gap in the hillside between two masses of limestone, and suddenly find ourselves in a ravine between two ridges of hills, "the southern hill turfed; the vale, which runs from east to west, covered with huge stones, and fragments of stone among the ferns that fill it; the northern ridge completely bare, excavated of all turf and all soil, the very bone and skeleton of the earth; rock reclining on rock, stone piled upon stone, a huge terrific mass. A palace of the Pre-Adamite kings, a city of the Anakim, must have appeared so shapeless, and yet so like the ruins of what had been shaped after the waters of the flood subsided. I ascended with some toil the highest point; two large stones inclining on each other formed a rude portal on the summit. Here I sat down. A little level platform, about two yards long, lay before me, and then the eye fell immediately upon the sea, far, very far below. I never felt the sublimity of solitude before." Thus wrote Southey; and as we look around to-day we are inclined to add; "If this

was not the battlefield of the Titans, it must have been their children's playground."

There are many stone circles in this valley which suggest a Druidic origin. No spot could be more appropriate, from its position and associations, for the celebration of the sombre and mystic ordinances of pagan superstition. Here we may pause and fancy how, on May Eve, on the very spot before us, our British fathers performed their Lenten rites, and ushered in the carnival of the May sports of the morrow. Here through the live-long night the worshippers swept in their choral dance from east to west in honour of their deity, the sun; high they bore their crowns and garlands; and ever and anon they sang their sacred hymns, now soft and plaintive as a dirge, now loud as the shout of them that strive for mastery.

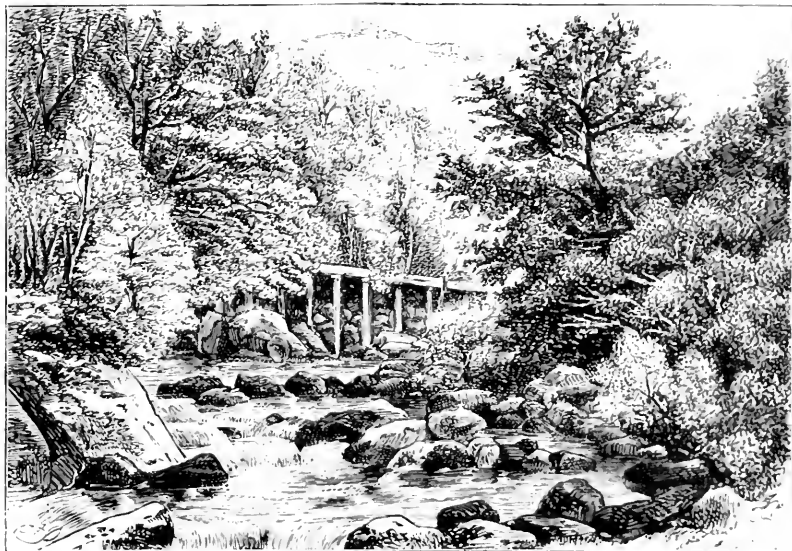
One of these rocks is called the Chimney Rock; and another is named Rugged Jack. Threading the pass, the tourist finds himself upon the greensward of the valley, and now the Castle Rock rises on his right like some Norman ruin, an isolated and gigantic crag, named because of its fancied resemblance to an old time-worn fortilage. Formerly it was inaccessible except to the adventurous, now paths have been cut on the sides, so that anyone may safely ascend and stand on the summit of the weather-beaten rocks. Some of these have even been hewn into seats and tables. One vast rock, several tons in weight, seems so nicely balanced that the heave of a crow-bar would send it thundering down to the sea. From the top of the rock glorious views may be enjoyed; and here wondrous legends that linger around the Castle Rock may also be told, of love, murder, and ghosts. At the base of the cliff are the mouths of several caverns, which are said to extend a long way underground.

As we contemplate all these lovely and varied scenes of North Devon—the yellow sands that spread themselves out on the sunny shore, the arched bridges where the salmon wait for autumn floods, the pleasant uplands, the jutting fern-fringed crags, the rocks piled in wild confusion, against which the waves break into sheets of foam, the hills golden with gorse and purple with heather; as we watch the changing tints of sea and sky, the white sparkle of granite peaks, the deep wooded glens and the far-reaching moors, and then listen to the deep roar of the ocean, we recal to mind the words of Kingsley, who, speaking of a spot not far away says: "Pleasantly the old town stands there, beneath its soft Italian sky, fanned day and night by the fresh ocean breeze, which forbids alike the keen winter frosts, and the fierce thunder heats of the midlands; and pleasantly it has stood there for now, perhaps, eight hundred years, since the first Grenvil, cousin of the Conqueror, returning from the conquest of South Wales, drew round him trusty Saxon serfs, and free Norse rovers with their golden curls, and dark Silurian Britons from the Swansca shore, and all the mingled blood which still gives to the seaward folk of the west country their strength and intellect, and even in these levelling days, their peculiar beauty of face and form."

## PLYMOUTH.

As we stand to-day on the heights of the Hoe, a magnificent scene is stretched out before us—the Sound, or outer anchorage, closed in on either hand by Mounts Batten and Edgecombe, sheltered at the mouth by the mighty breakwater, and lighted far away by the Eddystone; while on the landside the river Plym on the east, and the Tamar on the west, open into the Sound and furnish deep water for fleets, widespread shores for docks and shipbuilding yards and arsenals, so that it seems as if nature, art, and science, had done everything to make Plymouth a commercial and military station of the highest importance.

Five towns or parts of towns—Plymouth, Devonport, Stonehouse, Stoke



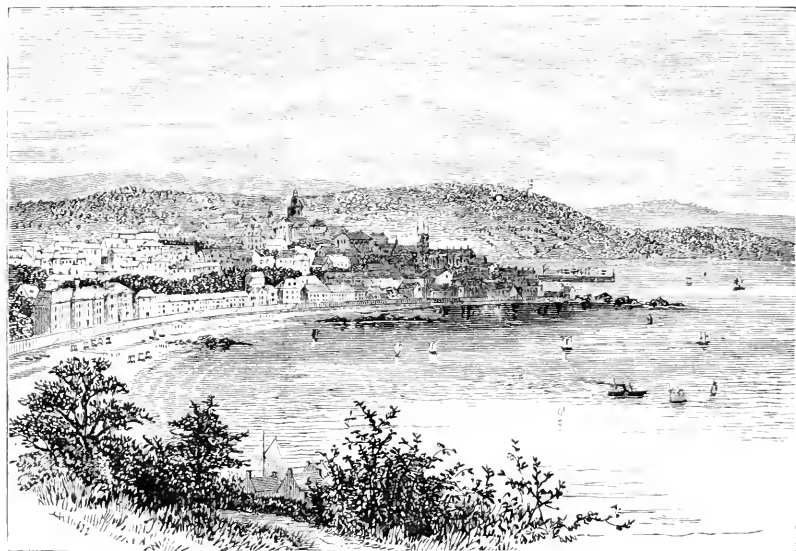
SHAUGH BRIDGE, BICKLEIGH.

Damerel, and Morice Town will have to be visited; and we must notice each of the inlets or bays with which they are separated or indented before we can appreciate the maritime importance of the district. The citadel and fortifications must be explored. The Royal Victualling Yard with all its wonders must be seen. The dockyard at Devonport, with its ships and factories and storehouses and smitheries and steam-ferries, will detain us for many an hour. Then we must take a boat and sail past Drake Island down the Sound, and stand on the gigantic breakwater and try to understand the labour and the cost of piling that wall across the sea almost a mile in length, seventy-five yards broad at the base, and eleven at the top, with its 2,500,000 tons of stone, and its lighthouse at one end, and its fort at the other.

The visitor to Plymouth should, if possible, take an excursion to Bickleigh, and see the beautiful vale. Shaugh Bridge is near the junction of the Mew and the Cad, the streams that form the Plym. Above the granite bridge rises an almost perpendicular hill, the sides of which present "alterations of overhanging rocks, clustering trees, and luxuriant climbing plants."

## PENZANCE.

PENZANCE—the Holy Headland—is the most westerly town in England, and has a population of about 10,000 souls. It stands on a declivity at the edge of the beautiful Mount's Bay, and is closely encircled by hills to the north and east. It is on several accounts a place of interest. One is the kindly clime of the valleys, where the seasons are so mild and equable that summer is not oppressive and "winter is deprived of its terrors." In mid-winter nearly sixty different kinds of plants have been in full blossom in the gardens and fields round Penzance. It is remarkable also for its fisheries, and few spectacles are more pleasing than that frequently presented when the fleet of perhaps 150 vessels is assembled in the beautiful bay, equipped



PENZANCE.

for the pilchard fishing, or is leaving the coast in a line that extends seaward as far as the eye can reach. The town is interesting for its celebrities: for it is the birthplace of Lord Exmouth, of naval renown; of Gilbert Davies, of scientific eminence; and of Sir Humphrey Davy, who bequeathed £100 to the Grammar School on condition that the boys should annually have a holiday on his birthday. The town is provided with a pier that rests upon rocks of felspar porphyry; with an excellent esplanade, which has delightful views over land and sea; with baths; with a corn market; with a fish market where women carry on the trade, bringing their fish for sale on their backs in a *cowl* kept in its position by a band passed round the forehead. The town has also a public building that will hold 1,000 people, in which there is the Guildhall, and a Museum of the Natural History and Antiquarian Society of the town, and of the Geographical Society of the county. Charming walks in the neighbourhood lead among the hills and dales, including those to the Valley of Tolcarne, Lescaddock Castle, and the rock of Gulval Carn. Every tourist to Penzance should also visit the Land's End.



## BRIGHTON.

FOUR miles of sea frontage from Kemptown to Hove ; four miles of sea frontage, with houses that look as though the wealth of London had drifted to the sea-shore and been stopped by the waves. Along this great sea-walk are ranged all the homes of fashion and wealth. Here are hotels, club-houses, villas, and mansions, at one part flung together in great masses, at another standing out in their individuality. Here, for example, is the Grand Hotel, which seems to hint that life is a perpetual summer, and its first floor the proper place to test its value. A little farther on is a home fit for a Sybarite : two charming floors, looking out on clean-shaven turf, with the *chef de cuisine* taking full note of the outside world. Farther on there are grand squares and grand houses, warranted to be of the newest pattern, with owners to match. All goes merrily on the King's Road. Gentlemen, what is your taste? you have only to say, for we can satisfy you. We have hotels where anything meaner than a lord would fail to command proper attention. We have others where the boy in buttons is the chief of the staff, and chats familiarly with the latest visitor, laying special emphasis on the fact that he "knows all the gents from town." We have others which the dear old maiden aunt invariably patronizes when she takes that autumn outing, "Just to furbish one up for the winter, you know, dear." The King's Road will furnish examples of them all. The side streets resent this pretension ; they assert that it is altogether a mistake to consider the King's Road the best part : for their idea, a side street is distinctly preferable ; you are not then worried by the sound of the waves. In high dudgeon they stroll backward to the Downs, or manifest close appreciation of the race-course. Modest houses with green Venetian blinds, and where the landlady lives in the underground kitchens, distinctly as a matter of choice. Modest houses where the old salt does a little bit of smuggling for goods that have paid duty. There are all kinds of fish that comes to its net, and Brighton can take them all.

Five o'clock on an autumn afternoon as the sun sinks swiftly to its rest. The King's Road is full to overflowing ; the block at the far end, near Brill's Baths, is equal to that in the Ladies' Mile at the height of the season. The throng of carriages is only equalled by the throng of pedestrians ; for here is all the world and its masters. The men and women who make society, who give to it its charm and reality, may be counted by the dozen. Do you see that tall, military, good-looking man, with keen eye and suave manner? He is making his name famous in Europe as the representative of Russia—Count Schouvaloff. Close by, with cheery smile, is Benjamin Webster : eighty years of vigorous life has yet left to him the charm of companionship. Amid that throng may be seen the worn but handsome face of John Bright. Potentates all. Diplomacy, the drama, and the people furnish each their representative ; and whilst the tide of life sways backward and forward, other and less-known names come fairly to the surface. Here are dramatists and poets, critics and authors, racing men and soldiers ; barristers, overworked and briefless ; princes of the Stock Exchange, with



faultless boots, unexceptionable gloves, and the latest fashion at their button-hole; butterflies of both sexes, and all kinds of reputations; bishops and colonels, hard-worked business men, and speculative brokers, jostle each other this night on the pathway of King's Road, Brighton.

In the roadway the block of carriages continues, whilst young beauty uses her eye-glass with charming indifference. The old dowager who keeps watch is our old acquaintance of the railway station. We all know the yellow chariot and its occupant, who declines under any provocation to enter those horrid common vehicles, "full of Heaven knows what kind of disease. Such arrangements were never dreamt of in my early days, and I positively refuse to give way." So says the old lady, and she thus takes possession of her barouche, allows it to be drawn on the railway truck, draws down the blinds, and sulks until after dinner the next day. Near her is that feeble irritable bishop—dear good soul!—who would not harm a fly, and who yet condemns all mankind to eternal perdition, without a saving clause. His comfortable carriage and two well-fed palfreys forbid the idea of energy or anger. Hark to the clatter! here they come; one and all fresh and handsome, well-bred, dainty, and full of life, with that gift of open-faced honour that wins us whether we will or no. Make way for the ladies! the last canter before dinner; and with head erect, seat well set back, square shoulders, and hands well down, glowing with exercise and fresh air, buoyant with a sense of freedom, gather themselves out of the crowd for a burst along the open road.

The throng clears as men wend homewards to dinner. The band on the pier is heard softly whispering the last waltz, or an air from *Trovatore*. The sun sinks down in a rush, whose golden glory crimsones the western sky, from which Dick the boatman tells his mate that "it's going to be a fine day in the mornin', and may there be lots of 'em;" and he swabs away at his boat, thinking the while of his little sick one at home. So night settles down, and men stroll out after dinner to smoke a good cigar in the cool freshness of the evening air, and to utter to one another, "It is pleasant to be by the side of the sea."

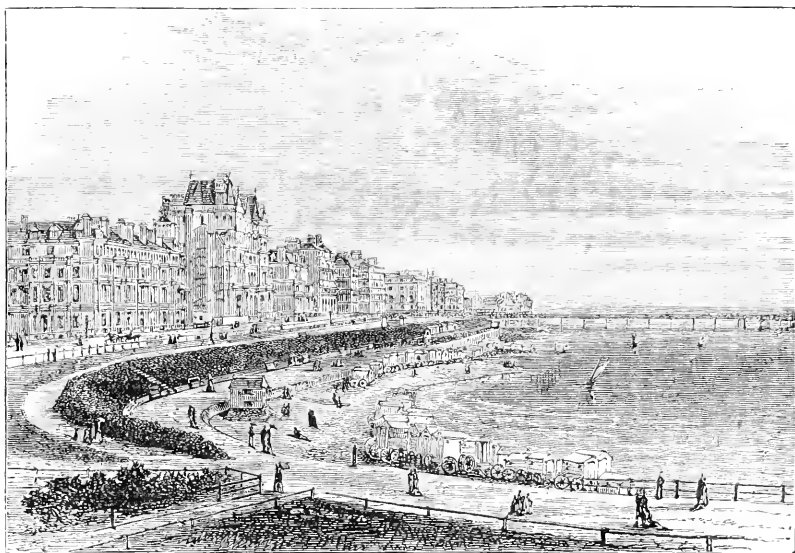
## EASTBOURNE.

MIDWAY between Brighton and Hastings, and just under the swell of the far-famed South Downs, lies the fashionable watering-place of Eastbourne. It is within a short distance of the spot where the grand outline of Beachy Head casts its flickering reflection on the waters of the English Channel. Eastbourne itself, and a large expanse inland, is but a few feet above the level of the sea, and it is thus that the sea breezes sweep across its entire area, with a vigour that tempers its southern aspect, and gives to it its reputation for bracing qualities. The general aspect of the town is one of marked individuality, due to the taste and judgment with which its position has been utilized. In no respect is this more conspicuous than in the free use that

## *Eastbourne.*

has been made of foliage. The sense of newness in the houses has been softened and enriched by trees planted in the streets, and by shrubs grouped in available positions on the Esplanade and elsewhere. All these qualities would, however, fail, if other and still more important ones were not forthcoming. The first essentials of a good watering-place are perfect drainage and pure water, and in both these respects Eastbourne stands conspicuously to the fore. The result is clear enough, for by the Registrar General's returns it appears as one of the most healthy localities in England.

A few of the more conspicuous features in connection with Eastbourne



EASTBOURNE.

and its neighbourhood, may be very briefly summarized. First:—There is the Esplanade, with its terraces and flowers, having at one end Splash Point, and at the other the Wish Tower. Beyond the Wish Tower the road lies straight past the Convalescent Home to Beachy Head, whose height is 575 feet above the sea level, and the view from which on a clear day is magnificent. In returning from Beachy Head, the best route is through the old town by Mead's Road, which will be found very pleasant and picturesque.

In the town itself, on the Terminus Road, is a small house known as Oak Cottage; it enjoys a reputation as having been the spot where Charles II. was concealed in an oak-tree whilst waiting for the opportunity to escape to France. About four miles from Eastbourne is Pevensey, celebrated as the locality where William the Conqueror landed before the Battle of Hastings. The ruins of the Castle still remain, and afford a pleasant spot for a picnic.

Who that has ever been at Eastbourne does not know the Wish Tower—that crown of the Grand Parade? The jovial, pleasant path that runs up

its side overlooks both land and sea. To-night the sea front is full to the brim, not a seat to spare; the town is full, and Eastbourne is at its ease. The lower terraces are alive, quivering with that curious hum that comes from a great assemblage. At the corner of the steps stands the latest arrival from London, more conscious of his own importance than the world would place to his credit. Next him is one of that famous four-in-hand, the prettiest girls in all Eastbourne, celebrated alike for their beauty and go, renowned as good steppers, and moving well together. The chosen one looks demure as the silken moustache tickles the corner of her ear. A little farther on is that celebrated actress, whose photograph has made the fortune of more than one advertising vendor. Then, again, comes one whose laugh carries contagion as it flits by. Next him is the member of that crack corps, noted for plunging, and who was hard hit last year at Goodwood. Above, below, around, moving, flirting, gossiping, and laughing, is the pleasant fashionable world, stealing the charm from life as it flies by on silken wing.

Down on the beach are the bathing machines, Old Poll, and the brown-legged little ones. Lower down, among the sand and shingle, are the curious gymnastics of the water babies: the sand fortifications stand out in full defiance, and the trophies of war are duly appreciated in the shape of captured spades and baskets. Here and there may be seen some anxious mother, watching with passionate eagerness the roll of the waves, which threaten to give an undesired bath to her girl Effie or her boy Jack.

On the upper road all is alive with excitement. The barouche, with its five hundred guinea pair of bays, is enlivened by that charming Duchess: still young, though only a well-preserved sixty. Make way for the ponies! Here they come, with a pleasant clatter, in long cavalcade: the grandchildren of England's Queen. Clad in useful blouses, hugging their big dolls, enjoying life, and manifesting no outward stamp of rank but the big good-natured lacquey, who acts the grand part as master of the ceremonies. Further up is gathered a crowd of loungers, waiting for the performance of Poncho, the Wise Dog of the World. He is guaranteed to tell fortunes, find out secrets, and pick up the silver with his teeth.

As the evening sinks down, Eastbourne gathers itself within its walls, the cosy dining-rooms look out on the sea, and the hum of pleasant company tells the tale of society to whom life is a pleasure. The parades become empty, Old Poll has vanished, Poncho has gone home, whilst Flautus still reclines in graceful abstraction against the corner of his much-loved bathing-machine. The general rotundity of his figure against the moonlight is effective if not elegant. The few boats still flicker on the waters, whilst from the pier the red and green lights dance across the ripple of the waves. Softly comes the strain of the band, mellowed by the distance, across water; softer still come the shades of strollers, who drift towards their homes as the moon mounts upwards. Here and there comes the perfume of a cigar in the last stroll, before Eastbourne says "Good night."

## HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.

It has been frequently asserted that the air at Hastings has a relaxing tendency; but competent authorities have proved that for consumptive patients the effect of a residence here is most invigorating. We, on our part, simply speak from actual experience, when we say that it would be very difficult to find a place or seaside resort where the picturesque and charming views of the interior are combined with the usual attractions of the seaside to such a marked extent.

The historical past claims special notice, Battle Abbey in the neighbourhood being the spot where the Saxon King Harold staked England's future



HASTINGS.

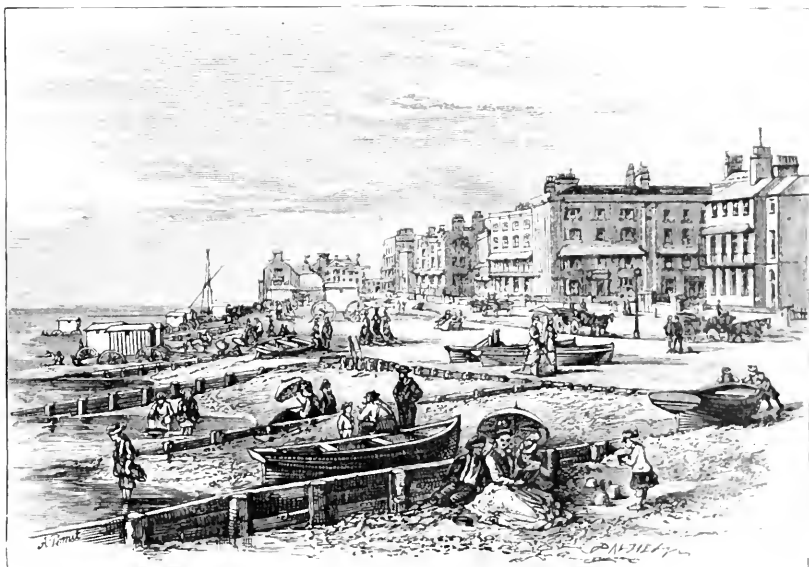
on the issue of a single battle, and lost. Hastings Castle, nearly a thousand years old, should be visited, if only to secure the magnificent view to be obtained from the summit of the hill. Bathing is provided for by numerous comfortable bathing machines, and the wide expanse of shelving beach forms a perfect Paradise for children. At stated hours the band plays on the pier, the fashionable place of resort; and the visitor should not fail to make himself acquainted with the local fishermen and their Dutch auctions, while a small donation will enable the adventurous to accompany them on one of their fishing excursions.

In the neighbourhood of Hastings, Pevensey, with its Castle, claims a visit; while Hurstmonceux and Bodiam, with their magnificent and beautifully situated Castles, should on no account be neglected.

We have already mentioned Battle Abbey, and while there, we strongly advise the tourist specially to study the noble gateway, which is assuredly one of the finest in the country. The botanist will never fail to find occupation, Hastings being celebrated for the variety and beauty of its flowers.

## WORTHING.

"MIDWAY between the two poles of racing excitement, half-way between Goodwood and Brighton, lies a long, low, wave-washed shore, which I take to be the most innocent spot on the south coast of England; for Worthing is almost wholly given up to children and domestic joys. There is nothing, believe me, Lilliputian or insignificant about Worthing. Her fine, extensive, gravelled promenade has a spacious Portland Place air about it. The sands when the tide retires are like a broad yellow race-course, between shingle and sea. The roadway is as important as the King's Parade at Brighton. The houses in West Worthing look as if Lancaster Gate and Hyde Park Gardens had come out of town for a holiday. Worthing has hotels with a



WORTHING.

serious, dignified air about them—hotels where waiters in evening dress hand the salmon and cutlet. There is a town hall in the centre of a spotless street, with an important portico, and a tone reminding one of quarter sessions. But, in spite of this solemn importance, irrespective of these grown-up hotels and four-storied houses, notwithstanding these plate-glass windows and town hall, the impression left on my mind after visiting Worthing is that the place, originally intended for grown-up folks and adults, has been bombarded and taken by an army from Lilliput. I never saw so many children or visited a seaside place where they were more tenderly cared for. The day is scarcely warm before the boys are being bathed by their fathers. The breakfast things are cleared away by eight o'clock. The sands and the shingle are one long mile of nursery until one o'clock. The place is asleep all the afternoon, and by ten every light is out but that of the moon, which makes a path of pleasant light across a silent sea, and illuminates a deserted shore."—*Daily Telegraph*.

## TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

WHILE the great majority of our holiday and health-seekers flock annually to the seaside, it is left to inland watering-places to satisfy the requirements of those who prefer inland enjoyments and surroundings or are scarcely strong enough to indulge in sea-bathing. Of these inland watering-places Tunbridge Wells has certainly been the most popular, and is now the most thriving. The Chalybeate Springs were accidentally discovered by a dissipated young nobleman in 1606, and the curative properties of the water having effected a most remarkable improvement in his health, large numbers were attracted to the spot, and the town of "Tunbridge Wells" sprang into existence.



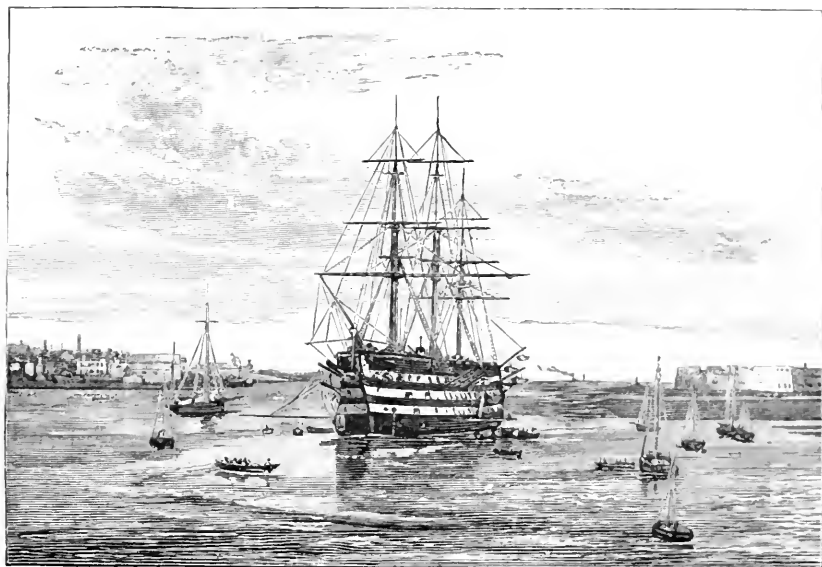
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

The objects of primary importance to visitors are naturally the Springs, to which indeed Tunbridge Wells owes its origin. They are situated at the entrance to "The Parade," or as it was formerly called "The Pantiles," and are accessible to the general public on merely nominal terms. Tunbridge ware or mosaic, the sole indigenous manufacture, is fully entitled to notice. and the varied articles produced evidence much artistic skill.

At seaside places the shore is generally the centre of attraction,—at Tunbridge Wells the "Common" is the place of fashionable resort, while the shady "Grove" offers a pleasant retreat from the scorching heat of a sultry summer's day. The motto upon the entrance gate, *Silva quam dilecta*, will by most visitors be deemed an appropriate one. Amusements of all descriptions, both in and outdoor, are sufficiently numerous to drive dull care away without rendering a prolonged stay as arduous as a London season, while the numberless excursions available amidst the magnificent surrounding scenery will occupy a considerable period.

## PORTSMOUTH.

A LARGE garrison town, a great naval arsenal, and a pleasant sea-side resort, are here all grouped together. Its vantage points are alive with forts, bristling with armaments, and full to the last touch with naval and military peculiarities. With characteristic good taste the Services have chosen Southsea Common as their loitering-ground—a clear open space of treeless, shrubless turf, close down on the shore, and rising but a few feet above the sea-level. Across its surface the strong sea air sweeps without hindrance, carrying everywhere the tonic of its full briny flavour. During the warm summer months this open space is peculiarly grateful and exceptionally



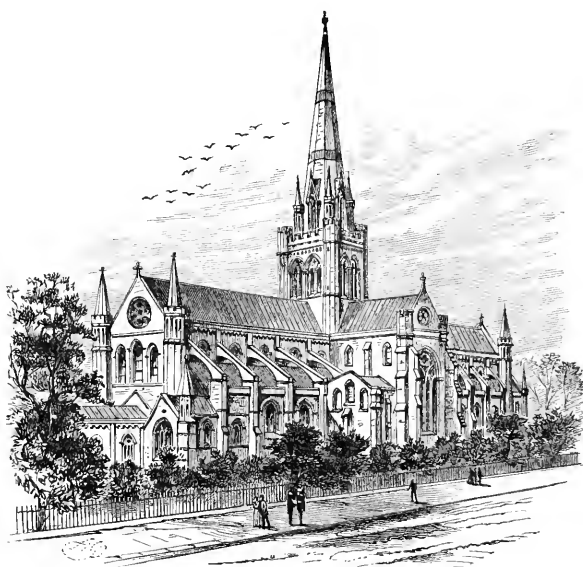
VIEW OF PORTSMOUTH.

healthy. Standing on the shore you look across six miles of open water; within its expanse a navy can manœuvre with ease or lie at rest in perfect safety. In the near distance rises the wooded heights of the far-famed Isle of Wight, that pendent gem of our Southern coasts. Looking out to sea may be seen those iron-faced forts that sweep the mid-channel, whilst on the shore far away may be traced the outlines of forts and batteries innumerable. Portsmouth is well guarded, and is meant for fighting if ever it becomes necessary.

## CHICHESTER.

A CERTAIN atmosphere of clean respectability lingers round all cathedral towns, and in this respect Chichester is not behind its compeers. The sense of ecclesiastical life peers out in the Theological College, becomes more conspicuous in Bishop Otter's Training College, and rises to its full dignity in the charm of the Cathedral itself. Chichester Cathedral is the

widest in England, with the exception of York, and exhibits in its construction that same principle of symbolism by which Ely and other ecclesiastical edifices are characterized. Chichester being dedicated to the Holy Trinity, manifests throughout its structure the triune principle: "The side shafts are triple throughout. The bearing shafts of the vaulting are clustered in threes, and branch out with three triple vaulting ribs above." There is a further peculiarity in the construction, for, in place of the usual north and south aisles, there are two aisles on each side of the nave. In the north-west porch is an oak chest, reported to be nearly eight hundred years old, having been brought from Selsey when the See was removed from that place to Chichester. In the interior are some good mural tablets; that to



VIEW OF CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

Miss Agnes Cromwell is said to be Flaxman's masterpiece. One of the most curious points in connection with this Cathedral is the Consistory Court, which dates from the reign of Henry VI., and was founded for the trial of the Lollards. From the south aisle of the nave a small door locked (close to the iron gate) gives access to a spiral staircase, and leads to the chamber itself. The Judge's chair remains, and close by is a sliding panel, which conceals a dark room, without doubt intended as a cell for prisoners. This curious arrangement brings back with vivid distinctness the position occupied by the Church in bygone times. The Cathedral is open every week-day from nine to dusk, excepting between the hours of one and two. The best point of entry is from the west.

One of the peculiarities of the town is the old Roman arrangement by which the four main streets represented the four points of the compass,



N. S. E. and W., and were named after them. The names still remain. The original gates which formed the termination of the streets in the city walls are all removed, although their whereabouts may still be traced. Some portions of the old walls still remain; they are about 20 feet high, with semi-circular bastions, part of which have, with great appreciation of their present value, been converted into a terrace walk for the palace and deanery.

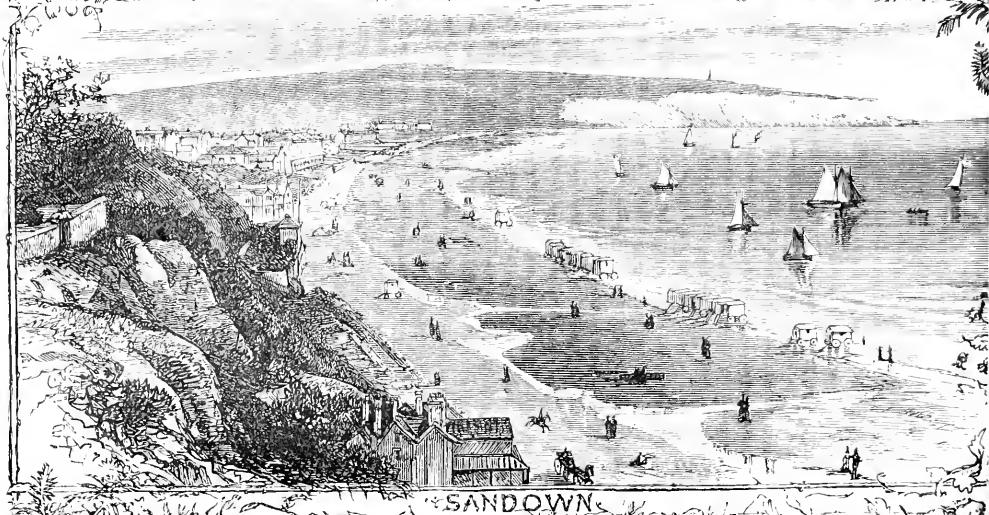
Within an hour's walk of Chichester Station is far-famed and beautiful Goodwood. It is celebrated as the gem of racing localities, and noted as giving the glow to the epoch which marks the close of the London season. The course itself is within a noble and tenderly timbered park, over whose face are still scattered the remnants of those thousand cedars planted more than a century since. Far across the greensward is Cairney's Seat, a spot which affords a magnificent view over the surrounding country. A mile away is Rook's Hill, one of the principal summits of the South Downs, and more than 700 feet above the sea level. Within the house itself are grouped strange relics of men and times. Here are portraits of Charles I. and his children by Vandyck, of Pitt by Gainsborough, Duchess of Richmond by Reynolds, Duchess of Portsmouth by Kneller, and saucy Nell Gwynne by Lely. In the Yellow Drawing-Room is the silver breakfast plate used by Napoleon on the morning of Waterloo. To minds of a different type there is that curious relic, the shirt of Charles I. The Park at Goodwood is open at all times; the house on week days when the family are absent.

## THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

THERE is no portion of England which combines within so small a space so many tempting localities as the Isle of Wight. Its far-famed scenery unites with the freshness of the air and softness of its climate to make it at once pleasant, picturesque, and beautiful.

Fashion has endorsed its claims, whilst the home of our Queen at Osborne gives to the island a great reputation as a health resort. This reputation is not undeserved. Sandown and Ventnor are each representative of special health-giving qualities. Sandown is fresh, bracing, and tonic, a locality fitted for those who seek fresh air, good bathing, and good sands; whilst Ventnor, from the softness of its climate, has justly been called the Madeira of England. Its climate is light, dry, and soothing, well fitted for those who are sensitive to the action of strong air; and it owes its rapid rise to the recommendation of Sir James Clark, who pointedly referred to its suitability as a sanatorium in his celebrated "Treatise on the Influence of Climate." It is much frequented for its restorative power in cases of pulmonary weakness.

These, however, are mostly special points: the great general characteristic of the island is its charming scenery. Certain places are noted for special features: thus, the pier at Ryde, the sands and bathing at Sandown, the Chines at Shanklin and Blackgang, the diversity of scenery in the Undercliff,



## *The Isle of Wight.*

the Castle at Carisbrook, the position and grouping at Ventnor, the yachting at West Cowes, and the special local scenic beauty at Bonchurch.

The first point of interest on arriving at Ryde is the pier stretching away more than a third of a mile, and the tramway which runs in direct communication with the Isle of Wight Railway, the visitor being taken by the tram into the station itself. The railway has direct communication with Sandown, Ventnor, Newport, and West Cowes; these four towns and their immediate neighbourhood embracing the most conspicuous points of interest or beauty.

The most special point of interest at Ryde is the pier. During the season it is crowded with ladies, who loiter and look pretty under the potent charm of fresh air, good society, and pleasant surroundings.

West Cowes is the rendezvous for the Yacht Club, the regatta of which takes place on the 21st of August and two following days. The subscription to the club is £8, the entrance fee £15. Each member has the right, under an Admiralty warrant, to carry the St. George's Ensign. The yachting season is from May to November. Sandown is a beautiful watering-place, celebrated for its sands, bathing, and pleasant surroundings. There are some charming houses scattered about the neighbourhood, and altogether it is one of the most rising sea-side places in the south of England. From Sandown there is a pleasant walk along the top of the cliff to Shanklin, the distance being about two miles. It is prudent not to approach too near the edge of the cliff, as the soil is treacherous. The bathing at Shanklin is very good. The special point of attraction is the Chine, which, for picturesque beauty, stands almost alone. The best view is obtained by ascending from the beach. A small fee has to be paid at the wicket. From Shanklin the road leads through Bonchurch to Ventnor. The best route is by the cliff, and leads past Luccombe Chine, through the far-famed Landslip, the romantic beauty of which is really unequalled.

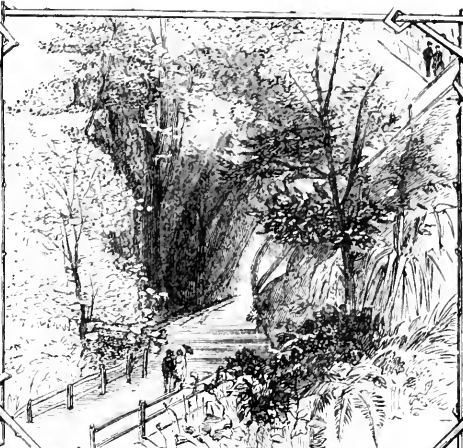
The foliage is very luxuriant, and many plants that are tender exotics in other parts grow here in full vigour in the open air all the year round. Bonchurch has now become almost a portion of Ventnor, from the continuous increase of mansions and chalets along the road.

Ventnor has risen rapidly into importance, and maintains its position as a great sanatorium. The peculiar delicacy and softness of its climate renders it an exceedingly suitable place of resort for those who feel acutely the damp London fogs or the keen northern air. Ventnor contains not only the qualities of air and position, but all the charms of luxuriant beauty, good society, and pleasant surroundings. From Ventnor the first great point of attraction is the Undercliff. Some one may ask, What is the Undercliff? In reality, it is that which its name signifies, a cliff at the foot of a higher cliff. Its length is about five miles, and its breadth varies from a quarter to half a mile. The scenery along its course is the finest in the island, and is a favourite place of resort for artists and lovers of the picturesque.

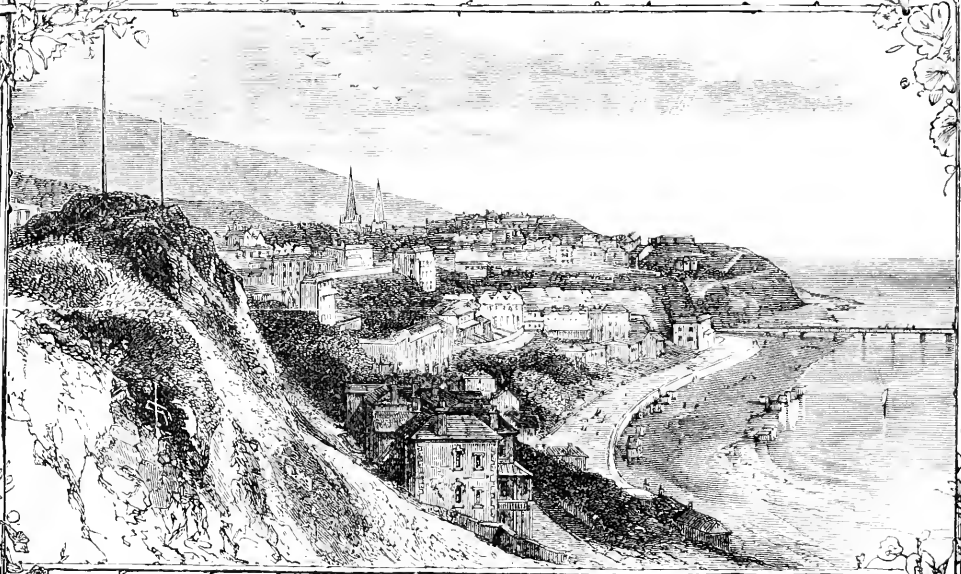
From Ventnor there are coaches which run to Freshwater Bay and Alum



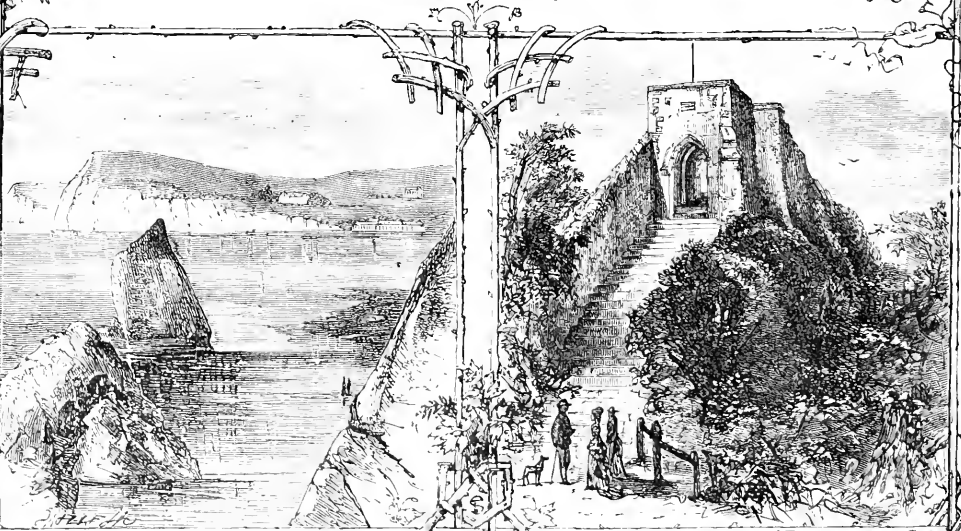
BONCHURCH



SHANKLIN CHINE





VENTNOR



FRESHWATER BAY

THE KEEP - CARISBROOKE



## *The Isle of Wight.*

Bay. From the last-named place it is customary to take a boat to see the far-famed Needles, which are simply portions of the old cliff that are left standing, the remainder having been washed away by the sea ; the effect, however, is singular and impressive. It is necessary that the sea should be perfectly calm before the voyage be attempted ; this, however, is usually the case here, from the generally protected position. Viewed from the sea, Freshwater Cliffs stand out in vivid and magnificent distinctness of effect.

Newport is the capital of the island, and situate in its centre. Close by its outskirts lies the celebrated Carisbrook Castle. Here Charles I. was confined, and from hence he twice tried hard to escape. Once he failed because the bars of his window were too close together. The next time he failed because his intention leaked out, and the guards were doubled. Shortly after this second attempt he was removed as a prisoner to Hurst Castle, on the mainland. The ruins of Carisbrook Castle are picturesque, and some parts are in good preservation ; other portions have been restored. There is a celebrated well and a remarkable donkey. The first is remarkable for its depth, and the second for its longevity. The present animal has been doing duty, by winding up water, since 1851.

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### NOTE.

Considerable care has been taken to make the Guide fairly representative of the leading points in connection with the London Brighton and South Coast Railway. Embracing as it does a great variety of subjects and a large number of localities, it is quite possible that some noteworthy points may have escaped attention. The Editor will therefore be glad to receive information, hints, or corrections, on any of the topics which have been treated.

Address—

EDITOR "LONDON BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST GUIDE,"

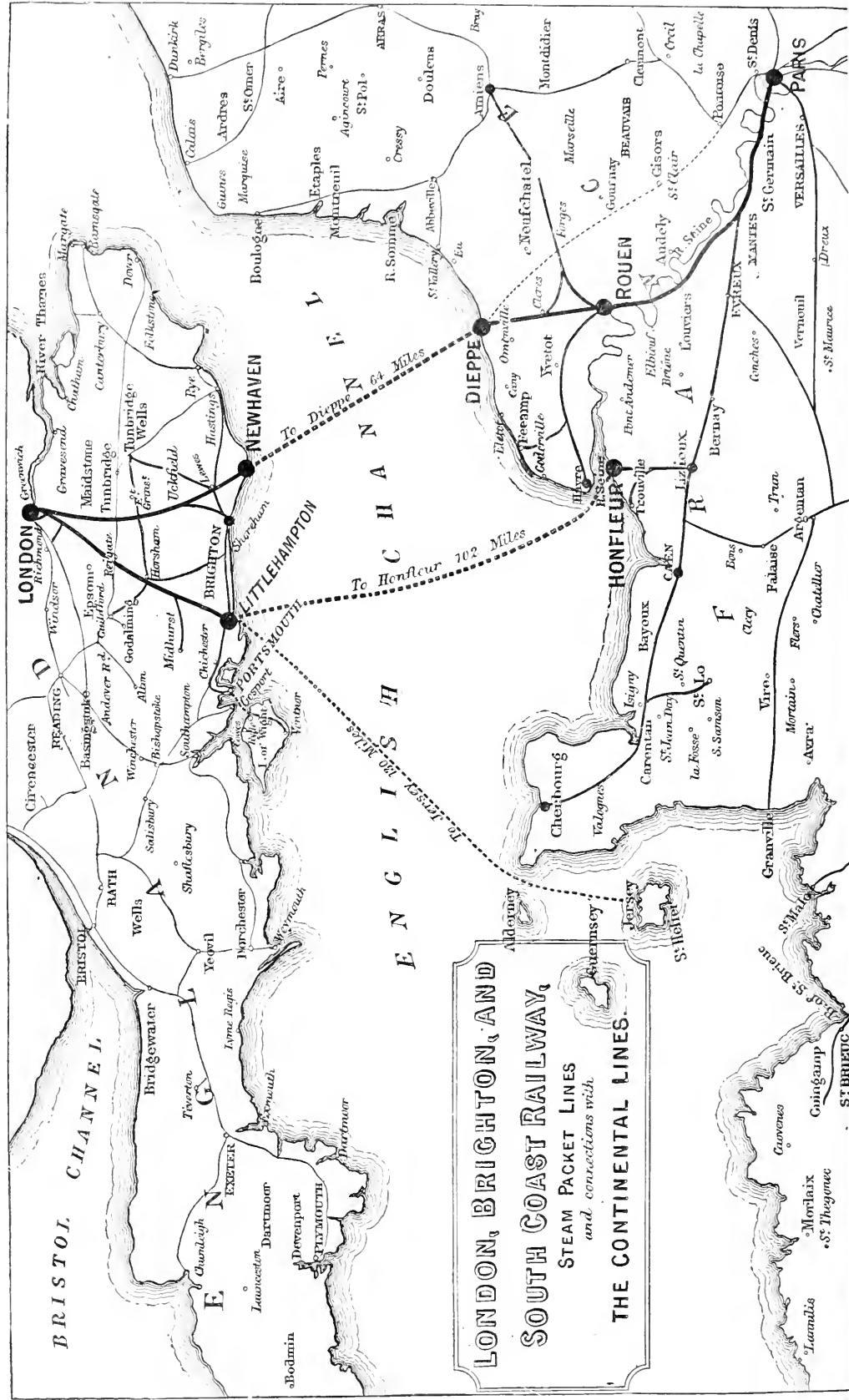
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**LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND  
SOUTH COAST RAILWAY,  
STEAM PACKET LINES  
and connections with  
THE CONTINENTAL LINES.**

## THE ROYAL MAIL.

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ONE of the most important improvements in Central London is that of the Holborn Viaduct. The bridge which now spans the "Valley of the Fleet" forms an agreeable break in that long line of stately buildings which fringe the great artery that runs direct from Newgate Street to the West End. Conspicuous in its centre is the splendid façade of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Station, its outlines clear, sharp, and effective. On the opposite side of the road there arises in quaint beauty the spire of St. Sepulchre's, from whose belfry is still rung out the knell which tells the hour of the doomed. A little to the right loom the general outlines of Newgate, dark, threatening, and grim, forming a heavy centre to the bright lines of new warehouses by which it is surrounded. In the open roadway the rush of life surges into eddies or breaks into smaller streams at the railway station entrance. It is from the spot here indicated that the Royal Mail speeds forth, morning and night, carrying by the Calais Route the mass of the correspondence that links England to the greater portion of the world. By this route the mail-bags pass for India, Eastern Europe, and Asia; by it also passes that great mass of continental travellers to whom time is an object, and who crave for a short sea route and fixed hours. In the early morning, ere the City life begins, the mail speeds on its way, pausing for a moment at Ludgate Hill, before it sweeps over the roofs of that huge agglomeration of bricks and mortar which form the outer belt of London. At Herne Hill the train halts to link on the half portion from Victoria, and then rushes onward with swift pace to its destination. A few minutes brings in view Sydenham Hill, on which still stands the structure that gave the most lasting and distinctive architectural feature to the world's gathering of 1851. Onwards through Bromley and Broadlands, where we commence to meet that sylvan scenery which gives to Kent its wide reputation for beauty. Fast fades the faint line of distant woods as the train glides onward amid the scattered homes of rural English life which peep forth at every point,—here nestling amid charming foliage, there perched on some slight eminence, or at other spots grouped in small clusters from which arise the weather-worn spire of the small village church. Thus flitting we pass that stretch of country before we reach the outlying buttresses of our naval arsenal—Chatham. Close here is Gad's Hill, the spot made famous as the residence in his later years of Charles Dickens, and here we may see, as we look down from the train, that quaint form of house and home that he portrayed in his writings and rendered immortal by his genius. From this point the same general characteristics of scenery remain: farms and hop-gardens alternate with family mansions and

rich fields which the play of light and shade convert into phases of rustic scenic beauty. Half an hour of swift travelling brings us to Canterbury, the outline of whose cathedral recalls the days when England was still under the sway of that Church whose dominion at this hour is only limited by the domain of human life. From Canterbury to Dover the distance is not great, and in another half an hour the train runs along that Admiralty Pier under whose protection lies ready for the start the mail-boat. Across the short span of sea lies old-world Calais, the first foothold gained and the last foothold yielded in that long fierce struggle between England and France. Times have changed, and those who keep watch and ward in the old French town wait for the arrival of the steam ferry which brings English visitors, English appetites, and English money. From Calais two trains speed on their way, one for Paris by way of Boulogne, the other for Bruxelles and the quaint cities of Belgium and Holland.

One of the great advantages of the Calais route is the opportunity it affords of reaching Paris by way of Brussels. By many travellers this *détour* is entirely overlooked, but to those who have never seen either Brussels or Waterloo the loss is very great. In Brussels there are some good picture-galleries, some remarkable public buildings, and some fine street architecture, whilst within half an hour by rail is the famous field of Waterloo. There are few Englishmen to whom such a locality does not appeal with great force, as the points round which the struggle was fiercest remain in practically the same condition as they were on the day of the battle. In these days of volunteer armies, it affords a splendid opportunity of studying the details of a masterly strategic position as chosen by the originator of the lines of Torres Vedras. The loss of time to go to Pau by way of Brussels, and including a visit to the field of Waterloo, need not much exceed a day. The results will amply repay both the time and money.

One of the most salient peculiarities of modern London life is the growth of its suburbs. From that outside belt of brick and mortar each day brings countless thousands into the heart of the City, and each night sees them taken back to their suburban homes, leaving streets vacant and the great maze of offices and warehouses silent and deserted. The flowing to and fro of this great tide of life is effected by the aid of the local railway traffic. One has only to enter a railway terminus at five or six o'clock in the evening to have ample testimony of its immensity. Men choose their localities from prudence, or necessity, or inclination, and conspicuous amongst them may be mentioned Dulwich, rendered famous by its rural quietude, charming picture-gallery, and its pleasant scenery. Sydenham towers upward, the glittering lights reflected from the faint outlines and glowing beauty of the world-renowned Crystal Palace. Intermediate are a series of pleasant spots where men may forget the turmoil of life, and readily imagine they are still in the depths of country life. Here and there may be seen fat kine grazing in rich meadows, whilst wide-spreading beeches



## Dulwich Gallery.

or elms give a quiet and rustic beauty to the scene. It may be a mere illusion, but the illusion is none the less pleasant when it puts on the garb of contentment and quiet.

### DULWICH GALLERY.

THERE are few modes of spending an afternoon more agreeable than that of lounging through the picture-gallery at Dulwich. It is readily reached by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, and there are two stations, either of which is within a few minutes' walk. These stations are Herne Hill and Dulwich. The gallery itself is not a large one, although there are some pictures of exceptional merit on its walls, and one that has a very



ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

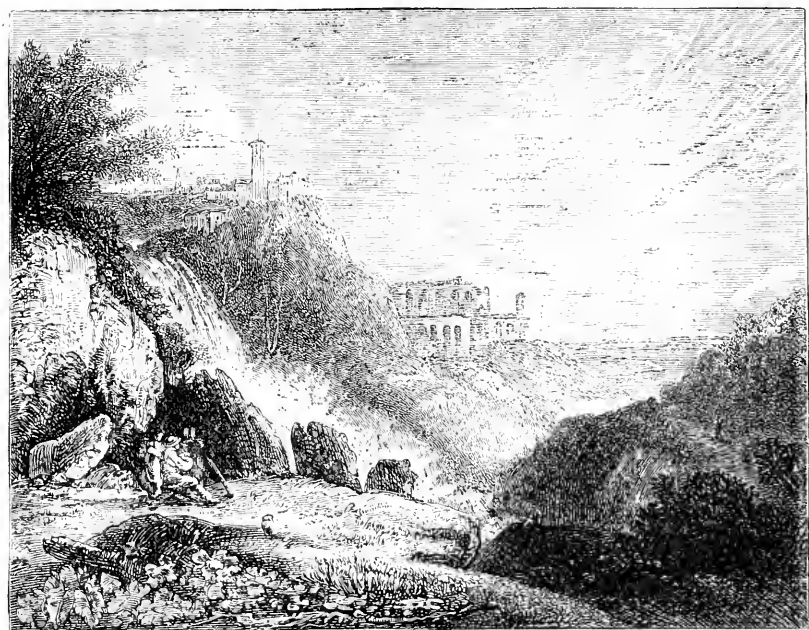
VIRGIN AND CHILD.

wide and well-deserved reputation. We have selected five of the pictures as being some of those best fitted for engraving. They are by Guido, Vandyke, Hobbema, Wilson, and Murillo; the last picture being celebrated throughout Europe. It is not too much to say of these pictures that each one is good of its kind. The picture by Guido of "St. John in the Wilderness" is delicate, effective, and tender, whilst the companion-picture, by Vandyke, which is engraved with it, is vigorous in colour and telling in its general grouping. It is necessary to point out that the pictures themselves hang widely apart in the gallery itself, and are placed side by side in the engraving as a matter of convenience only.



LANDSCAPE.—HOBBEEMA.

The above picture has exceptional merit and finish, and is a very good example of the qualities of that artist.



MAECENAS' VILLA.—WILSON.

This landscape will at once remind visitors of Turner's handling; there are indications of those great aerial effects which became so conspicuous in the later artist's work.

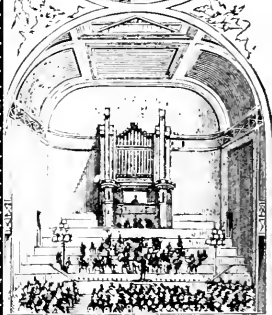
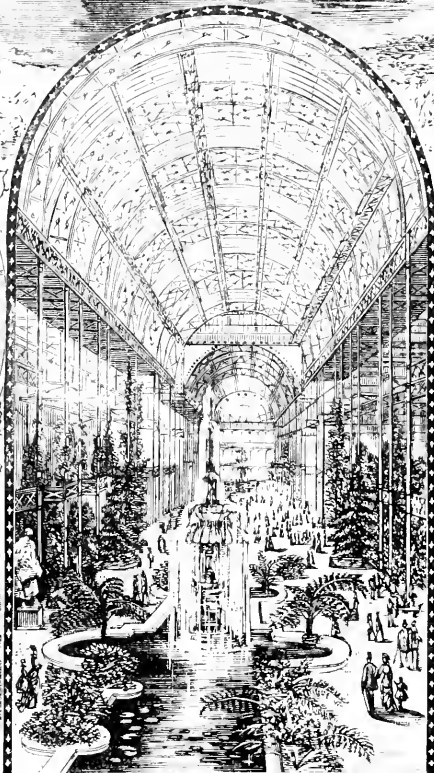
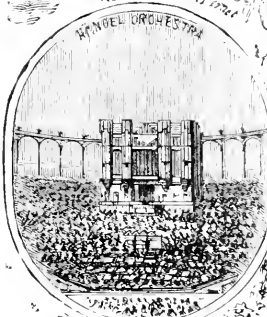


SPANISH FLOWER GIRL.

The gem of the collection is probably "The Spanish Flower Girl," by Murillo, which is in the great artist's best style, remarkable at once for its saucy naturalness, its admirable *pose*, combined with careful handling and finish.

### CRYSTAL PALACE.

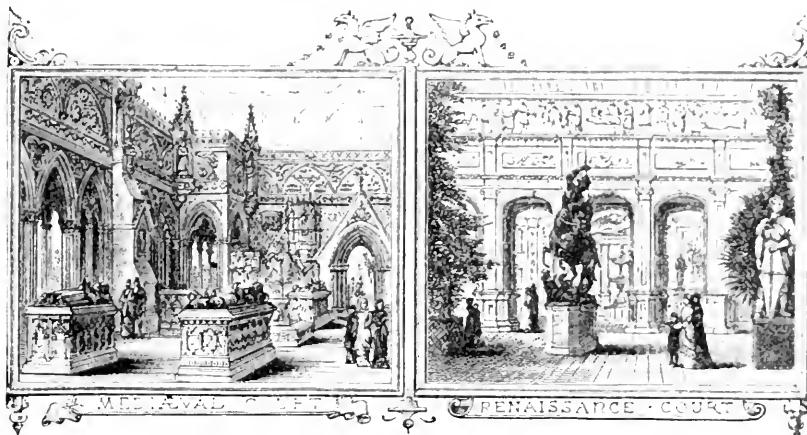
THERE is no place in or around London so well adapted for a day's outing as the Crystal Palace. It combines beauty, fresh air, intellectual surroundings, and a good restaurant: the last is an item for comfort on a holiday. The best way to reach the Palace is by the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, whose train places the visitor at the grand transept, the true centre of the whole building. In the interior of the Palace a man may familiarize himself with all the great productions of classic and modern Art, whilst he is surrounded by examples of all the great types of architecture. In the Picture Gallery he may see good examples of works by living painters, whilst in the grounds he will find pleasant walks, shady nooks, and admirable geological animals reproduced with great care.



THE FOUNTAIN

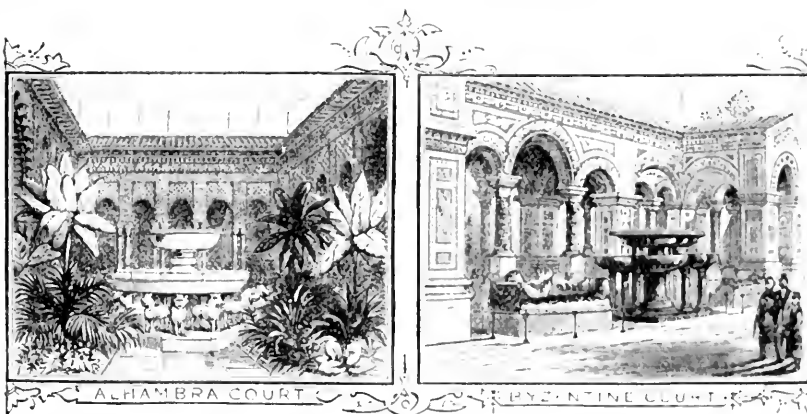
## Crystal Palace.

*Medieval Court.*—Here we have an illustration of the change from the round to the pointed arch, the essential characteristic of all Gothic architecture. The Cathedrals of England afford many splendid illustrations of its wonderful capabilities. Examples are here given from York, Ely, Lincoln, Winchester, Rochester, and Salisbury.



*Renaissance Court.*—So called from the revival of ancient Art in Europe after the fall of Constantinople. Here is a copy of the celebrated gates from the Baptistry at Florence, called by Michael Angelo, on account of their beauty, "The Gates of Paradise."

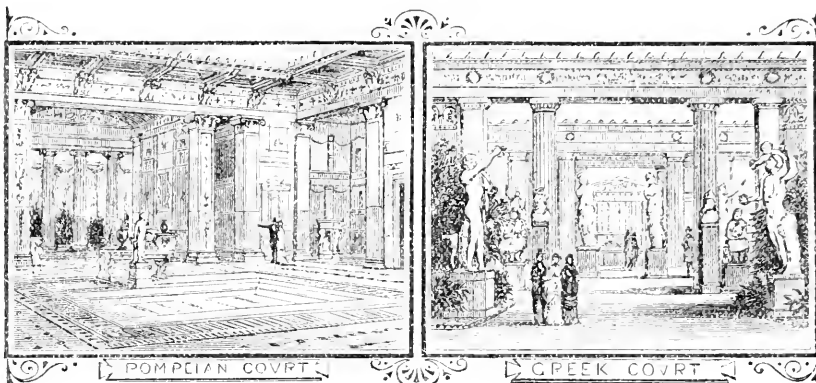
*Alhambra Court.*—The Alhambra is conspicuous from the splendour and richness of its architectural decoration. The portion of the Alhambra Palace here reproduced is the famous Court of the Lions.



*Byzantine Court.*—It will be readily noticed that there is a resemblance in the general style of this Court to that of the Alhambra. This is more particularly apparent in the circular arches and general type of ornament, both styles having a common origin in classic architecture.

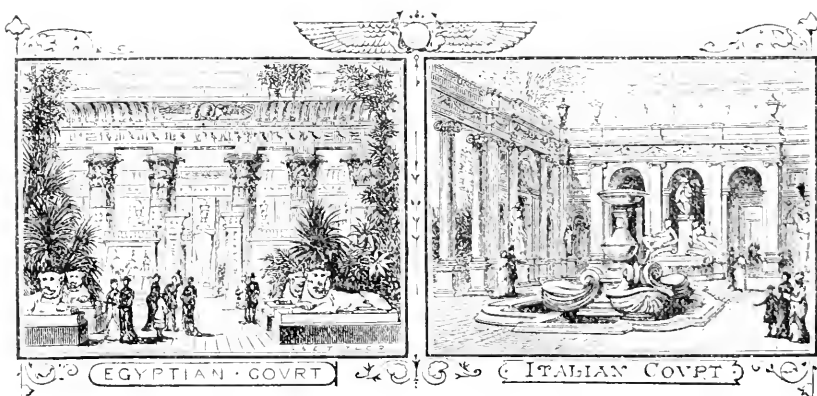
## Crystal Palace.

*Pompeian Court.*—This Court is conspicuous for its refined and artistic beauty. It bears all the essential qualities of Greek Art, of which it was an offshoot. All the bronzes, statues, altars, and grouping bear the same general characteristics. The importance of this point in connection with the general character of Greek Art is immense.



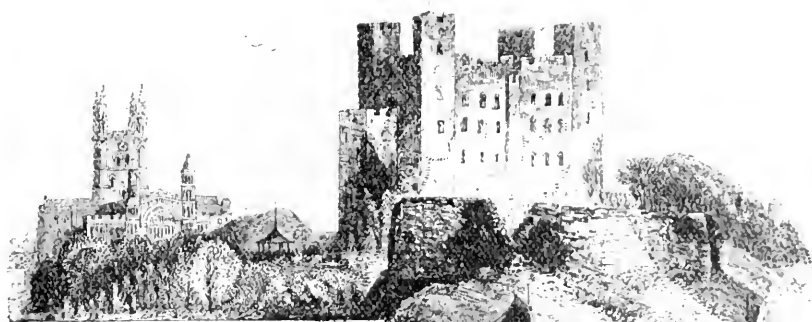
*Greek Court.*—More especially remarkable for the casts of Greek sculpture, an art in which the ancient Greeks have never been equalled. Here may be seen models of the Acropolis at Athens, as also the Parthenon.

*Egyptian Court.*—The architecture of Egypt is characterized by its gigantic proportions and great solidity, and those that have come down to us were almost exclusively associated with religion. The Court is designed on the lines of an Egyptian Temple.



*Italian Court.*—The most noteworthy objects here are the casts from Michael Angelo and the fine door from St. Mark's at Venice. Here also is a model of St. Peter's at Rome.

ONE of the most romantic points in the neighbourhood of the River Thames is Rochester Castle. It dates back to the time of the Conquest, having been founded by William I., on the same spot as that which had been occupied by the Romans a thousand years before. It stands, as the Tower of London stands, upon the brink of the river, helping to command that great natural highway, and illustrating in a very vivid manner the mode in which the Conqueror kept his grip upon the land he had won. The position of the Castle is one of great beauty, and it stands up against the sky clear and distinct in its grey ruggedness. The gardens are thrown open to the public, having been obtained by the Corporation on lease from the Earl of Jersey for that purpose.



ROCHESTER.

When a boy, Charles Dickens lived here, and in his walks frequently passed Gad's Hill Place, on Gad's Hill, ever memorable for its association with Sir John Falstaff—"But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning by four o'clock, early at Gad's Hill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I have vizards for you all; you have horses for yourselves." Thus early in life, Dickens informs us that he determined to become the owner of Gad's Place. This object of his ambition was eventually gratified in 1856, and the above extract, illuminated and placed in a frame, was the first object to attract the attention of visitors. There are some charming walks in the vicinity; that to Maidstone from Rochester we have Dickens' authority for describing as one of the most beautiful walks in England. Round Cobham, skirting the park and village, and passing the "Leather Bottle," famous in the pages of "Pickwick," is another favourite walk. Many of the scenes and descriptions in "Great Expectations" are adapted from places in the neighbourhood. In a letter to a friend in 1856 Dickens, speaking of the neighbourhood, says, "The country is beautiful. . . . There is no healthier, and none, in my eyes, more beautiful."



## THE ISLE OF THANET.

THIS curious, half-obliterated island is nine miles long and five miles broad. Men talk of it, books are written about it, and we all refer to it, yet in all probability there is not one in a thousand knows what it means. Who is there at a moment's notice that will be prepared to define its water boundaries? Nothing is easier when it is known, yet few things would be less suggestive. The truth is, the old waterways are becoming closed up, and our Isle of Thanet is practically an island only in name, for the old broad river which once existed is now nearly closed by filling up. On the sea coast, which looks towards the Isle of Sheppy a short way above Herne Bay, rise the far-famed Reculvers. They are the last relics of the church which once stood there, and they mark the opening into the River Wanstum, which runs across the land joining the River Stour, which has its inlet at Pegwell Bay, and thus forms the Isle of Thanet. This was the old waterway from London to the Continent, at a time when traders were glad of any route which kept them free from sea storms and sea rovers. In those days the river which bears the two names was very much larger than at present, and trading vessels very much smaller, so that the traffic passed in at one end and out at the other with great facility, leaving that long stretch of sea coast round by Ramsgate and Margate to those who followed the right honourable profession of pirate. The sense of insecurity was marked by the huge fortress erected at each end where the river entered the sea, and all that now remains are the ruins, which play the part of landmarks to the fishermen, or which excite the attention and appreciation of the antiquarian or the archæologist.

This is the history of the past. What of the present? Let any one turn his head towards the breezes which come so refreshingly from the North Sea, and note how thoroughly the island is growing into a great seaside resort. Along the whole coast the evidence makes itself felt at every turn: individual houses grow into clusters, expand into terraces, and become conspicuous by the readiness with which they are occupied. Look at the mere list of names—Birchington-on-Sea, Westgate-on-Sea, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, and a host of smaller places which can be thrown in as a mere makeweight. Several of these are but the creatures of yesterday, and they already have a reputation. Westgate-on-Sea, for example, seems to say, "I am prepared to show bungalows and villas, small cottages, and Queen Anne mansions, for the mere enjoyment of the thing." Margate grows larger each day, and finds thousands who believe in its bracing power; whilst Broadstairs and Ramsgate are each stretching towards the other in a way that indicates that they intend eventually to meet. How comes all this? Why do people flock each year to the Isle of Thanet? The answer is that they find it suits them. It is possible to create a fictitious popularity, but that soon dies out: it is the natural popularity that bears such ripe fruit. Men know what they feel, and act upon it. The dry teaching of statistics tells the same tale. In a return compiled by the Registrar-General the health of the neighbourhood ranks very high.



## HERNE BAY.

A LONG row of houses which nestle by the shore, a respectable jetty which meets your advances half-way, and a glowing sun whose light quivers over the almost quiescent sea ; these form the first view of quiet, unostentatious, and retiring Herne Bay. On the black board near the station is the announcement that the Registrar General has certified its general salubrity. The effect is visible in the complaisance which manifests itself at every step. The cabman who touches his hat moves with an air of conscious quietude ; the bus-driver flicks the gad-fly off his near wheeler with a mild apologetic protest ; whilst the hotel-keeper stands in his doorway, cool, placid, and smiling, pointing to the chair in the nearest bay-window with an air that defies imitation. In his innermost heart he doubts whether the world holds such another Paradise as Herne Bay. In his



judgment it combines all the qualities to render life at the seaside truly delightful. "Here are no hurdy-gurdies, sir ; no tum-tums ; no vulgar-tumblers. We don't believe in 'em ? We believe in gentility and fresh air." The lady joins chorus. "So truly rural and so thoroughly seaside-like. All the quiet of the one and all the freshness of the other. At what hour would you like dinner, sir ? and have you any particular choice as to your wine ?"

A sense of lazy indifference steals over the senses as we watch life from the bay-window. It is eminently unexciting. The air is placid, the sea is placid, the movements of the people are placid, and the shore, stretching out its long, flat surface, is placid also. Placidity is written everywhere. The young urchins who paddle in the sea and stroll out a long way from the shore, with the water not higher than their ankles, are undisturbed by waves, and climb quietly into the boat which is beached by the receding

tide. The mothers look on with tender appreciation from the vantage-ground on the high bank. The fathers recline in the sun, and doze over their newspaper, which is held upside down, while the young ladies borrow the old novels from the library and dream away their hour. All is quiet—quiet even to the point of “rest and be thankful.” The pony which drags the miniature four-wheeler feels the influence; he strays from the road to browse on the hedges; whilst the donkey, which puts in an appearance every day, does so with the manner which notifies “it is my business to carry panniers and children, so no hurrying, if you please.” The old lady who knits her stocking, and looks out over the quiet sheet of water stretching far away, trembles as she thinks of long, long ago. Time has dealt tenderly and lovingly with her, and she acknowledges all as she basks in the sun. The old salt who sits by her side grows excited, as he tells of that night when the good ship went ashore off the Land’s End. He warmly enters once again into the struggle; this time safe on land. So moves and thinks and swells that mass of human life which finds its holiday quarters here; and those to whom quiet is a necessity, who are weary of the everyday rush, who claim, if only for a brief period, the right of silence and seclusion, may go farther and fare worse.

## WESTGATE.

FROM Herne Bay the train speeds rapidly on its way, skirting the estuary of the Thames, and each moment approaching nearer to the open sea. On either side of the rail is a broad expanse of green sward, and this flatness remains conspicuous until we near Ramsgate. Nearer the water side the borders gradually rise into cliffs, on which are still seen the old coast-guard houses with their weather-beaten look. As the train nears Margate we are reminded by the outlines of new terraces and well-laid roads that the spirit of speculative appreciation is not dormant, for at Westgate the tone of modern life is distinctly perceptible. Few places have risen more rapidly in general esteem than this comparatively novel sea-side place. Its position gives it much of the bracing vigour for which Margate is recommended, and more of that quietude for which so many seek in vain. It is also laid out with greater appreciation of loitering, and if less enthusiastic is not less agreeable. There is an esplanade that runs by the side of the sea, where a man may loiter after dinner and imbibe at once the freshness of the strong sea air and the delicious soothing of a good cigar. It is well asphalted, has garden-seats scattered here and there, and a good look-out over the cliffs at the far end. If you are fond of croquet, lawn tennis, or bowls; go to Westgate. If you like to rest in the open and watch the waves as they break lazily on the shore; go to Westgate. If you love the sound of music sweetened as it floats over water, or the hum of busy whirling life mellowed by distance; again we say, go to Westgate.



## MARGATE.

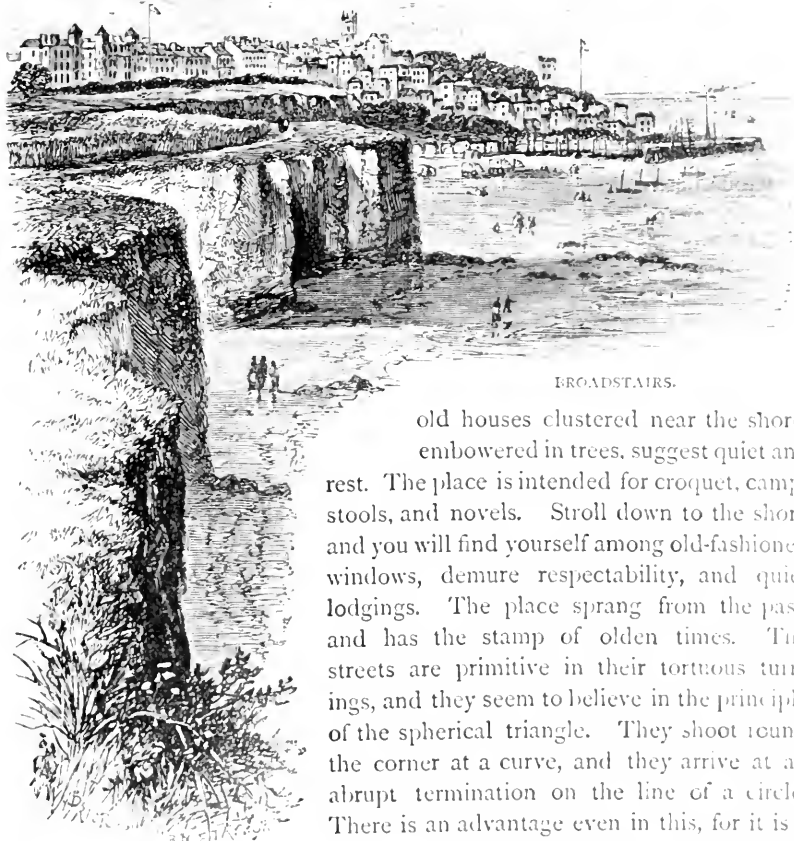
THERE is no seaside place at once so popular and so bracing as Margate. The reasons for these results are not far to seek, and they are to be found in its pronounced natural advantages, combined with its proximity to the metropolis. If any one will look at a map, he will see in a moment its great natural position. It stands on the brow of that jutting headland of the chalk cliffs which fringe the mouth of the Thames. The strong air from the Northern sea sweeps down upon it with refreshing vigour during the heats of summer. The crisp, briny flavour, cool and close-grained, acts as a powerful tonic on the unstrung nerves of those who are enfeebled by the heat; and thus the hosts of London life rush to its shores. The high chalk cliffs imply dry, clear air, whilst the rich luxuriance of the country side gives zest to the change. Life rebounds as the old refrain of the song is trolled forth with full vigour, and men who never sang a verse in their lives, feel themselves entitled to shout out, "A rare old place is Margate!"

There are many who appreciate the great natural stimulating qualities of Margate air, and who do not restrict their appreciation of its advantages to July and August; they believe that in the rich days of early spring, equally with those of the soft and tender beauty of late autumn, this great seaside resort is at once pleasant and invigorating. Many artists think the same, and our great landscape painter, Turner, used constantly to visit this locality. Our engraving is from one of his sketches, modified to suit the more practical purposes of the Guide. In one respect considerable judgment has been shown by those who have had the original planning of Margate. The Jetty stretches far out into the sea, and affords at once a pleasant promenade and a healthful lounge. When all else is sultry and wearying, there, at least, may be found the cool sea breeze. There also may be seen all those curious varieties of London life which each season sends to the surface.

It will be well for those who choose an outing at Margate to make up their mind what kind of change they desire. If it be bustle, jollity, and excitement, with plenty of life, all these are to be found at Margate during the months of July and August. Those, however, who wish quieter life can find it either in its near neighbour and practical suburb, Westgate-on-Sea, or in the higher ground of the cliffs, locally known as the Fort. Here are long terraces and streets of houses, fitted for home life and enjoyment. Here the town stretches out until it reaches the fields, and here in the autumn may be seen the rich luxuriance of crops for which this neighbourhood is celebrated. There is one point in connection with this locality which ought not to be omitted, that is, its practical nearness to London. There are trains which run between Ludgate Hill and Margate in about one hundred minutes, so that a man may breakfast and bathe, and yet be in his office in decent time in the morning; or he may toil on until the bank closes, and yet dine comfortably in the evening as he looks out on that broad expanse of ocean, over whose surface floats those breezes which are to bring to him fresh strength and energy for the work of to-morrow.

## BROADSTAIRS.

THERE are few places on the Kentish Coast more tempting to an over-worked man than Broadstairs. The station indicates the surroundings. It stands in the midst of corn-fields, looking down upon the sea. On the right, a pathway through the corn gives a sense of country life, whilst the



BROADSTAIRS.

old houses clustered near the shore embowered in trees, suggest quiet and rest. The place is intended for croquet, camp-stools, and novels. Stroll down to the shore and you will find yourself among old-fashioned windows, demure respectability, and quiet lodgings. The place sprang from the past, and has the stamp of olden times. The streets are primitive in their tortuous turnings, and they seem to believe in the principle of the spherical triangle. They shoot round the corner at a curve, and they arrive at an abrupt termination on the line of a circle. There is an advantage even in this, for it is a change from those parallel lines of houses

which wear you out by their monotony. Broadstairs is eminently free from all such imputation: it seems to have only one idea, and that is to see how close it can get to the side of the sea. The long row in front of the cliff admits a break in its picturesqueness, so that the fisher-folk may dry their nets. The lodging-houses are close by, through whose open doors steals the perfume of wallflowers and mignonette, borne on the breeze from the sea. The whole place has the elements of the pleasant, the picturesque, and the primitive. The old pier, which does its duty manfully, protests in a modest

way against all modern innovations. It believes in wood ; it wants neither stone piers nor stone buttresses ; and, above all, it wants to be left alone. If you are willing to take things as they are, you are welcome ; but, if there is to be any fuss, please stay away. Society is, however, ungenerous in its requirements ; it declines to stay away, and it equally declines to be contented. The result is beginning to manifest itself in new houses that are beginning to spring out of the earth all round the neighbourhood. This is conspicuously so in the route to St. Peter's, that pleasant hamlet which lies across the fields. In Broadstairs itself the passion for building has not yet burst forth, and it is possible to rest here within the sound of the waves and outside the hurry and rush of larger places. Broadstairs is a hamlet of the parish of St. Peter's, and enjoys the reputation of having been fortified in days gone by, an arch of the fortification still remaining in the route to the pier, from which it is said to take its name. The gate to which we now refer was erected as a protection against smugglers and privateers, who were very numerous here at one time.

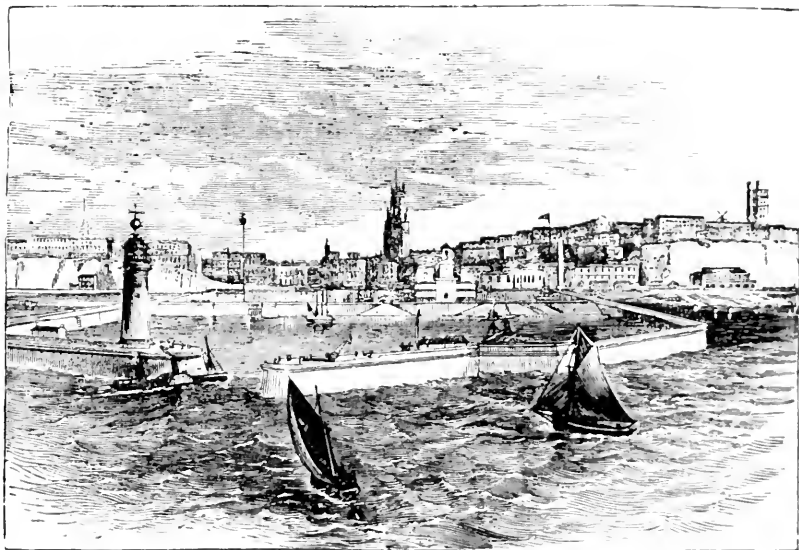
In the immediate vicinity of Broadstairs is the village of St. Peter's. The pathway lies across the fields, and the place is so sheltered by trees that it is quite possible to be close to its neighbourhood without being aware of its existence. On the road towards St. Peter's a large number of new houses have been erected, and there seems every probability of this locality rising into importance. The view from Broadstairs Station, looking across the fields towards the sea, is, on a fine day, exceedingly beautiful.

### RAMSGATE.

A LONG dark tunnel through which the strong sea air steadily makes its way, the murmur of voices in the distance blending with the plash of the waves, a rush, a scurry, a babble of cries, a flash of strong sunlight, and lo ! we are by the side of Ramsgate Sands. The London Chatham and Dover Terminus at Ramsgate is actually built on the sands. Here is the world at its ease ; the rough conundrum of life in its undress—laughing, singing, dancing. The whole breadth of the long white shore is alive with those whose actions proclaim the *abandon* of buoyant health and the wildness of vivid enjoyment. They have come for their holiday, and are not to be balked. They claim the hour as their own, and allow the broad sense of humour to have its way. The cobwebs that have crowded into the overworked brain have to flit before the claims of companionship and the excitement of the sea-side. Men forget to worry when they are constrained to laugh. The grotesque or the ludicrous creeps in at every turn and helps the charm of the hour. Here are niggers and tumblers, happy families and performing monkeys, wise dogs and trained canaries, each with its own circle of admirers, yet with plenty of room to spare. The crowd is not a host ; it is the great London exodus, which for so many months in each year nestles by the side of the sea, and finds abundance of space for all it requires on these splendid wide-spreading sands. Here is the pale-faced governess, who has saved out of her scanty income that she may rest in tranquillity for a season,

## Ramsgate.

and as she dozes over the pages of her novel she gathers fresh strength for her next year's labour. The crisp laughter that echoes around her stirs the blood in her veins, and wakens again dreams of hope that have been too long stilled. Here is that prosperous grocer's wife, with her brood of chicks, smiling in her good-natured contentment at each and every one, smoothing away difficulties, caressing all by turn, and looking a very pleasant fat, fair, and forty. Here also is that poor curate whose face tells the fierce struggle between gentility and want. The memories of old college days still haunt him, despite his rusty black, and he laughs once again at the mimicry of the latest imitation of the Christy Minstrels. The donkeys participate in the



RAMSGATE.

enjoyment of the hour, for their tails wag incessantly, like the pendulums in a Dutch clockmaker's shop. Around and at every step the motto bursts forth—"Live, live and be merry, for to-morrow we go back to our work."

This is life on the sands: it is the arena for holiday joking, for buoyancy and forgetfulness. Above it floats another atmosphere and another stratum of society. From its vantage-ground on the high cliff, rich respectability looks across the wide expanse of sea, imbibes the soft air, and finds abundance of enjoyment in the ever-recurring changes, the comparison of the latest fashions, or the sting of satire in the criticism of its neighbours. On a bench near the Granville are a bevy of well-bred women convulsed with laughter as that puppyism of the seaside season, Martinet Mary and her tame lap-dog, come trippingly by. The poodle knows his place, and submissively accepts the second position. His "get up" is faultless, his suit perfect in fit and unequivocal in style:—bluest of the blue, straw hat and green veil, eye-glass in position, patent leather boots, and white gaiters; there, with other items, constitute this mimicry of a sailor. Smirking in

his satisfied self-sufficiency, carrying his lady's parasol, he affords the point for a joke and the topic for an hour. Close behind come a troop of young English girls, bright, honest, and happy; their brilliant complexions speak well for the freshness of our climate. Bravely and royally they sweep by, carrying in undiminished fullness that priceless gift of peerless beauty. Here, too, is that rich young widow who but a few years ago was the acknowledged star of the London season; to-day she looks with saddened eyes into the far-off. In the immediate neighbourhood are concert halls and croquet lawns, broad walks for loitering, and points of view for sketching, all scattered abroad in open-handed profusion. So moves the kaleidoscope: wealth, fashion, and eccentricity pass to and fro on the high level, and keep well within their own circle.

Ramsgate has greatly changed within the last few years. Step outside the railway station, and, turning to the left, look straight up that road which runs up the side of the cliff. It is probably the best of its kind in Europe. In its lower portion, the "Marina," the shops and houses look as though they had crept out from the chalk. Tasteful in design, keenly perceptive of everyday uses, they harmonize admirably with their surroundings. In their front and in their midst are broad walks and shrubs, cacti and evergreens; the whole suggesting possibilities in the future greater than have yet been attempted. Mount the road, and when you reach the top, a slight distance on your right stands the Granville Hotel. As a mere matter of architectural arrangement, combined with position, it is beyond all question exceptionally good. To this has now been added arrangements with the railway companies, that will tend to bring it into still further repute. Some short distance along the face of the cliff is the Coast Guard Station, and the old "salt" who perambulates the front will point out in the offing the far-famed and much-dreaded Goodwin Sands. As the wind rises the line of white foam will indicate their whereabouts, whilst the light-ships anchored at either end will indicate their locality. Each year has its catalogue of wrecks and of the numbers who perish there. From the Coast Guard Station the road stretches along the cliffs, and then turns inland towards Broadstairs and St. Peter's. At low tide there is a safe and pleasant walk along the foot of the cliffs: care should be taken to allow plenty of time, as when the tide is up the whole beach is covered by the sea. One of the most curious facts which can be observed in connection with the walk along the front of the cliffs, is the way in which the flints lie imbedded. They extend for considerable distances, and oftentimes in distinct parallels.

Turning the other way, mount the west cliff, and pause, if only for a minute, at the monastery which was built near its extreme end under the care of J. W. Pugin. There is an air of quiet rest about its appearance that is curiously tempting to men on whom the strain of constant anxiety has produced the sense of utter weariness. Near this spot the main road runs direct to Pegwell Bay, celebrated for its shrimps, and as a locality which it is considered proper to visit.



## CANTERBURY.

DATING its foundation before the advent of the Romans, this quaint and venerable old city possesses many historical associations of no mean nature. It is very pleasantly situated in a valley, and is surrounded by some charming country scenery.

The Cathedral, an engraving of which we annex, naturally claims the tourist's first visit. Passing through Mercery Lane, in which is the site of the "Chequers Inn," mentioned by Chaucer in his "Canterbury Tales," and on through a fine gateway, we reach the grand old Gothic fane. Supposed to have owed its foundation to St. Augustine, it has hitherto passed without irretrievable damage through many vicissitudes, and now, after the



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

lapse of centuries, rears its majestic pile, a dumb witness to the piety of our ancestors. The Pointed style of architecture finds a representative in the great—Bell Harry Tower—one of the most beautiful specimens in England. Passing into the cathedral, there are numerous objects of interest, and among them we would specially draw attention to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, murdered in this cathedral. Though shorn of its jewels and splendour, the very knowledge that formerly kings, princes, and thousands of the highest and noblest in the land came to its altar to do penance, attracts us irresistibly to the spot.

The ruins of the ancient monastery of St. Augustine claim passing notice. The devil is said to have attacked the chapel attached to this building when Mass was first celebrated in it by the founder, apparently not relishing the idea of being compelled to give up even temporary possession. The marks of his talons on the wall of the porch are shown as conclusive testimony of the truth of the story.

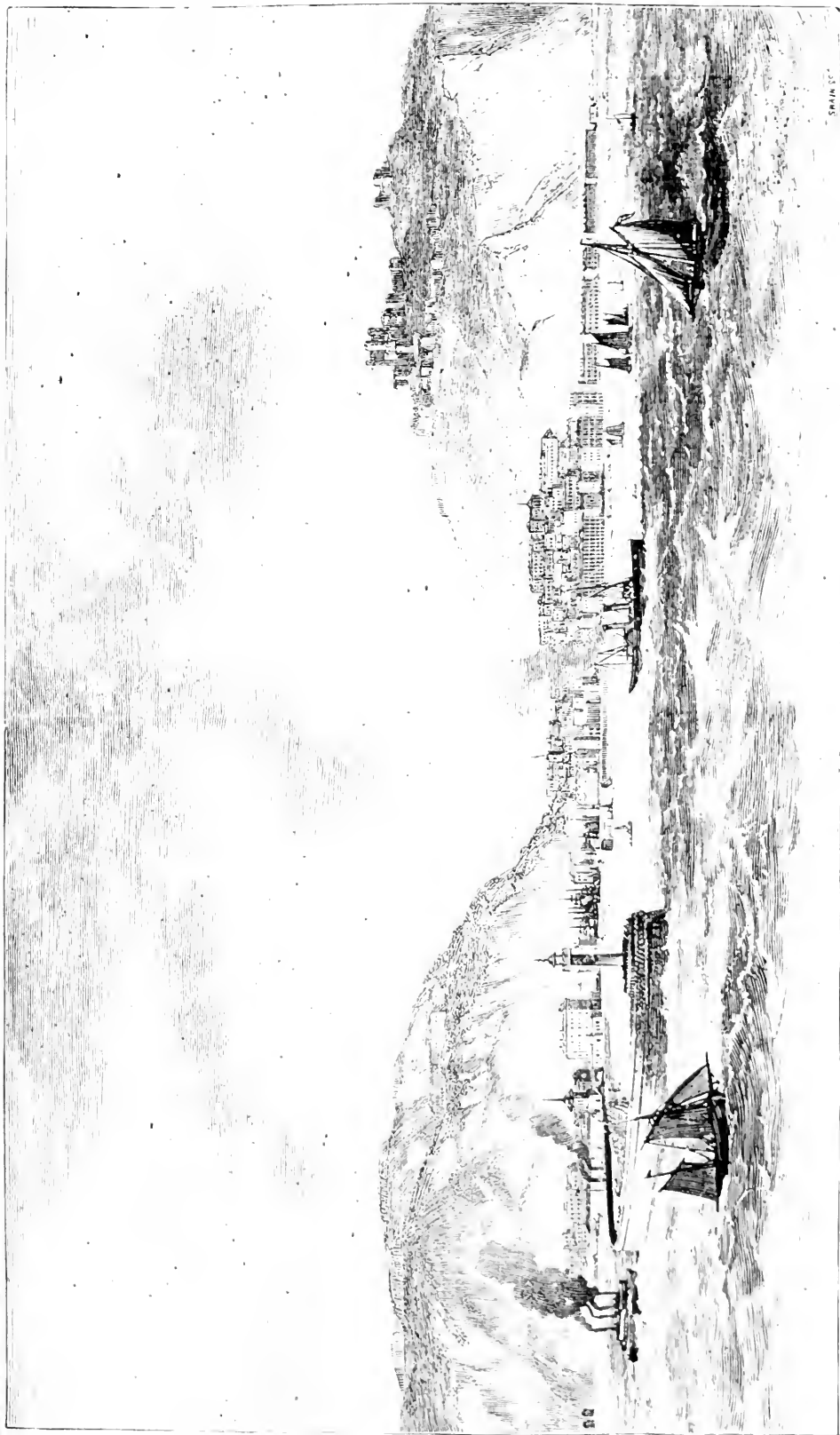
## DOVER.

THERE are various points of view from which Dover may be studied ; but there is none so picturesque as that from the far end of the Admiralty Pier, or, better still, from the sea itself a mile or two from the shore. As the Channel boat approaches the English coast, the great natural beauty of the sea-gate town impresses itself vividly upon all cultivated minds. Its position in the hollow between the two cliffs is strikingly effective, whilst the church spire rising from the mass of houses, with the soft tone of the surrounding hills forming an appropriate background, gives to the whole view a perfect finish. Under the rich light of a sinking summer's sun the walls of the old Castle and the lights and shades of the battlements gleam with tints that Turner would have flung with passionate zest upon his canvas. As the fast-flying glow sinks lower on the horizon, the white cliffs become radiant with every variety of colour : deep purple-greys melt into full tinted ambers, and shade off into rich-toned browns. When thus seen, few views are more splendid than Dover heights and Dover town. With certain modifications of detail, this splendid natural picture has stood for thousands of years. Before Christianity was preached in England, the legions of Rome landed at the spot, and built up the fortifications whose outlines are visible still on the chalk cliff heights. Near here Julius Cæsar landed, and since that time Saxon, Norman, and Plantagenet have each laid their hand on this front gate of the main route to the Continent. William the Conqueror raised Dover into the position of one of the Cinque Ports. At Dover King John resigned his kingdom to the Pope's Legate in 1213. From this town Richard Cœur de Leon started to fight against the Saracens. Here also Henry VIII. embarked for the tournaments at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and it was also at Dover that Charles II. landed when he returned to his throne. The town is filled with historical memories from its natural position and association with France.

At one portion of its history Dover represented a walled town with ten gates, one of which, the Watergate, sufficiently indicates its locality. At that period the River Dour flowed through the town into the sea, and thus the gate took its name. The growth of the town has caused all the walls to be removed, and their locality is now indicated by names of streets and other local marks.

One of the most memorable points in connection with Dover is the world-famed Shakespeare's Cliff. The last tunnel before reaching Dover is cut through it, and on a clear day a magnificent view of the South Foreland, Folkestone, and the coast of France can be obtained from its summit. Its height is 365 feet above the sea-level.

The ranges of cliffs are respectively named the East and West Cliffs ; both are strongly fortified. On the East Cliff is situated Dover Castle, whose rugged outlines stand out in vivid distinctness from the heights themselves. On the top of the cliff is North Fall Meadow, immediately behind the Castle, and to which entrance is obtained through the tunnel, by ascending the cliff above Athol Terrace. Close to the Castle is the old Watch Tower built by the Romans, the remains of which are in good preservation



VIEW OF DOVER.

Here also is the old church—St. Mary's-within-the-Castle, said to be one of the oldest structures in existence, and attributed to the first century. It was restored in 1860 by the Government, and now boasts of a good choir, an elaborate altar, and a beautiful font. Referring to the Castle itself, the westward portion is attributed to the Saxons, whilst the erection of the Keep undoubtedly belongs to the Normans. Many of the internal arrangements are strongly suggestive of the old state of warfare. The Banqueting Hall is peculiar by having at its angles secret galleries, with separate outlets and special means of defence. In the Castle also is the so-called Harold's Well, renowned on account of its great depth—some 300 feet. Here also is the Lecture-Room, where may be seen great varieties of weapons, both ancient and modern. To reach the summit of the Keep it is necessary to ascend a winding staircase which consists of 135 steps; on reaching the top the great strength of this particular portion of the old fortification becomes apparent. Heavy guns are mounted in the embrasures; but one cannot help feeling some sort of doubt as to how far such a structure is fitted to bear the concussion and recoil of heavy ordnance, not having been constructed for such a purpose. On the edge of the cliff is the far-famed Pocket-Pistol of Queen Elizabeth, a gun 24 feet long and bored to carry a 12 lb. shot. The ordinary rendering of the motto engraved on the cannon is—

“Load me well and keep me clean,  
I'll send a ball to Calais Green.”

The original inscription is in Low German. The Castle and fortifications are open to visitors every day till sunset.

Another point of interest in connection with Dover is the Priory. Only a few relics now remain of this once magnificent pile. The ancient gateway still remains. On passing through are seen the ruins of an old wall, which seems to have belonged to the cloisters. A large building restored in 1871 is used as a class-room for Dover College. There is a fresco of the “Last Supper” which extends the whole length of the wall: it is remarkable from the fact that it contains fourteen figures in place of the usual number, thirteen. In the immediate neighbourhood is the old church of Buchland, originally built by the monks of the Priory: it is one of the most beautiful in the neighbourhood. Outside the west door stands an ancient yew-tree, to which tradition gives the mythical longevity of 1,000 years. Originally the old church and its surrounding buildings occupied a space of nearly 20 acres.

It is well to remember that there are six entrances to the western heights or cliff, but that the principal one for the public is by the Grand Shaft in Snargate Street.

Dover is renowned as a fashionable watering-place. This, no doubt, is due to its pleasant position on the Southern Coast, its splendid heights, and its capital bathing. To these enticements may be added the charm of military surroundings, and the constant passage through the town of those who pass to and from the Continent. Like other places of great natural advantages, it gains by being well known.

# ACROSS TO FRANCE.

## THE MIDDLE PASSAGE.

THE London Chatham and Dover Railway is the most direct route between London and Paris; the sea-passage is decidedly the shortest, and the whole distance is covered in  $9\frac{1}{2}$  hours. There are two Royal Mail services daily from London, leaving Victoria Station at 7.40 a.m. and 8.20 p.m. The Company have three London Stations—Ludgate, Holborn Viaduct, and Victoria. On reference to the time-tables of the Company, it will also be found that Chatham, Canterbury, Dover, Ramsgate, Margate, &c., are more easily and more expeditiously reached by this line than by any other, there being numerous express trains to those towns during the day.

There is no problem of greater interest in the journey from London to Paris than that of the Channel voyage from Dover to Calais. On a clear night the lights on the Foreland flash across the twenty miles of water, and are clearly visible in the French port. The question that rises uppermost is, How can we pass over this distance without the dreaded sea-sickness? Every kind of suggestion has been offered, from suspension bridges to railway trains on board the boats. At the present time a scientific commission is gravely discussing the question of a tunnel under the sea, like that which runs under the Thames. Others have proposed that huge piers should be built in the sea, and a regular railway bridge stretched from shore to shore, like that which spans the Menai Straits. Many of these questions belong to the regions of speculation or the possibilities of the far future. The more practical question is—How can we reduce to a minimum the amount of motion on the steamboats that ply from shore to shore? because by so doing we naturally reduce the liability to nausea.

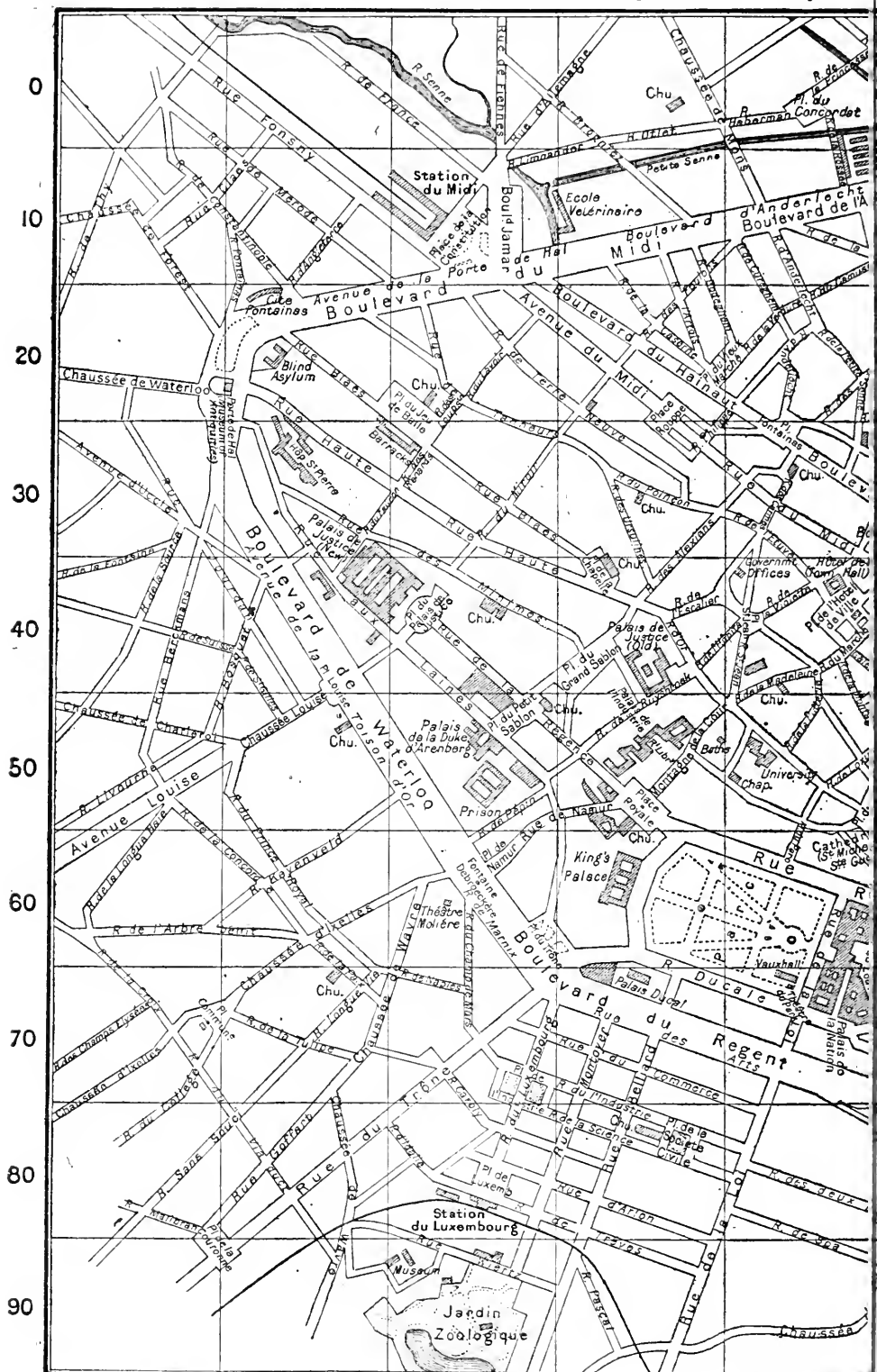
The London Chatham and Dover Railway Company have endeavoured to meet the difficulty by the introduction of the new double boat called the Calais-Douvres, and it is worth a little trouble to understand the principles upon which it has been constructed. One of the main difficulties of a pleasant passage from shore to shore is the exceedingly shallow entrance to Calais Harbour at low tide; and in the case of a fixed service all the arrangements must be based upon that standard. A small boat with a small draught of water is of necessity acted upon by every wave, and though they may be splendid sea-boats, and buoyant as ducks on the water, their very buoyancy renders them too lively for those who are not good sailors. If Calais Harbour could be deepened and enlarged, so as to admit of much larger boats being used, the mere increase of size would diminish the motion. That being for the present impossible, the question is—How can the same result be obtained without greater draught of water? The answer is, greater breadth of beam combined with tighter grip of the water. A homely simile

1

2

3

4



CATHEDRAL ST. MICHEL .. .. .	64	HÔTEL DE VILLE .. .. .	44	MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES .. .. .	2
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# BRUSSELS.

SCALE,  $\frac{1}{4}$  ENGLISH MILE.

0 1 2 3 4  
0 FURLONGS

PALAIS DE LA NATION	74	THEATRE DES VARIETES	47	THEATRE DE LA MONTAGNE	62
STATION DU LUXEMBOURG	82	THEATRE DU PARK	74	THEATRE DE LA POKKE	34
STATION DU MIDI	12	THEATRE LYRIQUE	50	THEATRE DE LA MONTAGNE	45
STATION DU NORD	57	THEATRE ROYAL	55	VAUXHALL	64

Street & Geog. Estab. London.

will illustrate this: a barge will have less motion on a sea-way than a cutter of the same size, for the barge has a larger base, and consequently greater solidity. The form of the barge, however, is unfitted for the conditions of speed and handiness, essential elements in the Channel steamers; and therefore the whole question has to be considered from the point where these qualities are united. Any one who has watched the long narrow boats on our canals, will have noticed very frequently that two may be seen floating side by side, joined together into one vessel, retaining their individual qualities for speed, and obtaining greater solidity by their mutual support. The boats under these conditions typify in a broad way the principle of the Calais-Douvres. In the case of the new Channel steamer the conditions are structural and permanent, whilst in the case of the canal boats they are merely temporary.

It may be that the future still holds some further development of a principle of which the Calais-Douvres is a fair example, and that a more perfect boat may yet be provided; but so far as facts have yet gone, the new twin steamer is the nearest approach to the standard which struggles to combine speed, light draught of water, and great steadiness. She has proved herself a capital sea-boat in moderately heavy weather, and there appears every probability that she will justify the high opinions that have been expressed of her staying qualities.

The size of the Calais-Douvres is as follows:—

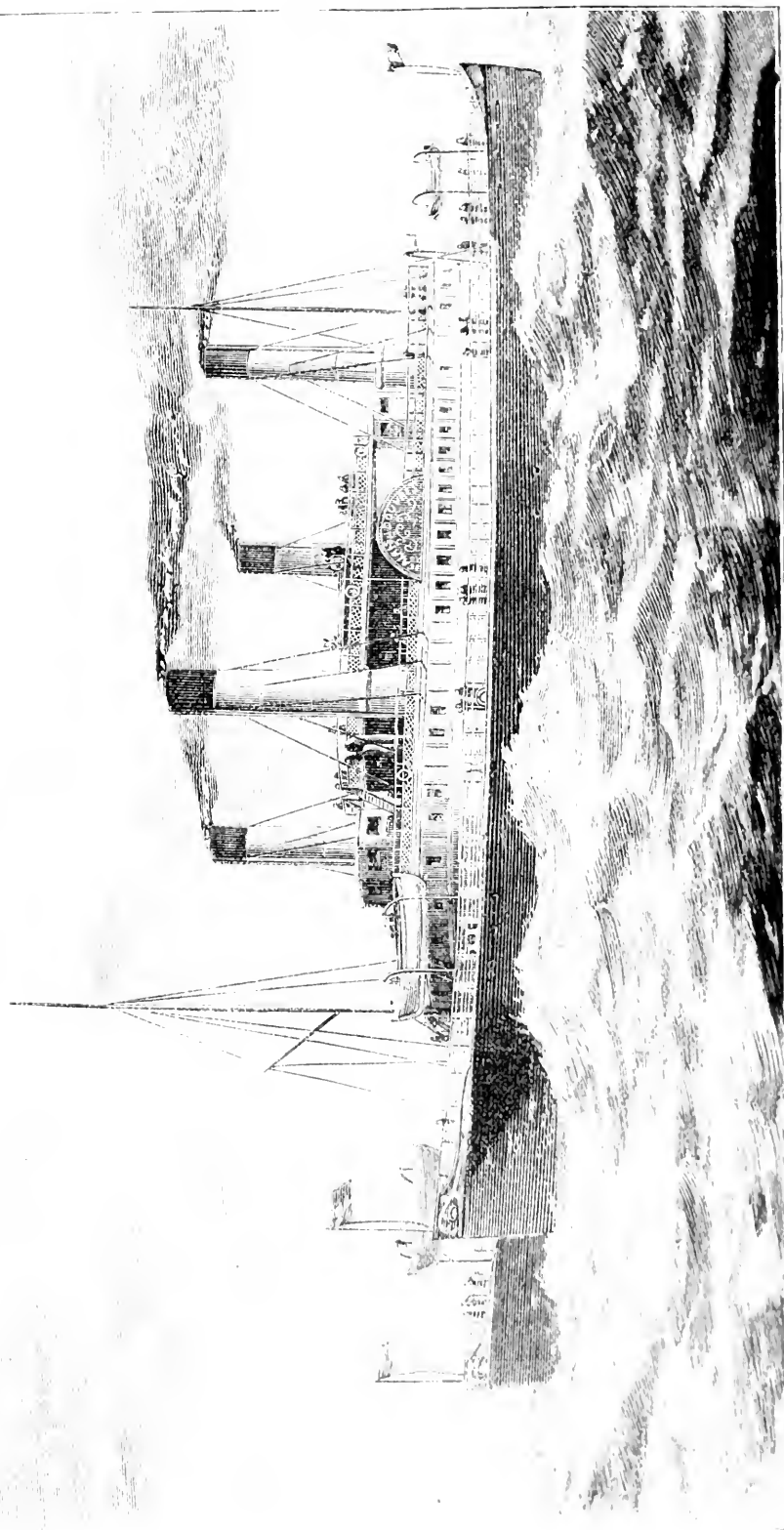
Length . . . . .	330 feet.
Greatest breadth . . . . .	62 „
Draught of water . . . . .	8 „

She possesses engines of 700 horse-power nominal, and capable of being worked up to more than 4,000 horse-power. Her speed is greater than any of the smaller boats, and on a late occasion, with the wind blowing heavily from the W.S.W., accomplished the journey in less time than the *Maid of Kent*, which has hitherto been considered one of the best boats in the service. It is believed that when she appears for next year's work the Calais-Douvres will be able to accomplish the journey, under favourable conditions, in little more than the hour. If this be achieved, the question of the Channel Tunnel will practically be at an end. She is constructed to carry 1,000 passengers, and can attain a speed of more than fifteen miles per hour. There are four different saloons, one containing seven roomy private cabins, luxuriously fitted with sofas and tables. These can be secured in advance at London or Paris. The upper deck extends across both vessels, whilst through a wooden grating in the middle can be seen the spray thrown up by the working paddle-wheels. All honour is due to the Company which has practically solved the question of the middle passage.

The view which we have engraved is produced from one that originally appeared in the pages of the "*Illustrated London News*," and the right to use it in its present form has with great courtesy been placed at our disposal by the proprietors of that journal.



THE CALAIS-DOUBRE



## CALAIS.

"Let every craft that carries sail and gun steer towards Calais."

TENNYSON—*Queen Mary.*

CALAIS, the last British possession in France, the loss of which made an English queen utter her memorable lamentation that after her death the word "Calais" would be found graven upon her heart, is best known to travellers in modern days in connection with the Royal Mail service to Paris by the route of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company. Its harbour has, from time to time, been improved, and consists of a quay and of piers that stretch into the sea, and—like the ramparts round the town—form an agreeable promenade. One of the most striking objects is the pillar erected to commemorate the return of Louis XVIII. to France, on which was formerly written the inscription: "Le 24 Avril, 1814, S.M. Louis XVIII. débarqua vis-à-vis de cette Colonne et fut enfin rendu à l'amour des Français; pour en perpétuer le souvenir la ville de Calais a élevé ce monument." A plate of brass was fixed on the exact spot where the King first stepped ashore; but, at the Revolution of 1830, both plate and inscription were effaced.

Some objects of interest in Calais remain that will reward the visit of the English traveller. The principal gate was built in 1635 by Cardinal Richelieu. The Hôtel de Guise will revive some historic memories "as having been the place where Henry VIII. lodged, and as being the original building where was established the guildhall of the Mayor and Corporation of the 'Staple of Wool,' founded in 1363 by Edward III." The Hôtel de Ville or Town Hall, situated in the market-place, contains the public offices. The front is ornamented with busts of St. Pierre, of the Duke of Guise, and of Cardinal de Richelieu. It is surmounted by a belfry containing a chime of bells. The tower and steeple of the principal church, built when Calais belonged to England, deserve attention. Immediately behind the choir is a modern circular chapel. The church itself is a fine structure, in the early Gothic style.

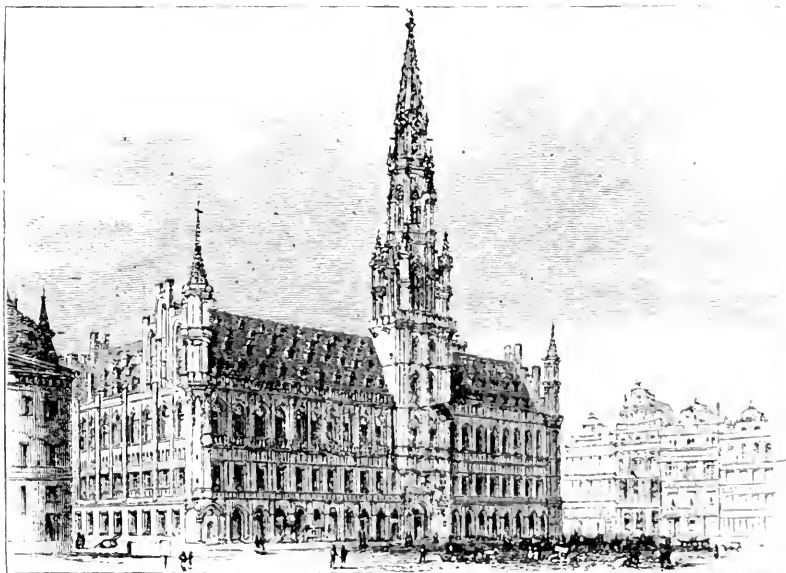
The lower town—*basse-ville*—presents a lively scene on a fête day. Calais on one side is surrounded by sand-hills. The inhabitants are chiefly engaged in the herring and cod fishery trade. Immense numbers of eggs are exported from hence to England.

## BRUSSELS.

BRUSSELS is the capital of the kingdom of Belgium, the residence of the King, and one of the most beautiful cities of Europe. It is built partly on an acclivity that was formerly covered by the Forest of Soignies, and partly on a plain intersected by the River Senne. The appearance and habits of Brussels have won for it the name of "the miniature Paris." The upper part is the home of the well-to-do classes; the lower is occupied by the poorer people. In the old town the thoroughfares are narrow, and many of the houses are of the ancient Flemish order; but the fortifications that

formerly surrounded the city have been removed, and the spaces are covered by magnificent boulevards lined with avenues of stately trees.

The Grande Place, in the old quarter of the town, is the picturesque centre of the historical interest of Brussels. It is surrounded by ancient guild-houses, now used as shops; and the associations that cluster around them are cherished by citizens who are proud of the institutions of their ancestors. The Hôtel de Ville, which stands in this square, is one of the municipal palaces of Brussels, and also one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe. It is said that in this building the Duchess



HOTEL DE VILLE.

of Richmond gave the ball the night before the Battle of Waterloo, which Byron describes in his memorable lines commencing with the words:—

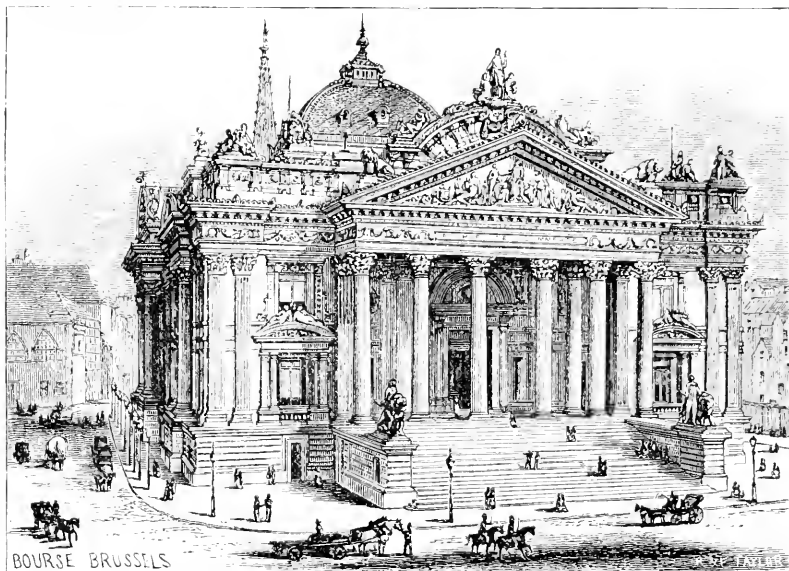
“There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium’s capital had gathered then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o’er fair women and brave men.”

Opposite the Hôtel de Ville is the Maison du Roi, built in 1515, in which the Counts Egmont and Horn passed the night before their execution in the Grand Square, which was witnessed from a window by Alva, who had ordered their death.

The Cathedral Church of St. Gudule is the finest building in Brussels. The exterior has in late years been carefully restored. Its painted glass is said to be the most beautiful in the world. Among the more remarkable objects in the church is the pulpit of Verbruggen, which, in sculpture of life-size, represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden; the tree of knowledge supports the pulpit. Milton’s sublime poem is depicted in epitome.

The Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, on the right of the high altar, is rich in monuments and marbles. Rubens furnished the plan of the altar-piece.

The Allée Verte is nearly a mile and a half in length. It is planted with rows of old and lofty linden trees, and is a favourite and fashionable resort. The Botanic Garden is said to surpass every other in Europe except that of Paris; it is specially attractive in the evening, when the concerts are performed. In the Palace of Justice is the celebrated picture of the "Abdication of Charles V." The Place des Martyres is one of the most beautiful squares in Brussels. In the middle is a fine monument, by Geefs, in



memory of the three hundred "braves Belges" who were killed in the revolution of 1830. A sort of subterranean square runs round the monument, in which the slain were interred, their names being inscribed on slabs of black and white marble.

The most characteristic manufacture of Belgium is its lace, concerning which much that is interesting might be told. Each of the lace-making towns excels in the production of one particular description of lace—each has what is technically called its own *point* or stitch, the mode of making which is transmitted from mother to daughter through successive generations; and certain *points* have thus been unchangeably fixed in particular localities. Thus there is the *point de Malines*, or Mechlin lace, the *point de Valenciennes*, and the rich and costly *point de Bruxelles*, reserved for bridal and court dresses. It is affirmed that the spinning of the thread used for this lace-making is an operation which none but Belgian fingers can perform. The very finest sort of thread is made in Brussels in damp underground cellars, for it is liable to break by contact with the dry air above ground. The flax is as "costly as gold."

## FIELD OF WATERLOO.

THE visit to the Field of Waterloo used to form a pleasant journey by coach; now we can go either by coach or railway. Many prefer the former. "Starting from the Montagne de la Cour to Waterloo we have almost an exact copy of the route from the Place de la Concorde in Paris to St. Cloud. We cross the Boulevard de Waterloo and pass along the Rue Louise, that corresponds to the Avenue of the Champs Elysées, till we reach a large circular place that represents the Place de l'Etoile, minus the Arc de Triomphe; then along the Chaussée de Waterloo, that answers to the Avenue de l'Impératrice; and then the beautifully arranged Bois de la Cambre, with its shady walks and handsome carriage drives, that bears a strong resemblance to the Bois de Boulogne."



The road from Brussels to Waterloo lies, for the greater part, through the Forest of Soignies, which abounds in fine timber, lakes, vales, brooks, hamlets, and cultivated plains. Immediately on leaving the Forest we reach the village of Waterloo, where, on the 17th June, 1815, the Duke of Wellington established his headquarters. In the modest church are marble tablets inscribed with names of English officers and men who fell on the field. The house also is pointed out where the Duke wrote his despatches. Horses are changed at Mont St. Jean, and a guide is taken up who conducts the visitor. From the summit of the Mont du Lion, two hundred feet high, the various points of historic interest may be described: the windmill from which the approach of Blücher and the Prussians was first seen, the farm of La Haye Sainte, La Belle Alliance, and the Château of Hougomont.

The traveller who would prefer the railway route is advised to book to Braine l'Alleud, not to Waterloo. A fly meets every train at this place, which is, however, in easy walking distance from the Hotel de Musée, at the foot of the mound. This is really the chief point of interest, where the struggle took place, as Waterloo was only the base of operations of the English, and is situated two miles nearer Brussels.



# THE TIDAL ROUTE.

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FEW railways have undergone such entire transformation as the South-Eastern. A few years since its main station was at London Bridge, and its main route through Redhill Junction ; to-day it has one terminus at Charing Cross, in the heart of the West-end, and another terminus at Cannon Street, in the heart of City life, whilst these termini themselves are bound together by that small loop which twice crosses the Thames within the space of two miles. As a mere matter of engineering skill, the work appeals strongly to those who are capable of appreciating the difficulties that have been overcome, whilst the stations themselves—broad, open, and simple—are grand in their entire unity of effect. With the same directness of thought, the divergence from the old route is characterized by equal simplicity and equal value. If any one will take a map, he will see at a glance how the new line, by way of Chislehurst and Sevenoaks, turns neither to the right hand nor left, but flies straight as an arrow to the Tunbridge Junction. The result is great saving in distance and greater capacity for speed. Along that road, well laid and well kept, the Tidal Train flies at the rate of nearly a mile a minute, and practically brings Folkestone within ninety minutes of London. The route is one of the most beautiful in England. As a starting-point, the best site from which to see London itself is the Surrey side of the Charing Cross Railway Bridge ; within view are all the most salient and all the most celebrated aspects of London. The river itself sweeps round in an arc, at one end of which are the Houses of Parliament, with Westminster Bridge and Abbey, and at the other end, towering in lonely grandeur, is the dome of St. Paul's.

Between these two points the whole face of the river frontage is alive with objects of interest or beauty. At one point it is the sweep of the Embankment, broken by the foliage of the Public Gardens ; at another it is the splendid *façade* of Somerset House, relieved by the outline of Waterloo Bridge ; whilst at another the Cleopatra Needle arrests attention by its faint red hue ; but wherever seen, or however criticized, the view itself is vigorous and effective. Equally so as the train pushes onward in its course. From Charing Cross it runs into Cannon Street, to join the section which awaits its arrival. A few minutes suffice to send the Tidal Train on its way. With smooth but rapid pace it passes through the dense neighbourhood of Bermondsey, where the closely-packed life of labouring London is open to everyday view, through New Cross and Grove Park, until it reaches that belt of hill, beneath which it passes with a whistling scream, and then once more into the open. Immediately beyond the first tunnel lies Chislehurst, noted as the place where Napoleon III. lived in exile, and almost equally famous for its great natural beauty. Still pressing onward, the train passes through Knockholt and Sevenoaks, the first known for its Beeches, the last renowned for its Knowle Park and its widely diversified and charming sylvan scenery. Then onward to Tunbridge Junction, through the hop-gardens of Kent, where the festoons hang in rich luxuriance ; onward through scenery which

has won for this county the name of The Garden of England; onward through tunnels that are bored into those chalk hills that form the outlying spurs of the far-famed South Downs. Thus, with smooth flying pace, it nears Folkestone Junction; then comes a pause, a swift reversal, the train glides backwards down the descent, through the remnants of an old fishing village, and draws up gently and quietly at the station, by the side of the boat for Folkestone, and in the midst of pleasant and fashionable company. In the immediate neighbourhood are those quiet and agreeable but rapidly rising places of resort, Deal and Hythe, Sandgate and Sandwich; whilst scattered over the whole route are those charming localities for which England is famous.

Men cling with a tender craving to those scenes of beauty connected with inland places or seaside districts, which render English life at once so pleasant and so healthful. To all such it is worth remembering that on the route of the South-Eastern Railway lie scattered Tunbridge Wells and Canterbury, Dover and Hastings, Ramsgate and Margate. Diversified in aspect as are these different localities, they but change the temptations by appealing to varying natures and different constitutions. One thought that comes uppermost is this: Why should our forefathers have chosen inland places for their health resorts? To them Bath, Cheltenham, or Tunbridge were the centres of social existence, and the true foci of health-preserving power. To drink the waters was to them what seaside outing is to ourselves. It implied a faith in the preservative power of change. This fondness for inland resorts was probably aided by the sense of security which was associated therewith.

These facts explain why Tunbridge Wells, Bath, or Cheltenham were the fashionable resorts of the past. Circumstances changed, and men's tastes changed with them. The advent of peace found the Prince Regent an *habitué* of Brighton, and from that time to this seaside places have risen into prominence; whilst inland resorts have remained comparatively stationary. The fashion appears to be setting once more inland. Tunbridge Wells is acquiring an exceptional reputation, whilst Sevenoaks and Chislehurst are becoming more highly estimated day by day. Some explanation of this may be found in the fact that the great world of business has come to the conclusion that it has a right to express an opinion upon the question, and the opinion which it has expressed is for a country house within moderate distance of town. Any one who would wish to see how thoroughly this is true, cannot do better than go to Cannon Street Station about five o'clock of a summer afternoon, and watch the whirl of life which it will present. It is the exodus of London business life setting homeward towards these great centres of inland beauty. In a more special sense, as the summer approaches the holiday folk drift towards the sea. Ramsgate and Margate become alive with the teeming multitudes who, year by year, rest for a brief period within the influence of the strong sea air, and who believe that by so doing they strengthen their energies for the toil of the remaining months.



## CHISLEHURST.

ON one of the most beautiful commons in Kent, covered with heather and furze, surrounded by magnificent trees, and about three hundred feet above the sea, is the stony hurst or wood of Chislehurst—the Wood of the Stony Hill. Pleasant villas and stately mansions stand around an ample green, and from the crest of the sandstone hill look far and wide over the surrounding country. “All about are masses of noble trees, no saplings or stunted dwarfs, but forest kings, whose stately crowns have defied the assaults of many a stormy winter, and sprung into fresh beauty beneath many a summer’s sun.” Near the church are the remains of an ancient cock-pit; here also, probably, the maypole stood. The Church, dedicated



CAMDEN HOUSE, CHISLEHURST.

to St. Nicholas, is picturesque: the style is chiefly Perpendicular; the spire is lofty and graceful. Some of the memorials are of unusual interest. In the south aisle is the mural tablet of Sir Philip Warwick, “an acceptable servant of Charles I. in all his extremities, and a faithful one to King Charles II.,” his closing years were passed in this neighbourhood. Sir Francis Walsingham, the Elizabethan statesman, was born at Chislehurst. The tomb of his family is at the end of the north aisle. Over the arch dividing it from the nave are the cognizances of Edward IV.—a falcon and a stirrup, and of Henry VIII.—the rose and crown.

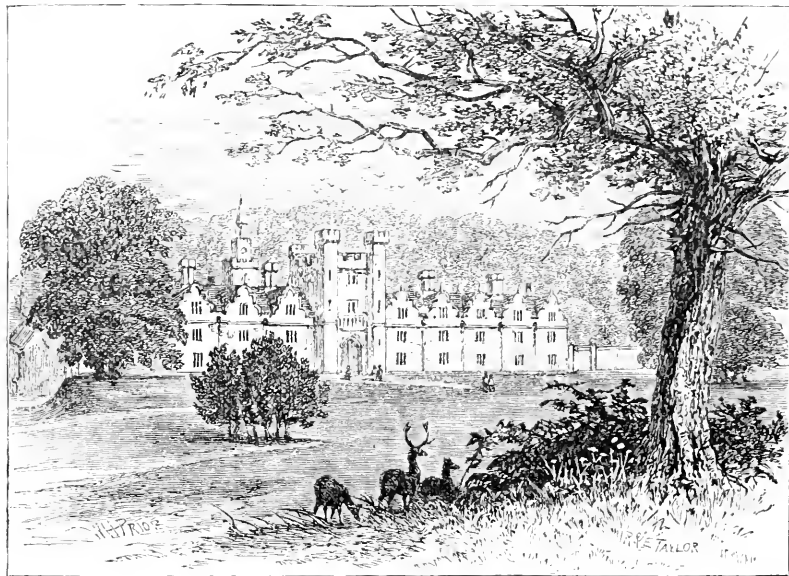
Camden Place—around which have gathered so many associations of pathetic interest—was formerly the residence of a famous antiquary, Camden, of whom Ben Jonson says:

“ . . . Most reverend head, to whom I owe  
All that I am in arts, all that I know;—  
How nothing’s that!—to whom my country owes  
The great renown and name wherewith she goes.”

Camden purchased it 1609, and is said here to have written “Annals of Queen Elizabeth.” He was interred in Westminster Abbey.

## SEVENOAKS.

SEVENOAKS received its pleasant name from seven oak-trees which once stood conspicuous on the eminence on which the town is built. Seven younger trees on the Tunbridge Road are traditionally said to represent their ancient ancestors. At the eastern end of Sevenoaks, and in the midst of fine and varied scenery, are the ancient manor-house and park of Knowle. The park gates are nearly opposite the church. We pass through groves of noble trees, over undulating ground, where the deer are feeding or are lying half-hidden in the deep fern; and, at length, climbing a gentle elevation, catch sight of the mansion, with a wide stretch of open park in front of it. "The park," wrote Walpole, "is sweet, with much old beech." It



KNOWLE HOUSE.

contains 1,000 acres. Knowle House is of imposing proportions. The principal front includes a lofty central Gate-House, embattled, and having square towers at the angles. The chief buildings form a spacious quadrangle; they occupy an area of more than three acres. The Great Hall is 75 feet long, 27 feet broad, and 27 feet high, with a flat roof. The fireplace at the side contains a pair of fire-dogs which bear the arms and initials of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn, and were brought from Hever Castle, the early home of the unfortunate Queen. The Brown Gallery is 88 feet long, with oaken floor, roof, and panels; the walls are crowded with portraits, and the windows ablaze with coloured glass. The chamber of Lady Betty Germaine contains tapestry and portraits. The Ball-Room has panelled walls, surmounted by a curious frieze, profusely wrought. The Crimson Drawing-Room contains the best pictures in the house. The Cartoon Gallery has six copies in oil of Raffaele's celebrated cartoons at Hampton Court. The King's Bed-Room, prepared for James I., cost £20,000. The Dining-Room is hung with portraits of literary men.

## TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

WHILE the great majority of our holiday and health-seekers flock annually to the seaside, it is left to inland watering-places to satisfy the requirements of those who prefer inland enjoyments and surroundings or are scarcely strong enough to indulge in sea-bathing. Of these inland watering-places Tunbridge Wells has certainly been the most popular, and is now the most thriving. The Chalybeate Springs were accidentally discovered by a dissipated young nobleman in 1606, and the curative properties of the water having effected a most remarkable improvement in his health, large numbers were attracted to the spot, and the town of "Tunbridge Wells" sprang into existence.



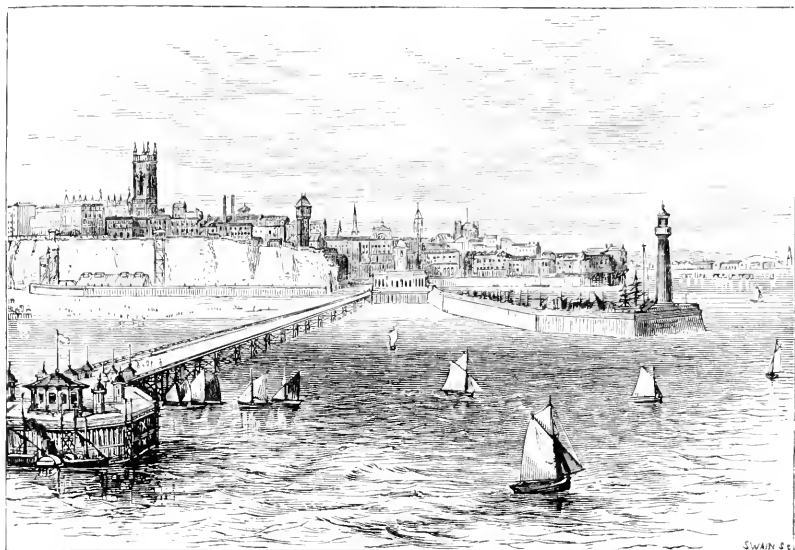
TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

The objects of primary importance to visitors are naturally the Springs, to which indeed Tunbridge Wells owes its origin. They are situated at the entrance to "The Parade," or as it was formerly called "The Pantiles," and are accessible to the general public on merely nominal terms. Tunbridge ware or mosaic, the sole indigenous manufacture, is fully entitled to notice, and the varied articles produced evidence much artistic skill.

At seaside places the shore is generally the centre of attraction,—at Tunbridge Wells the "Common" is the place of fashionable resort, while the shady "Grove" offers a pleasant retreat from the scorching heat of a sultry summer's day. The motto upon the entrance gate, *Silva quam dilecta*, will by most visitors be deemed an appropriate one. Amusements of all descriptions, both in and outdoor, are sufficiently numerous to drive dull care away without rendering a prolonged stay as arduous as a London season, while the numberless excursions available amidst the magnificent surrounding scenery will occupy a considerable period.

## MARGATE.

MANY a family man hears with inward groans, as each annually recurring holiday season approaches, the question,—Where shall we go this year? Before he is in a position to answer it, sanitary statistics pertaining to this or that seaside town are attentively examined, and inquiry made of friends as to the relative merits or demerits of each. Oftener than otherwise the difficulty is solved and further trouble avoided by selecting Margate, known, appreciated, and visited by thousands of Londoners, the majority of whom are usually not particularly enamoured of seaside quiet and retirement. They are perfectly well aware that at Margate, with its bustle and excite-



MARGATE.

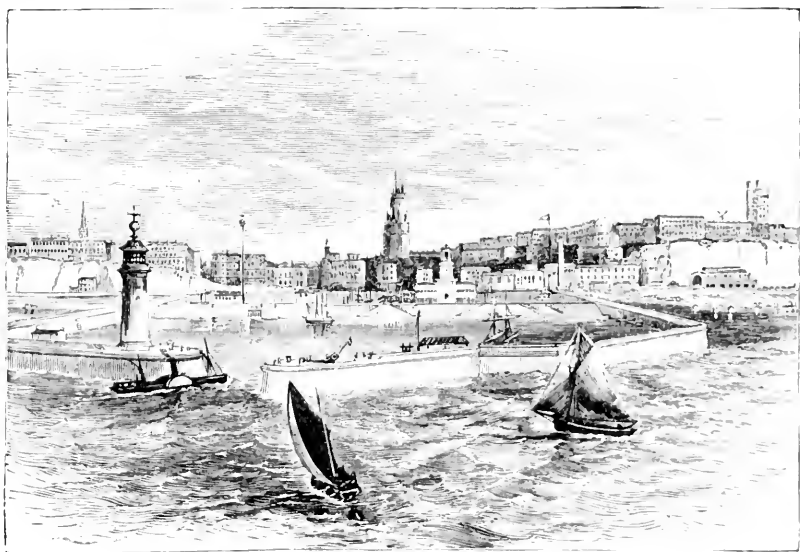
ment, its wide-spreading sands, and its apartments suiting all pockets, they and their families will find that thorough change from the ordinary dull routine of city life so absolutely essential for their physical well-being. As it is somewhat more exposed than Ramsgate, it is generally cooler in summer, and its bracing air imparts fresh vigour to mind and body. For those City toilers who require perfect rest and retirement we should not recommend Margate, nor, indeed, would we deem it a desirable spot for those suffering from deep-rooted affections of the chest and lungs. A less lively place would probably be preferred by the former, and the latter might consider that the air was too strong for them in their enfeebled condition. On a fine summer's day the glorious wide-spreading sands are literally covered with little ones and their guardians, enjoying that freedom from restraint rarely attainable except at the seaside.

The facilities for bathing are ample, and the attendance leaves nothing to be desired; and for lovers of pleasure we may add that generally during the Margate season the town is visited by the best theatrical talent from London, and entertainments, balls, etc., given at the Assembly Rooms.

## RAMSGATE.

Like many another seaside town, Ramsgate was a mere fishing village at the close of the last century, but its unequalled sands once discovered, constantly increasing crowds came hither by sea and railway as the season for London's annual migration arrived.

The Pier, which involved a large expenditure of capital, forms a good promenade more than half a mile long. Ascending the Augusta Stairs, or Jacob's Ladder, we reach the summit of the cliffs, and from the extensive sward obtain a beautiful view of the sea and the numberless vessels generally dotting its broad bosom. The Goodwin Sands, popularly supposed to repre-



RAMSGATE.

sent the submerged estates of Earl Godwin, lie some short distance off the shore, and extend as far as the Downs themselves. The harbour contains an area of nearly fifty acres.

Baths and bathing machines are numerous and comfortable, and the varied scene presented by the sands on a genial summer's day, with a rising tide, goes far to account for the enthusiasm generally displayed by an habitual frequenter when the name of Ramsgate is mentioned.

Without a trip to Pegwell Bay a visit to Ramsgate would be incomplete; and Broadstairs, a rising place of seaside resort, should not be forgotten.

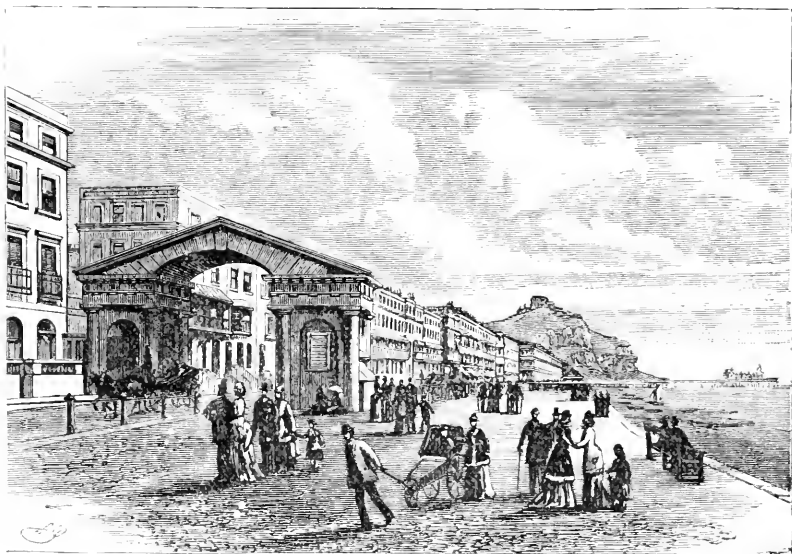
This town and its sister Margate represent those seaside places which, in their wisdom, graduate their charges according to the position and requirements of frequenters, and we may safely add that rich and poor may here find accommodation suited to their respective purses.

Broadstairs, about two miles from Ramsgate, is much frequented by families who prefer its comparative quiet to the bustle and crowds of its neighbours.

## HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.

It has been frequently asserted that the air at Hastings has a relaxing tendency; but competent authorities have proved that for consumptive patients the effect of a residence here is most invigorating. We, on our part, simply speak from actual experience, when we say that it would be very difficult to find a place of seaside resort where the picturesque and charming views of the interior are combined with the usual attractions of the seaside to such a marked extent.

The historical past claims special notice, Battle Abbey in the neighbourhood being the spot where the Saxon King Harold staked England's future



ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA.

on the issue of a single battle, and lost. Hastings Castle, nearly a thousand years old, should be visited, if only to secure the magnificent view to be obtained from the summit of the hill. Bathing is provided for by numerous comfortable bathing machines, and the wide expanse of shelving beach forms a perfect Paradise for children. At stated hours the band plays on the pier, the fashionable place of resort; and the visitor should not fail to make himself acquainted with the local fishermen and their Dutch auctions, while a small donation will enable the adventurous to accompany them on one of their fishing excursions.

In the neighbourhood of Hastings, Pevensey, with its Castle, claims a visit; while Hurstmonceux and Bodiam, with their magnificent and beautifully situated Castles, should on no account be neglected.

We have already mentioned Battle Abbey, and while there, we strongly advise the tourist specially to study the noble gateway, which is assuredly one of the finest in the country. The botanist will never fail to find occupation, Hastings being celebrated for the variety and beauty of its flowers.

## DOVER.

OWING to its contiguity to the Continent, Dover has always been considered a fortress of great importance ; indeed, it may be said to have saved England from a French dynasty in 1216, when its great strength enabled Hubert de Burgh to hold out against the combined forces of Louis of France and the revolted barons.

But intending residents require more than military attractions to satisfy their requirements, and although the Castle is without a doubt the great centre of interest, the claims of Dover as a place of seaside resort have of late years become increasingly manifest.



DOVER.

In the fortifications, the Norman Keep, Peverel's and Constable's Towers should be visited, and near the edge of the cliff a beautiful brass cannon, generally known as Queen Elizabeth's Pocket Pistol, should not escape attention. It is twenty-four feet long, and was presented to Henry VIII. by Charles V. On its breech were engraved a few lines in low Dutch, as follow:

"Load me well and keep me clean,  
I'll carry my ball to Calais Green."

The Western Heights are reached by ascending the Grand Shaft at the end of Snargate Street. Here are the barracks and recreation grounds of the soldiers, and their daily garrison life routine may with advantage be studied in all its varied phases, for those who speak of the monotony of a soldier's existence can scarcely have given the subject much attention.

Shakespeare's Cliff, described by Shakespeare in his tragedy of "King Lear," should be approached by the sea-shore, and ascended by the zigzag path leading to the coast-guard station. The view from the summit will, on a fine day, amply repay the trouble of the ascent.

## HYTHE.

HYTHE was once an important seaport, and contained, according to Leland, "a fair abbey, and five parish churches that now be clean destroyed." Unhappily for it, the sea has gradually retired, until the ancient castle and harbour are now more than three miles inland.

On high ground, commanding a fine view of the sea and of Romney Marsh, stands the Church of St. Leonard. Externally it is a massive irregular pile, its heavy form rendered heavier by huge buttresses. It has been built at several different periods: parts are Roman, the chancel is Early English, and additions have been made at much later times. The chancel, both without and within, is of unusual beauty. The lofty clusters of slender



pillars of Sussex marble which support the roof and the window, have a fine effect. Under the chancel is a remarkable groined crypt, admirably designed and constructed; but it is commonly visited for a very different reason. It contains an enormous collection of human skulls and bones, piled up with regularity and preserved with care. Their age is uncertain; but it is thought they were collected after they had long blanchied on the sea-shore, after a battle fought on the beach between Britons and Saxons, or Saxons and Danes. It is enough for us that they are above a thousand years old. They are in "capital preservation, and as white as though fresh from the hands of the curator of Guy's. They would be just the things to stimulate the imagination of a craniologist. Here are skulls thick enough to have borne, one would think, the hammer of Thor without damage; there are others which might have been brained by a fan." The holes and fractures of the skulls, evidently made during life, show that they belong to those who came to a violent death.

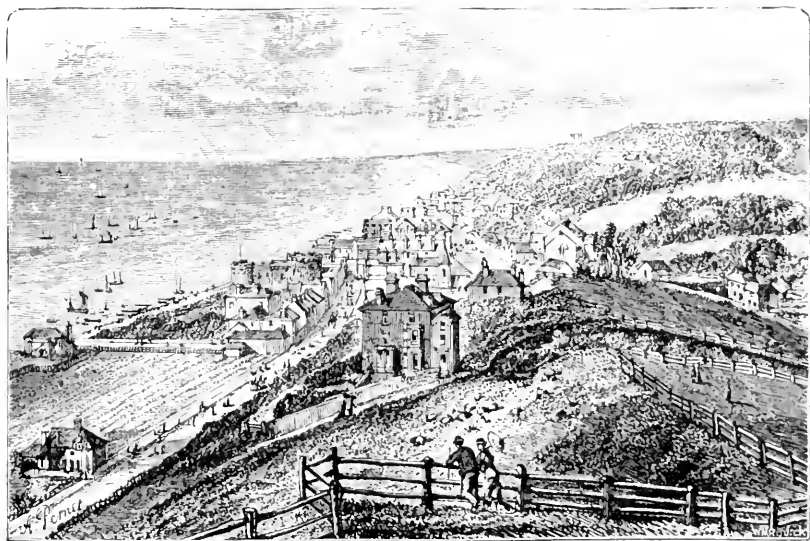
Hythe is famous for its School of Musketry, established in 1854. A stately avenue of elms leads from Hythe to the sea-shore.



## SANDGATE.

HALFWAY between Folkestone and Hythe is the pretty and prosperous watering-place of Sandgate. It may be approached from Folkestone by the road along the shore, or by a footpath that climbs to the summit, and passes along the edge of the cliff over the bright and breezy downs. From hence we may enjoy a delightful view: to the right over the country to the Sugar-loaf and Castle Hills, and the railway; and on the left far over the sea to the white cliffs of France. "In this romantic position, with heights verdurous and sun-crowned in its rear, and broad gleaming waters before it," lies Sandgate.

The Castle was built by Henry VIII., on the same plan as those at Deal

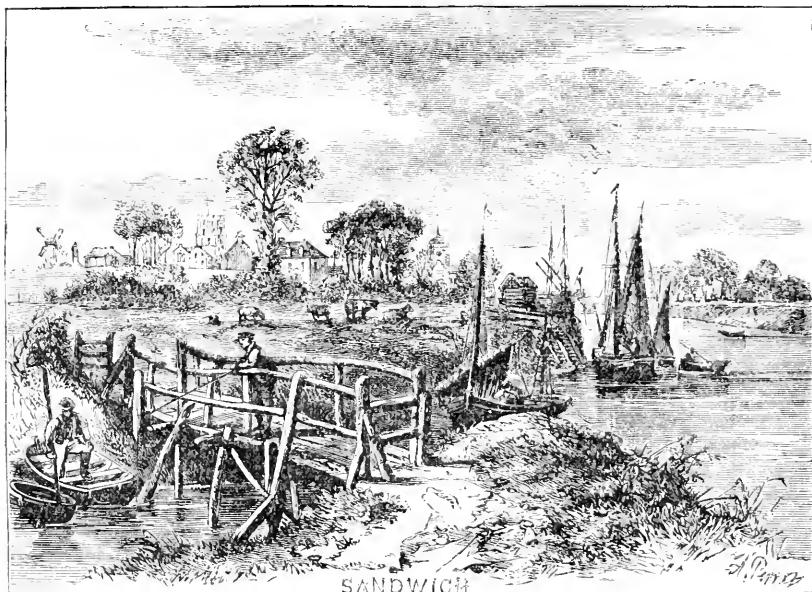


SANDGATE.

and Walmer, for the defence of the coast. When the invasion of England was threatened by Napoleon I., seventy-four small circular forts, called Martello Towers,—from a fort in Martella Bay in Corsica, of similar construction, which had offered a formidable resistance to a British attack,—were erected along this coast, and Sandgate Castle was now converted into a circular redoubt with a large tower, mounting altogether thirteen guns. A large encampment was also formed on the heights, barracks were erected for artillery and infantry, and Sandgate became an important military centre. A canal, 70 or 80 feet wide, was cut from Sandgate, and carried in a zigzag manner along the edge of Romney Marsh, till, at a distance of thirty miles, it unites with the Rother a few miles above Rye to the west of Dungeness. It was intended that each of the angles formed by the zigzags should be protected by cannon; but though the embankments were pierced and station-houses for artillerymen were built, the guns were never mounted, and the canal as a military work was not completed. The encampment at Shorncliffe—the Shorn or Bare Rock—has been made permanent since the Crimean War.

## SANDWICH.

SANDWICH, now two miles from the sea, and on a river scarcely navigable for ships of very small burden, was formerly one of the wealthiest ports of England. In 1446 a traveller describes it as the resort of vessels of every size, and "as one might speak of Liverpool or Portsmouth" to-day. In the time of Edward IV. it had nearly a hundred ships belonging to it. The haven began to be difficult of access about the year 1500, and in another century admittance to the port was closed. In the reign of Elizabeth it became, through the immigration of the Walloons, who were driven here by persecution, a manufacturing town. These "gentle and profitable strangers" cultivated market gardens, grew a favourite kind of celery, and, when the Queen visited Sandwich, hung the streets with garlands of vine-leaves, while

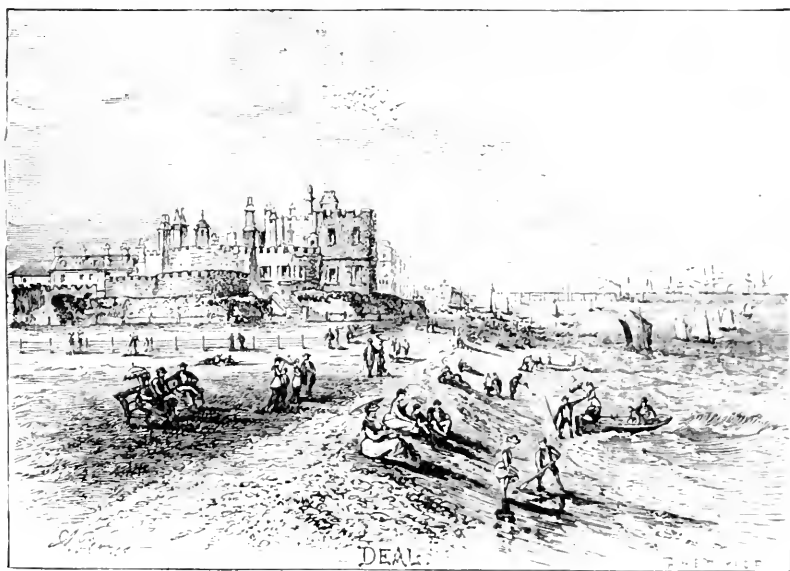


the Flemish and English children spun yarn on the platforms erected for them.

Sandwich occupies an oblong area, elevated about 15 feet above the surrounding marshes. The streets are irregular; the houses seem to jostle one against another; and though there is little that can be called picturesque, the town has a "strangely old-world and Plantagenet" appearance. A broad promenade, commanding some quaint Flemishlike pictures of still life, indicates where the walls encircled the town. Of the five fortified gateways only one remains. The Guild Hall, an Elizabethan building, contains a council chamber. In 1661 the steeple of St. Peter's Church fell, and demolished the south aisle, of which the ruins remain. Nearly opposite St. Peter's is St. Thomas's Hospital. The ancient and lofty armoury hall has a Perpendicular window worthy of examination. Outside the town, on the Deal Road, is the Hospital of St. Bartholomew, standing on its estate of nearly 300 acres. The principal church is St. Clement's. Sandwich Castle formerly stood on the south side of the town, and adjoining it was a Priory.

## DEAL.

THE coast scenery at Deal is always interesting and impressive. The boat-builders busy at their craft; the fishing-vessels getting under weigh, or discharging their lively freightage on the beach; the pilot-boats and their bluff-built weatherbeaten crews, who, it is said, would, if need be, face a storm that a petrel would not dare; the Castles of Deal, Sandown, and Walmer; the Downs, "the safest and most commodious roadstead in the world," often crowded with deeply-laden merchantmen on their way down or up the Channel to or from the most distant climes; and the famous flat and fatal Goodwins, "where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried"—so firm that you might play cricket on them to-day, but when the tide returns, a quicksand: all these are in sight.

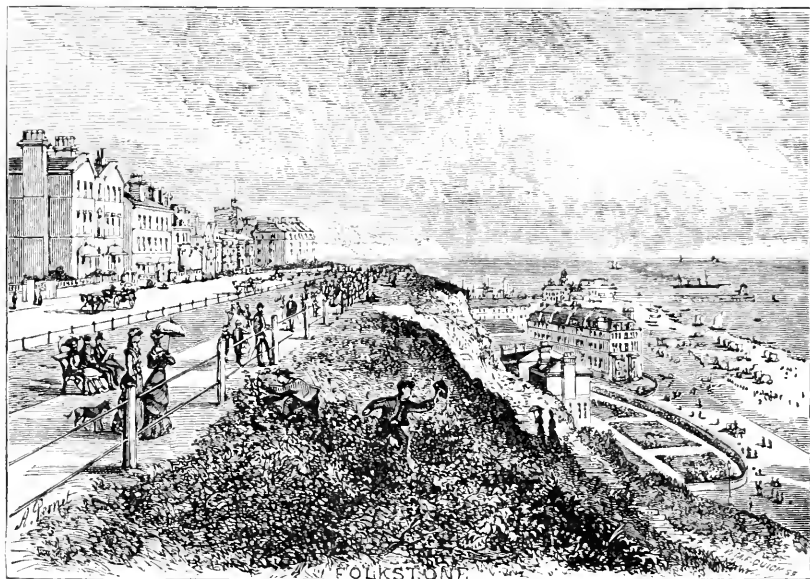


Deal Castle stands at the south end of the town. It was erected by Henry VIII., and resembles those of Sandown and Walmer. It consists of a central keep or tower, surrounded by bastions pierced for guns. Half a mile north of Deal is Sandown Castle. Originally it was surrounded by a moat, but the sea now washes one side of it. It is a grim-looking pile of stone, the walls of which are from 11 to 20 feet thick. Here the brave Colonel Hutchinson and his lion-hearted wife were in close confinement, and here he died, "after eleven months of harsh and strict imprisonment, without crime or accusation," in September, 1664.

Walmer Castle, about a mile from Deal, has been much altered since its original erection, and has become the official residence of the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. The tourist must not attempt to reach Walmer from Deal under the cliffs by the shore, unless he is certain that he will not be overtaken by the tide. He should take the pleasant, safe, and breezy walk that leads over the cliffs.

## FOLKESTONE.

DOVER, it has been said, looks as though it had been built in the valley round its haven, and then, as the water receded, to have steadily followed it. Folkestone, on the other hand, seems as if it had originally settled by the shore, and then had scrambled away from the advancing sea up the side of a steep hill to take refuge near the church on its summit. "Rome," says the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," "stood on seven hills; Folkestone seems to have been built on seventy." "Dirty smuggling old Folkestone," as it was formerly, and we fear justly, characterized, with its odd, sidling, indescribable streets, has nearly disappeared before the advent of railway enterprise. The directors of the South Eastern Railway Company are now



supreme: Folkestone has become one of the great gateways between England and France; and by express and tidal trains and swift steamboats hundreds of thousands of travellers pass by this route from all parts of Great Britain to the Continent of Europe. New streets and villas for residents and visitors have sprung up, and the widespread sea-view, the pleasant neighbourhood, the animated scenes on the water and in the harbour, and the excellence of the air, have combined to make Folkestone a popular and thriving watering-place.

The Castle of Folkestone was built, it is said, on the site of a Roman watch-tower. After the Conquest, a Norman fortress was built here. The present Bail (or *ballium*) marks the spot, and the wall on the east side is perhaps Norman. The Bail-Pond, or reservoir, is fed with water from St. Eanswitha's Spring, which that marvellous maiden, we are told, brought over hills and rocks to supply the oratory she had erected here on the shore, "because it was one of the most solitary spots she could find." On the West Cliff, on an elevation of 570 feet, is the Church of St. Eanswitha. The tower is placed between the nave and the chancel.

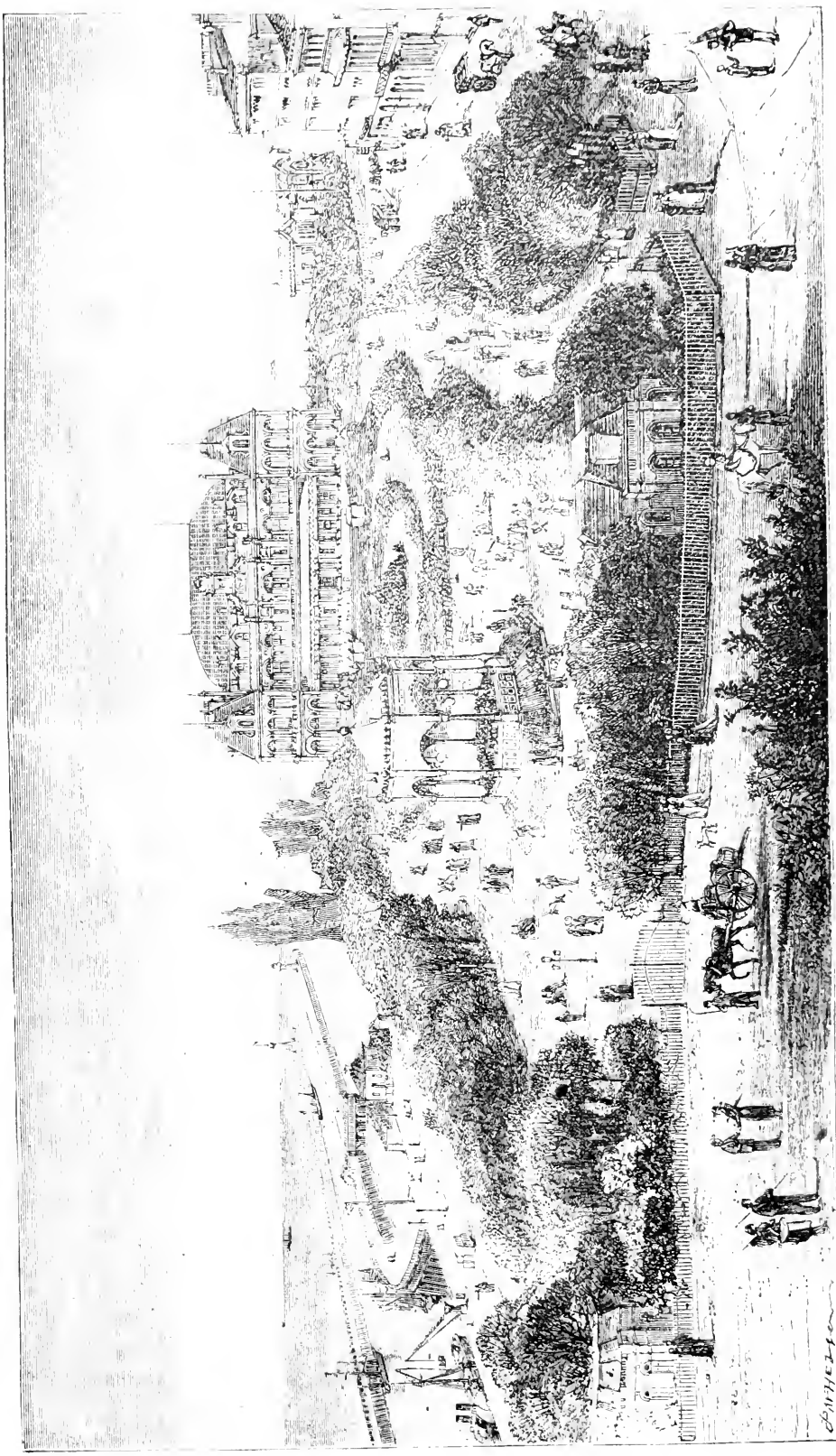
## EXPRESS TO PARIS.

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THE tendency of the future is to the economy of time in travelling. Men are too busy to waste hours needlessly, and it is from this point of view that the question of transit *via* Boulogne or Calais rises into importance. Place the two routes side by side, and then note that the journey to Paris, *via* Boulogne, is twenty-eight miles less as measured by distance, and one hour and a quarter less as measured by time, than it is by way of Calais. There is no doubt as to the value of the savings thus effected, they are patent on the mere statement of the facts. The one point which militates against the full force of these advantages, is the change in the time of departure; inevitable, so long as the service *via* Folkestone and Boulogne is a tidal service. This objection is being surmounted in the present, and is destined to vanish in the future. The Government of France, in conjunction with the Municipality of Boulogne, are taking steps to deepen the harbour, so that entrance and exit for much larger steamers will be practicable at all times of the tide. The direct effect of this will be to enable more powerful and rapid vessels to be used for the purposes of the sea transit, and also to allow the times of departure to be fixed permanently. Under these changed circumstances the sea voyage will be equally as brief as that by way of Calais, and also equally unchangeable.

Whenever this result is brought about, the route by way of Folkestone and Boulogne must of necessity supersede that by way of Dover and Calais. In the long run, weight will tell, and an hour and a quarter's useless journey will eventually operate with enormous force against the existing route *via* Dover and Calais. Dealing with the facts as they at present stand, it may be worth while to point out, that the times of departure of the tidal service are duly advertised in the daily papers in advance, so that anyone can obtain accurate information on this point through that source. To some minds the variation in the time of departure is not an unmixed evil, as it affords opportunities to suit family arrangements, &c. With respect to the sea voyage, there are tens of thousands, to whom the potent charm of fresh sea air during the warm summer time, will be a luxury sought for as a benefit; whilst the broad fact remains under all circumstances, — the saving of labour, money, and time.

In the tidal trains to and from Folkestone, saloon carriages specially fitted for the comfort of families are attached. The steamers on the service have new deck cabins, which deserve special notice, and are at times so much in demand that they are engaged more than a week in advance: and for the convenience of travellers, interpreting conductors accompany the tidal trains throughout the journey, and there are stewardesses on board the steamers.



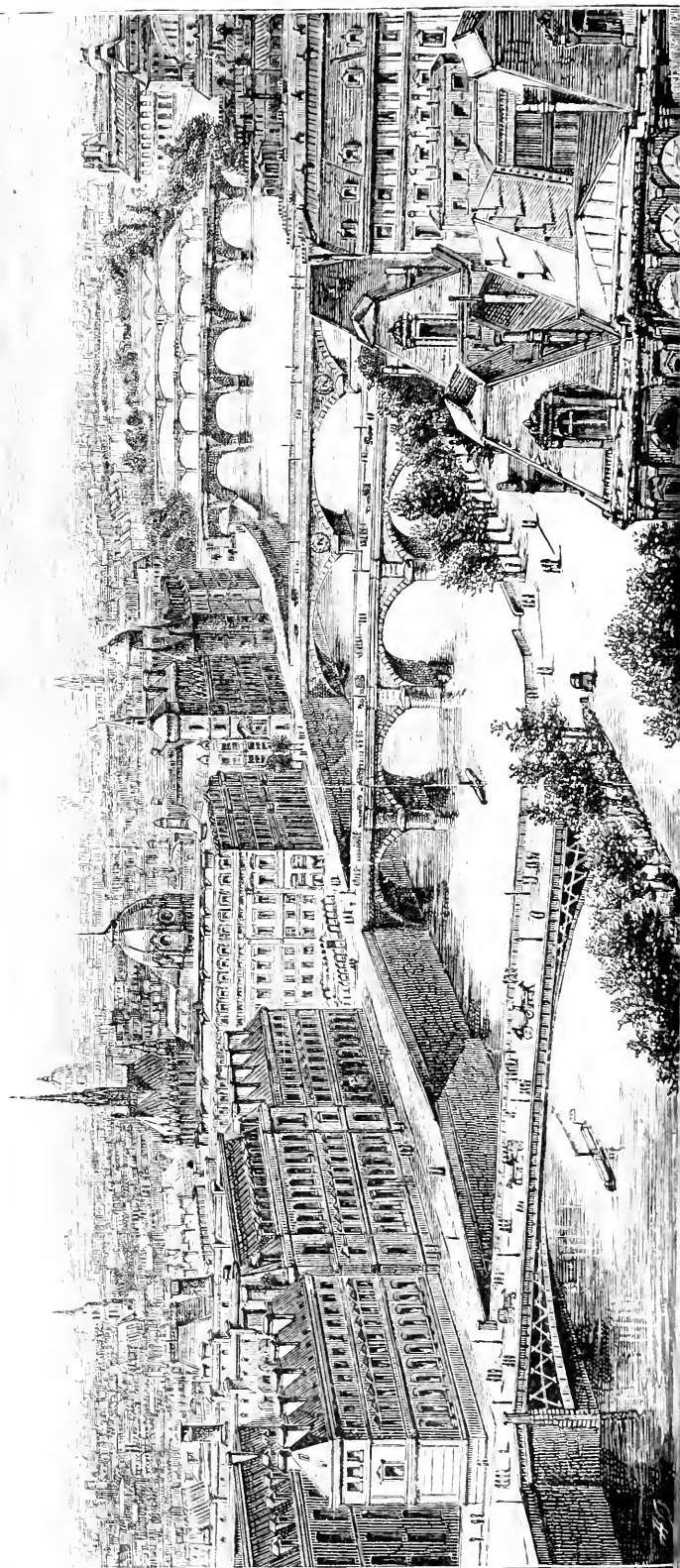
BOULOGNE-SUR-MER

## BOULOGNE.

BOULOGNE has become one of the most fashionable seaside places in France. During the season—that is, during July, August, and September—the wealth and fashion of Paris throng round the Casino, and luxuriate on the splendid sands which line the shore. The bathing is exceptionally good, and there is a promenade extending for some considerable distance in front of the sea. The two piers or jetties are also much frequented. On approaching the French coast from Folkestone, three objects stand out with distinctness: the first is a column erected to Napoleon, the second is a large white building known as the Jesuit College, and containing some five hundred scholars; the third is the dome of the Cathedral. The old town lies on the left-hand side of the port, and is in close contiguity to the most fashionable quarter of the sands. Long narrow streets, mounting up the side of the steep hill, are composed almost entirely of fisherman's houses, and tell with great exactness how largely the fisherman's calling contributes to its prosperity. One of the most marked peculiarities in Boulogne is the dress of the fisherwomen; their large white caps, surrounding the face like a full moon, are not only conspicuous but effective. Another peculiarity is the exceedingly powerful race of donkeys, that are used with a freedom for equestrian purposes which at first sight is not a little startling, it being accepted as perfectly *de rigueur* to use them as hack horses would be used in an English watering-place. The Cathedral is well worth seeing, the grand altar under the dome being at once striking and beautiful. The Church of St. Nicholas in the Grand Rue is renowned for its choral services. The town itself is celebrated as the spot where the First Napoleon gathered together his flotilla when he threatened to invade England, and also as the town where the Third Napoleon essayed to seize the French Crown. The town itself is one of the most charming of the seaside places in France, and recalls very vividly and perfectly the condition of a bygone time.

In Thackeray's "Newcomes," the town and its surroundings are described with singular felicity. "I strolled along by those pretty old walls and bastions, under the pleasant trees which shadow them, and the grey old gabled houses, from which you look down on the gay new city, and busy ports and piers stretching into the shining sea, dotted with a hundred white sails or black smoking steamers, and bounded by the friendly lines of the bright English shore. There are few prospects more charming than the familiar view from those old French walls—few places where young children may play, and ruminating old age repose more pleasantly, than on those peaceful rampart gardens." The route to Paris by way of Boulogne has this advantage—the boats are in immediate connection with the train. There is usually half an hour or more after the arrival of the boat from Folkestone before the train leaves for Paris; this interval can be usefully employed in the buffet which adjoins the landing-place from the boats, where a moderately good *cuisine* helps to stimulate the appetite awakened by the sea air.







## PARIS.

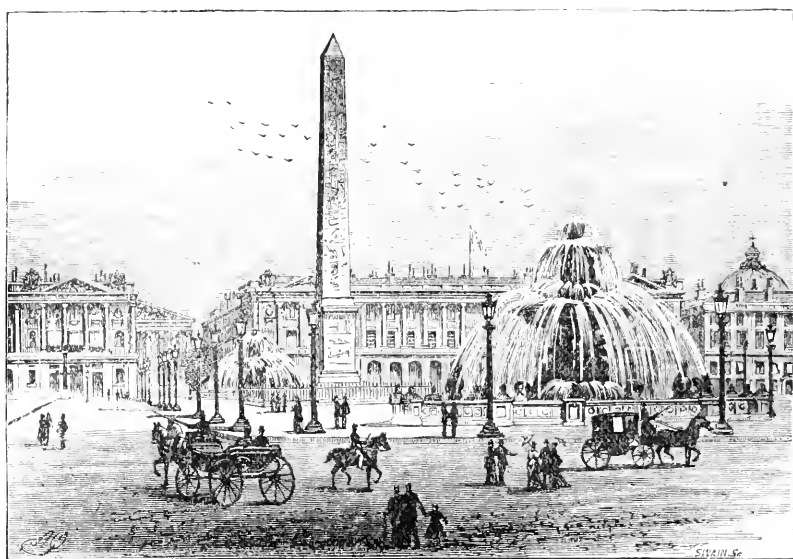
PARIS is beyond all question the handsomest city in the world. To its architectural beauty must be added the charm of foliage, grouped statuary, splendid triumphal arches, and magnificently planned open spaces, the whole combining to form an effect that is absolutely unique. There are many who visit Paris for the first time whose leisure for sight-seeing is very limited. To them it is of the first importance to know how they can see the special sights of Paris, and carry away with them a clear general idea of its most prominent features. It is not too much to say that the first special characteristic of Paris is its Boulevards, and the reason why this is so is not far to seek. Paris has no private gardens, using this expression in its wide general sense. The houses are architecturally beautiful, but they are constructed for six or eight families, each in its own flat or portion of a flat, and they have to find their air, their exercise, and their outdoor life in the open, carefully planned, and delightfully recreative streets or Boulevards. This habit of life, which springs from necessity, is also in part created by the delicious atmosphere, whose buoyancy and clearness give a new zest to life, and partly also by that love of social intercourse which is so especially marked in French natures. To sip coffee at a café, to dine at a restaurant, or to loiter in the public gardens is as natural to Parisian life as the opposite is to London life. Those, therefore, who wish to see and know Paris—know it in the sense as representative of its inhabitants—must watch and note its outdoor life. Beyond this special point of social condition, there is a series of objects whose reputation is world-wide, and out of the most specially distinguished a short list is here appended.

- |                           |                          |
|---------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. NOTRE DAME.            | 9. BOIS DE BOULOGNE.     |
| 2. PALAIS ROYAL.          | 10. LES INVALIDES.       |
| 3. LOUVRE.                | 11. THE QUAYS.           |
| 4. THE TUILERIES.         | 12. CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES. |
| 5. PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.  | 13. MADELEINE.           |
| 6. CHAMPS ELYSÉES.        | 14. NEW OPERA HOUSE.     |
| 7. PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE. | 15. THE VENDÔME COLUMN.  |
| 8. ARC DE TRIOMPHE.       | 16. THE BOULEVARDS.      |

All these can be seen in a rough rapid way in a few hours. The mode to achieve this is to walk from your hotel to Notre Dame, the mother church of Paris. Within a few minutes' stroll will be found the Palais Royal, combining as its special modern qualities, jewellers' shops and restaurants; immediately facing the exit into the Rue de Rivoli is the entrance to the Tuileries and the Louvre. To know the Louvre and its marvellous riches is a question of time, but a rapid passage through its galleries can be accomplished in an hour. Once again out into the open by the Quay-side, and turn through the gardens of the Tuileries, towards the Place de la Concorde, on reaching which one of the most magnificent open-air sights of Paris is before the visitor. Looking straight before him, he will see the splendid

vista of the Champs Elysées, with the Arc de Triomphe at the end in the higher ground, standing out in vivid distinctness clear and sharp against the sky. On the left, softened by its distance across the river, can be seen the Chamber of Deputies, whilst immediately facing it, on the right, is the church of the Madeleine. On a fine day, when the trees are in full foliage, it is impossible to exaggerate the beauty of the position, combining as it does all the charms of nature and art.

At this point it would be well for the visitor to hire a *remise*, and order the driver to drive round the Bois de Boulogne and back again to Les Invalides. In the course of this drive the visitor will see the more general features of the Champs Elysées, containing many of the best houses in



PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

Paris, and being distinguished at the farther end, near the Arc, as the English Quarter. In some respects the Champs Elysées are suggestive of English life. The houses are individual homes, and have a certain stamp of wealth and exclusiveness. On passing the Arc de Triomphe, the way to the Bois lies straight. The avenue which leads to it is studded on either side with houses somewhat of the same class as that by which the Champs Elysées are characterized. The Bois is essentially the Hyde Park of Paris, with one difference, which is very marked. In Hyde Park street cabs are rigidly excluded; in the Bois they are at times very conspicuous by their presence. Having seen the Bois, the driver will of necessity drive past the Quays on his way to Les Invalides (the tomb of Napoleon), one of the most splendid sights of Paris: the dome of the church is conspicuous from afar by its gilded surface. Having spent a few minutes at Les Invalides, the visitor should drive past the Chamber of Deputies, through the Place de la

Concorde, on to the Boulevards by the way of the Madeleine, a short distance beyond which will be seen the New Opera House, whilst almost immediately facing it, is the Rue de la Paix, at the bottom of which is the Vendôme Column, conspicuous by the figure on the summit. If the visitor will then drive straight down the Boulevards to the Place de la Bastille, he will have the opportunity of seeing Boulevard life, which, by the way, is seen at its best in the evening, at summer-time. By the route here described, at a comparatively small cost, say seven or eight francs, a visitor may gather a clear general idea of the most salient points for which Paris is famous.



ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

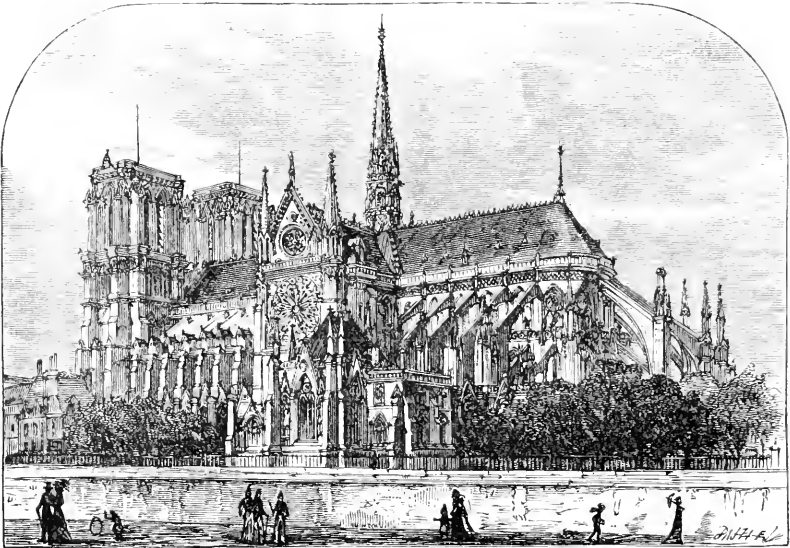
He will have *seen* the sights: to *know* them is quite another matter. It may, however, be observed that for all practical purposes, with the exception of the pictures and other celebrated objects of art and antiquity in the Louvre, one view is all that is required. A few minutes at the tomb of Napoleon, and it is seen once and for all. The same may be said of almost all the other sights of Paris. The Vendôme Column, the Arc de Triomphe, the Opera House, the Champs Elysées, etc., gain nothing, if they lose nothing, by lengthened familiarity. In most cases the first view remains fixed on the memory with its associated thoughts and sentiments.

From the Arc de Triomphe radiate a series of magnificent Boulevards, and from this peculiarity the Arc has received the secondary name of l'Etoile,

or The Star. From its summit may be obtained one of the most magnificent views of Paris, and it may be worth noting that during the siege this exalted surface was made use of by the military as a stand for a battery. The Arc bore traces of the struggle, although it sustained no serious damage. It was built by the great Napoleon to celebrate his triumphs over Austria and Prussia.

### NOTRE DAME.

Notre Dame is the finest church in Paris, and is open daily from ten to one o'clock. At the present time it is under repair, and the restorations are being carried out with due care for the original idea, and the

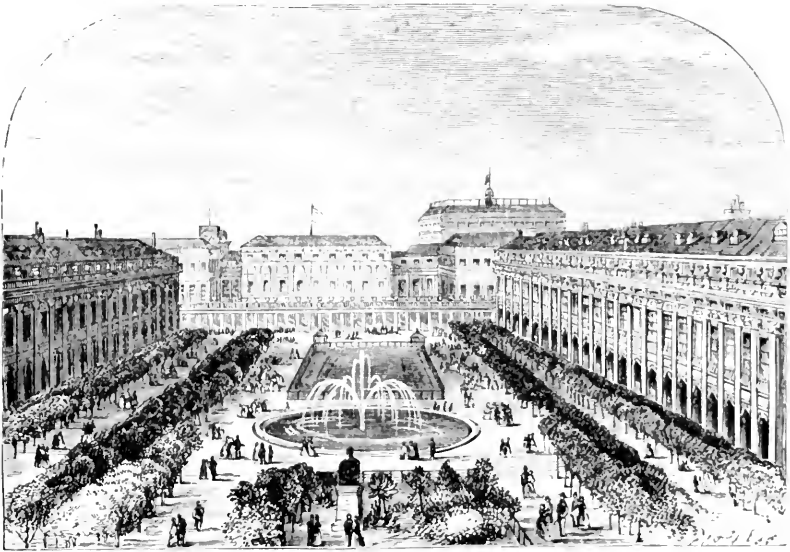


NOTRE DAME.

general effect now being produced is magnificent. On the southern side of the church is the Sacristy, where may be seen the coronation relics of the Great Napoleon. In Lent and Advent lectures on passing subjects of interest are delivered in the cathedral by the most eloquent men of the day. On such occasions the congregations are so great that it is necessary to go very early in order to obtain a good place for hearing. Immediately in the vicinity of Notre Dame, on the Quay-side, is the Morgue, or dead-house. It is a small low building, divided down its centre by plate glass, behind which are slabs of white marble, on which are exposed the bodies of those who have been murdered or who have been found in the Seine. The place is open to the public, and, strange as it may seem, much frequented by some of the lower orders of Paris. The dramatic force of death has an overwhelming fascination for some minds. It is well to avoid visiting the place unless the nerves are strong.

### PALAIS ROYAL.

Originally called Palais Cardinal; it was built by Cardinal Richelieu, who made it a present to his sovereign, Louis XIII., and then its name was changed to the one it at present bears. At different periods of its history it has been famous for social and political developments. Here were celebrated the orgies of the infamous Regent and Philip Egalité. In the early part of the first Revolution the gardens were much frequented by the most violent politicians of the day, and it was here that the tricolor cockade was first assumed. The general plan of the Palais Royal is a parallelogram, with the gardens and fountain in the centre. A military band plays here in the summer-time from 6 to 7, and from 10 to 11. The

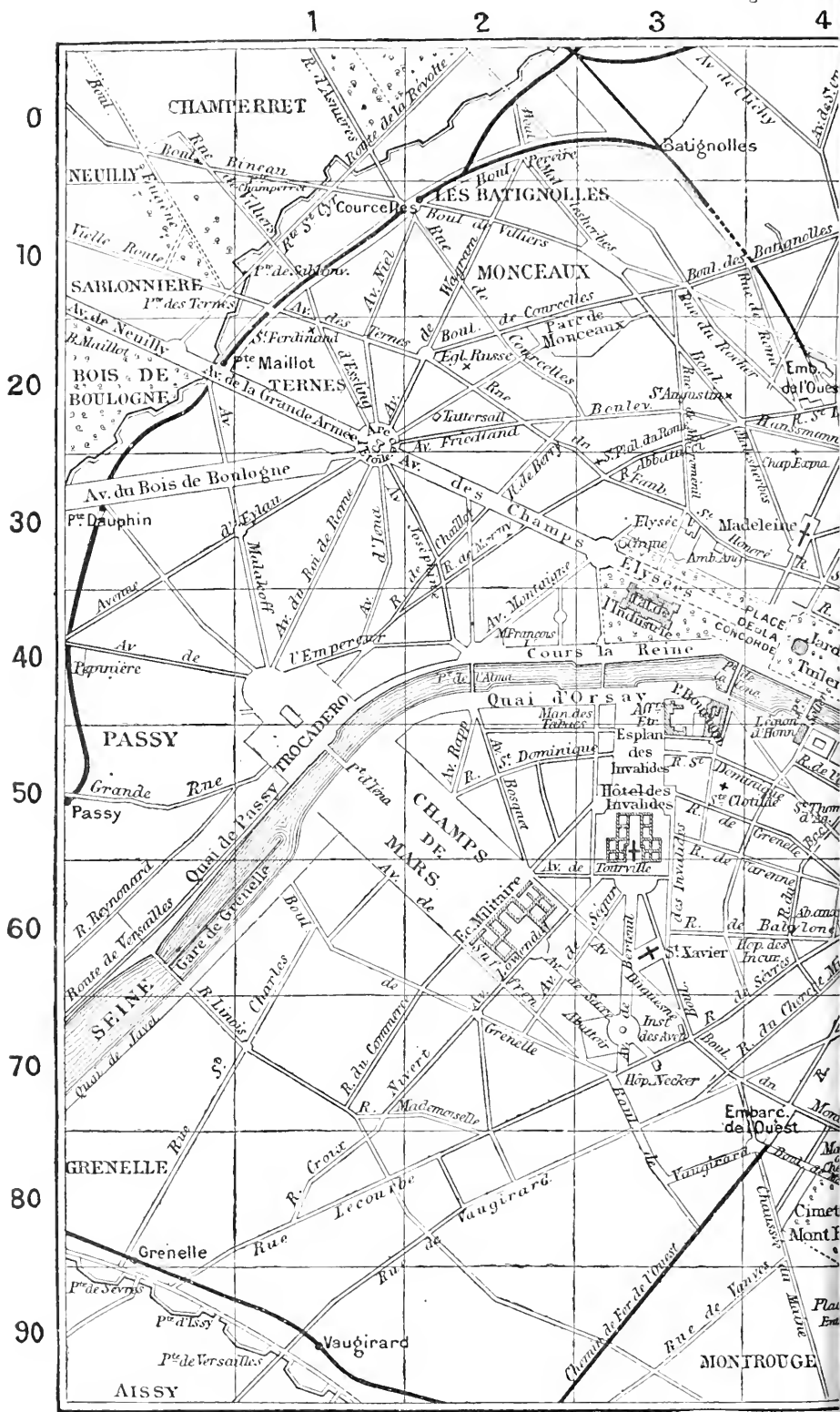


PALAIS ROYAL.

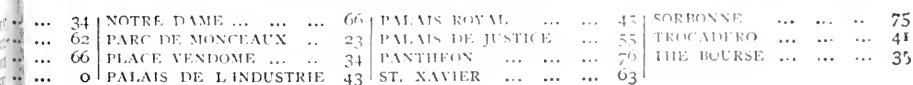
more general features of the Palais Royal at the present time are its arcades, restaurants, and shops for jewelry and *articles de Paris*. The Palais Royal is well worth a visit, if only for a lounge. The cheaper restaurants are on the first floor, and the prices are marked in plain figures at the doors. It may be pointed out that the usual price for breakfast is two francs, whilst that for dinners is two francs seventy-five centimes. These restaurants are much used by the inhabitants of Paris—a sure test of excellence and moderation in charge.

Whilst speaking of restaurants, it is well to remember the Restaurants Duval, some twenty of which are scattered throughout Paris, and are remarkable for their cleanliness, cheapness, and the substitution of waitresses for waiters. The change in attendance is considered a distinct improvement. In all the Duval Restaurants except one the waitresses are dressed in grey gowns, white aprons, and caps, the whole effect being very becoming.

This Map of Paris is divided into 100 squares. The number affixed to name of each place in subject of finding the more



ARC DE L'ETOILE ... .. 21	CHAMPS DE MARS... .. 52	JARDIN DES TUILERIES... 44	MADE
BOIS DE BOULOGNE ... .. 20	ELYSEE ... .. 33	JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG 75	MILIT
BELLEVILLE ... .. 20	GRAND OPERA ... .. 34	LES INVALIDES ... .. 53	MORG
BASTILLE ... .. 68	HOTEL DE VILLE ... .. 56	LOUVRE ... .. 55	NEUI



## THE LOUVRE.

The galleries of the Louvre are comprised in the three sides of that magnificent quadrangle of which the Tuileries formed the fourth. The tale of their erection is told vividly and briefly by the few words that are engraved on the sides of the principal entrance to the Museum. "Francis I. commenced the Louvre 1541; Catherine de Medicis commenced the Tuileries 1564. Napoleon III. united the Tuileries to the Louvre, 1852—1857." Three centuries of history are grouped in these few sentences, and the art treasures which each epoch gave to France are to-day preserved within the walls of the Louvre.

It would be idle to attempt to enumerate them, for they are divided into a



VIEW OF THE QUAYS.

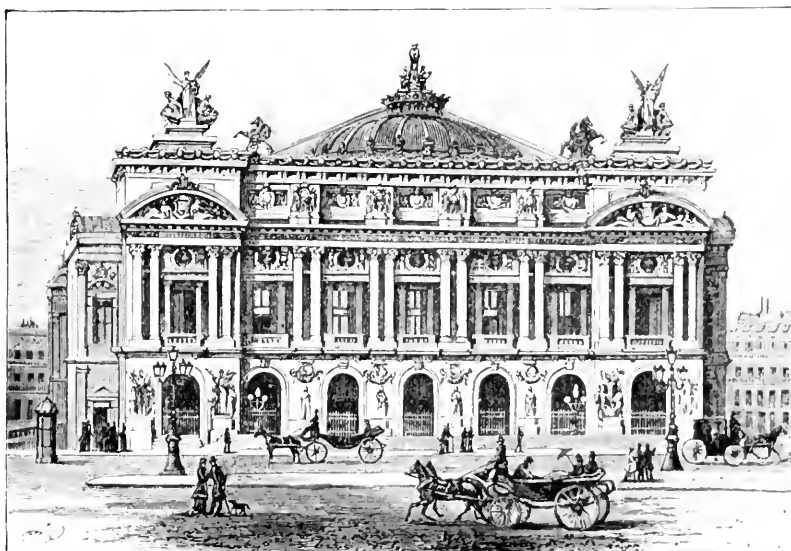
long series of sections, and each section has a catalogue. There are, however, certain special points which have a marked significance, and to a few of the most remarkable we will draw attention.

The most general idea connected with the Louvre is the beauty of its architecture and the character of its picture galleries. On its walls may be seen splendid examples from the hands of painters the most celebrated that the world has produced. Here are pictures by Murillo, one of which—"The Immaculate Conception"—cost £22,000; here also is "The Marriage Feast of Cana," by Paul Veronese, valued at £40,000; whilst in the same room (*Salon Carré*) are to be seen pictures by Vandyck, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, and Raphael. The same may be said of the *Grande Galerie*, for here is Murillo's "Beggar Boy," and Guido's "Ecce Homo," with a host of others by equally great masters, and amongst them may be noted a splendid collection of paintings by Rubens. Amid the pro-



fusion of art treasures it becomes evident that each visitor must select for himself. The numbers by which a few of the most celebrated are distinguished, are here subjoined :—

- |      |                                    |                      |
|------|------------------------------------|----------------------|
| 28.  | Sleep of Antiope . . . . .         | by Correggio.        |
| 104. | Marriage Feast of Cana . . . . .   | „ Paul Veronese.     |
| 214. | Coronation of the Virgin . . . . . | „ Fra Angelico.      |
| 328. | Ecce Homo . . . . .                | „ Guido.             |
| 379. | Saint Margaret . . . . .           | „ Raphael.           |
| 471. | Portrait of his Mistress . . . . . | „ Titian.            |
| 482. | Virgin among the Rocks . . . . .   | „ Leonardo da Vinci. |
| 546. | Immaculate Conception . . . . .    | „ Murillo.           |
| 551. | Beggar Boy . . . . .               | „ Murillo.           |



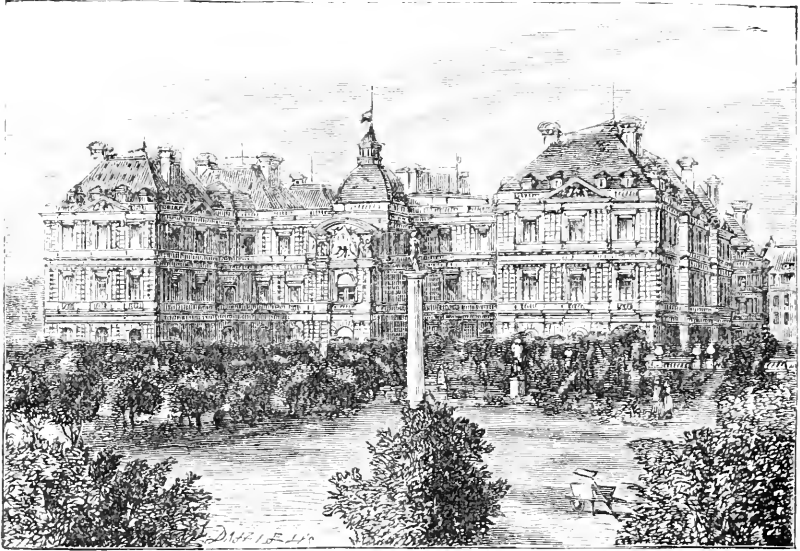
NEW OPERA HOUSE.

There is one small point in connection with the numbering of the pictures which is worth remembering. The colour in which the number is painted denotes the nationality. Thus, black for French, blue for Dutch and German, red for Spanish and also Italian. It may also be well to mention, that beyond pictures, the Louvre is rich in historical treasures. On the ground floor are marble statues of great beauty and value, and a splendid collection of Assyrian, Egyptian, and Jewish antiquities. In the portion known as the Old Louvre, the first floor is used for similar purposes, whilst the second floor is utilized as a supplementary room for Dutch and Flemish artists, Ethnographical specimens, and models of naval appliances. In the galleries to the eastward of the *Salle Egyptienne* may be seen the crown of Charlemagne, with his sword and sceptre and hand of justice; the coronation robes of Napoleon; his tent-bed, and some of his clothes, as worn at St. Helena. Relics of Kings, Emperors, and Queens are also to

be seen, the principal portion being in *Salle 4*. The Galleries are open daily (Mondays excepted) from nine till five in the summer, and from ten till four in the winter.

### THE LUXEMBOURG.

The architectural details of the Luxembourg are much admired, and, together with its museum and gardens, fully entitle it to notice. As the Louvre may be taken as typical of past, the Luxembourg may be considered as representative of contemporaneous art, its walls containing the works of living



THE LUXEMBOURG.

French artists, or of such as have not been dead more than ten years, after which period the pictures are removed to the Louvre. The collection is considered to be second only to that of the Louvre. Since the burning of the Hôtel de Ville, the Luxembourg has been the official residence of the Prefect of the Seine, and its *salons* are not open to the public.

### LES INVALIDES.

Founded for army pensioners, and covering an area of eighteen acres, it may be regarded as the Military Museum of France. The Tomb of Napoleon is in the Church of St. Louis, on the southern side of the Cour d'Honneur, surmounted by a lofty gilded dome, which is distinctly visible from all parts of Paris. Here, surrounded by the remains of his Generals, sleeps the greatest warrior of modern times, and the visitor, of whatever nationality, cannot fail to be impressed by the solemn grandeur of the scene.

The hat and sword worn by the Emperor at Austerlitz are in a small

recess in the crypt, whilst over the doorway leading thereto is the inscription taken from the will of Napoleon—"I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have loved so much." Visitors are admitted on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, from twelve to three; on Saturdays by passport.

### PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE.

In this large but unpretending building the Exhibition of 1855 was held. On the outside are placed busts of celebrated men of every country, the



PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE.

majority naturally being Frenchmen. Fine Art Exhibitions are held here annually. A comparison between this, as shown on subjoined engraving, and the Exhibition buildings of 1878 will sufficiently indicate the enormously increased demand for space in these international fairs.

### VENDÔME COLUMN.

This was erected by Napoleon when his power was at its zenith, and is two hundred feet high and thirteen feet in diameter. Its peculiar claim to notice lies in the fact of its being composed of 1,200 cannon taken during a three months' campaign. During the Communist outbreak in 1871 the column was pulled down, but fortunately the fragments were all recovered, and the whole re-erected.

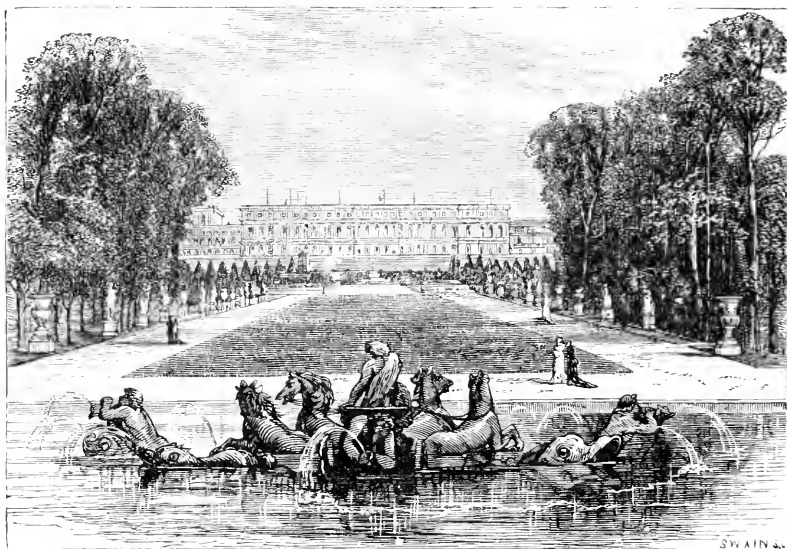
### JULY COLUMN.

Erected in remembrance of those who fell in 1830. It stands on the site of the Bastille, and beneath are interred those who fell in the conflicts of 1830 and 1848, and lastly the victims of the Commune in 1871.

## ENVIRONS OF PARIS.

### VERSAILLES.

THE courteous attention to visitors which characterizes the French people comes out conspicuously in connection with the original idea of Versailles. It was built as the Palace of Reception for foreign monarchs during their sojourn in Paris. Francis I. pulled down the old building to replace it by a new edifice, whilst the superb eastern *façade* was erected by order of Louis XIV. His wish was to stamp upon the productions of his reign the full glow of magnificence, and it comes out nowhere so conspicu-



VERSAILLES.

ously as at Versailles. The palace itself is grand alike in original design and in the wonderfully executed carvings with which it is enriched. The gardens are a splendid instance of that reckless expenditure for which the reign was famous. The interior of the palace is equally gorgeous, the decorated ceilings forming an important feature—possessing a special interest from the fact that they are in many instances the work of renowned painters. The cost of the palace and gardens has been estimated at forty millions sterling—an amount infinitely greater then, than it would be now, yet large enough even at the present day to excite comment. It is not improbable that the heavy taxation, combined as it was with the assertion of despotic sovereignty, developed eventually in the great Revolution. The policy which was born of the celebrated phrase of Louis XIV., “*L’état, c’est moi!*” laid the embers for the conflagration which eventually swept over Europe.

## *Environs of Paris.*

The Palace of Versailles is divisible into three great divisions, the centre, north, and south wings. In the south wing will be found Horace Vernet's "Battles of Wagram and Friedland," and Gerard's "Battle of Austerlitz." In the north wing there are eleven *salles* of paintings: a few of the principal may be here enumerated.

Salle I.—Ary Scheffer's picture of "Charlemagne." Salle IV.—Ary Scheffer's "Death of Gaston de Foix." Salle VI.—"Anne of Austria," by Delaroche. Salle VIII.—"Death of Turenne," by Chabod. The pictures are open to view any day. Among the more special points in connection with the palace may be mentioned the apartments occupied by Marie Antoinette. The furniture is very beautiful, and is in the same condition as when the unfortunate Queen fled. In a recess in one of these rooms is a series of mirrors so placed that the person who looks into either of them shall see nothing but his head.

In the gardens the Orangerie is well worth seeing. One of the trees is called the Grand Bourbon; the seeds from which it sprung were sown in 1421; it is still blooming and fresh. There are three points of interest in connection with the gardens which will impress themselves on the visitor. One is their great beauty; the second is the general resemblance they bear to Hampton Court and Kensington Palace Gardens, only those of Versailles are on a much larger scale; and the third point is their wonderful fountains. These are seen to the greatest advantage when the *Grandes Eaux* play; this is generally on a Sunday, and it is always announced some time beforehand. The whole of the fountains then commence playing at four o'clock, and continue for about two hours, attracting large numbers of visitors. The fountains in the Basin of Neptune do not play quite so long, as they require such enormous volumes of water that they would quickly exhaust the supply. Our engraving represents one of the fountains, with the palace in the background. In the Grande Galerie de Louis XIV. the King of Prussia was declared German Emperor on January 18th, 1871.

### FONTAINEBLEAU.

By rail from the Boulevard Mazas, distant from Paris thirty-five miles.

This favourite residence of bygone French sovereigns, situated near the magnificent forest of the same name, was constructed at different epochs, and partially rebuilt by François I. The Castle is entered by ascending the famous Horseshoe Steps, on which Napoleon stood when he bade adieu to the Imperial Guard in 1814. The visitor will find some fine paintings in the different galleries, and the furniture and fittings of several of the *salons* are very sumptuous.

The park attached to the palace is very fine, but the grand old forest will probably usurp attention. A *voiture* should be engaged, and the driver told to show you the several points of interest; but care should be taken to return to the station in time, the last train leaving for Paris at a comparatively early hour.

# Paris.

## LIST OF THE MOST REMARKABLE BUILDINGS, PALACES, &c.

NAME.	OPEN to the PUBLIC		REMARKS.
	FROM	TO	
Arc de Triomphe ... ..	—	—	Fee.
Cemetery of Père la Chaise ... ..	—	—	
Champs Elysées ... ..	—	—	
Column of July, Place de la Bastille ... ..	—	—	Small fee.
Column of the Place Vendôme ... ..	—	—	Fee.
Fontainebleau ... ..	12.00noon	4.0 p.m.	
Gobelins Manufactory ... ..	1.0 p.m.	4.0 p.m.	{ Passport, or stamped card, Wed. and Sat.
Hôtel de Ville ... ..	2.0 p.m.	4.0 p.m.	Rebuilding.
Hôtel des Invalides ... ..	12.00noon	3.0 p.m.	Fees.
Jardin d'Acclimatation ... ..	—	—	Daily, one franc.
Louvre and its Museum ... ..	9.0 a.m.	5.0 p.m.	Daily, except Mondays.
Luxembourg Palace ... ..	10.0 a.m.	4.0 p.m.	Gardens and Museum.
Madeleine Church ... ..	—	—	
Museum of the Luxembourg, 19, Rue de Vaugirard ... ..	10.0 a.m.	4.0 p.m.	Daily, except Mondays.
Notre Dame ... ..	—	—	{ Fee, if attendance required.
Obelisk of Luxor ... ..	—	—	
Palace of Elysée ... ..	—	—	
Palace of the Tuileries ... ..	—	—	Rebuilding.
Panthéon, now called the Church of St. Geneviève ... ..	—	—	{ Fee, if attendance required.
Sainte Chapelle, Palais de Justice... ..	12.00noon	4.0 p.m.	Fee, daily.
Sèvres... ..	11.0 a.m.	4.0 p.m.	{ Daily, by ticket; free, Sunday.
The Bourse ... ..	9.0 a.m.	12.0 p.m.	Week days.
Tomb of Napoleon (Hôtel des Invalides) ... ..	12.00noon	3.0 p.m.	{ Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Friday.
Trianon at Versailles ... ..	12.00noon	4.0 p.m.	{ Passport, Sun., Tues., and Thursday.
Triumphal Arch of the Carrousel ... ..	—	—	
Versailles ... ..	10.0 a.m.	4.0 p.m.	Daily.

## ADDRESSES OF THE EMBASSIES IN PARIS.

Austria, 7, Rue las Cases; open 1.0 to 3.0.  
 Belgium, 153, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré; 12.0 to 2.0.  
 Brazil, 13, Rue de Téhéran.  
 Denmark, 37, Rue de l'Université; 1.0 to 3.0.  
 England, 39, Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré; 10.0 to 3.0.  
 Germany, 78, Rue de Lille, 12.0 to 1.30.  
 Greece, 20, Rue Taitbout.  
 Italy, 127, Rue St. Dominique; 1.0 to 3.0.  
 Netherlands, 9, Rue Montaigne; 12.0 to 3.0.  
 Portugal, 30, Avenue Friedland.  
 Russia, 79, Rue de Grenelle; 12.0 to 2.0.  
 Spain, 25, Quai d'Orsay; 1.0 to 4.0.  
 Sweden and Norway, 22, Rue de Rovigo; 12.0 to 2.0.  
 Switzerland, 3, Rue Blanche; 10.0 to 3.0.  
 Turkey, 17, Rue Lafitte; 12.0 to 3.0.  
 United States, 3, Rue Scribe; 10.0 to 3.0.

## SWITZERLAND.

SWITZERLAND may be roughly defined as that Alpine tract which divides France and Germany from Italy, which extends from Lake Constance on the north-east to Lake Geneva on the south-west. It is remarkable for four varieties of scenery: mountain, lake, waterfall, and glacier. In no other portion of Europe is it possible to find the same solemn grandeur of scenery combined with the same richness of foliage, brilliancy of flowers, and tender luxuriance. The Matterhorn springs from a bed of ice ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and shoots upward another five thousand, stern, dark, and lifeless. The Lake of Lucerne, with its infinite variety of colour and tint, with mountain melting into mountain, with its crystal waters and its glowing beauty, must be seen to be appreciated. The Falls of the Giessbach rush from the mountains and precipitate themselves more than a thousand feet into the lake below. The Mer de Glace at the foot of Mont Blanc is a sea with its tumbling waves frozen into stillness—a scene at once curious, impressive, and grand. All these and a thousand other varieties of scenery are to be found in Switzerland. How to see what is best worth seeing in the shortest time and at the smallest expense is the ideal we have put before ourselves. To achieve this we intend to notice only the more important points connected with each route, reminding the reader that special information belonging to each locality is obtainable on the spot, or can be found in Bedeker, Murray, or Cook's guides and hand-books.

Basle is generally accepted as the most available point for entering upon a Swiss tour. The town itself possesses no very marked claim to attention. The Munster, however, is reckoned one of the finest Protestant churches in the world. A stairway leads from the Choir to the Council Hall, so named from the councils held there. It is in the same condition as when used in the fifteenth century, and contains among other curiosities the "Dance of Death," as commemorating the plague. In the Museum there is a portrait of Erasmus, who lived here for some time, and some good drawings. It is important to bear in mind that the Basle time differs from that of Paris by twenty-two minutes, and at the Central Railway Station there are two clocks, one set to each time. The Hotel Trois Rois at Basle is well situate and very pleasant. In the season it is wise to telegraph for rooms, as the hotel is often full. The nearest point of interest to Basle is Schaffhausen, noted for the Falls of the Rhine. It is about three hours' distance by rail. The best point of view is from the Schloss Laufen, admission one franc; the best time is the early morning, when the rainbows are visible. The description given by Ruskin is very vivid and poetic, rather too much so for our taste; we have, however, appended a small portion which is both vigorous and beautiful:—"Stand for an hour beside the falls of Schaffhausen on the north side, where the rapids are long, and watch how the vault of water first bends unbroken in pure polished velocity

over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick, so swift that its motion is unseen except when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how the trees are lighted above it under all their leaves at the instant that it breaks into foam."

The next points on the route are Constance and Lake Constance, but neither the one nor the other possess very special attractions. The town retains an interest as being associated with the great reformer, Huss, who was burnt; they show the spot in the Cathedral where he knelt when he was condemned, saying, "Lord Jesus, forgive mine enemies." They also show the field where he perished at the stake.

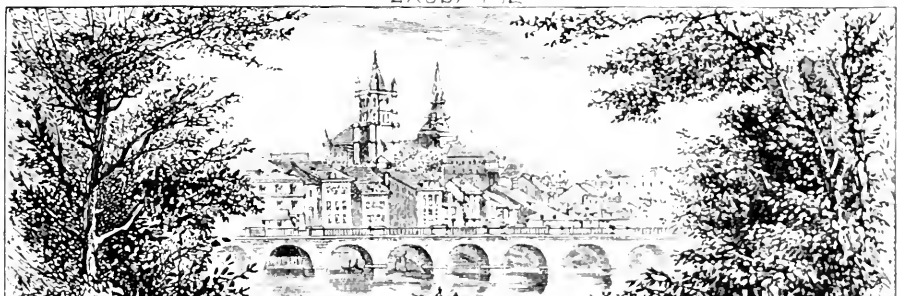
In the Bohemian tongue Huss means goose, and the good-humoured defiance he uttered as he faced the flames still lives: "Are you going to burn a goose? in one century you will have a swan you can neither roast nor boil." Luther, who appeared within a century, had a swan for his coat of arms. The Lake of Constance is large, but has few special attractions.

From Schaffhausen to Zurich is but a short distance. In the city of Zurich the two points of most importance are the Cathedral and Town Library. At the Cathedral there is an equestrian figure of Charlemagne; at the Town Library, admission one franc, there is a model in relief of Switzerland, and a collection of antiquities having reference to the Swiss lake dwellings. In connection with this last subject it may be mentioned that at Wetzikon may still be seen in situ the remains of these old structures. They are now visible in consequence of the lake in which they were originally constructed having dried up and become a peat moss. It may also be pointed out that at Hurdin what would appear to be something like a survival of the principle connected with the old lake dwellings, still exists. It is a causeway three-quarters of a mile long of loose planks laid on wooden piers, the whole construction being of the most primitive character. The Lake of Zurich is pleasant, pretty, and enjoyable, but does not possess any special claim to detain the traveller. The same, however, cannot be said of the Lake of Wallenstadt which, next to Lucerne, is probably one of the finest in Switzerland. The northern shore rises upwards in lofty cliffs of rugged grandeur, whilst in the south the scenery is rich and fertile.

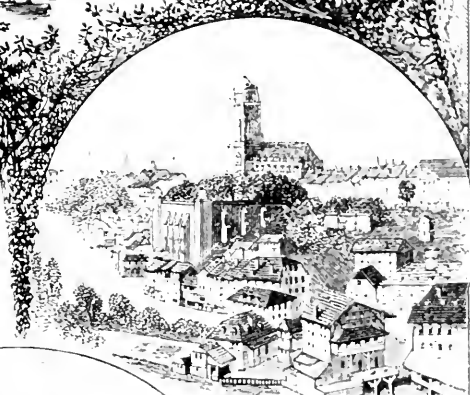
From Zurich to Lucerne by rail, for some portion of the route the side of Lake Zug is skirted, and at Cham station there is a good view of the lake itself. The country is richly wooded and very picturesque. At Lucerne the tourist reaches the most beautiful lake in Switzerland, and at its far end are the Rigi and Pilatus Mountains, less celebrated for their height than for the views they afford of the surrounding country. Ranges of mountains, including the Bernese Oberland can be seen, and ten lakes counted from its summit. The railway up the Rigi offers a means of reaching the top without trouble; and as it travels slowly may be practically considered very safe. The scenery on the lake is very beautiful, being at



LAUSANNE



CASTLE OF CHILLON



YVERDON



CHAMOUNIX



PISCAVACHE CASCADE



ZERVATT & THE MATTERHORN

## Switzerland.

once grand, varied, and delicate. Steamboats make the tour of the lake several times daily. The ascent of the Rigi can be readily made by walking; in such case the steamer should be left at Weggis, whilst if it is intended to use the train, the point of debarkation is Vitznau, which is the terminus of the Rigi railway. In the town of Lucerne there are two points specially worth being seen; one is the famous Lion of Lucerne, sculptured out of the sandstone rock in memory of the Swiss Guards who perished at the outbreak of the French Revolution, and who died defending the royal family of France. Near here is also the Glacier Garden, which contains some curious examples of glacial actions, and a collection of objects from the Swiss lake dwellings.

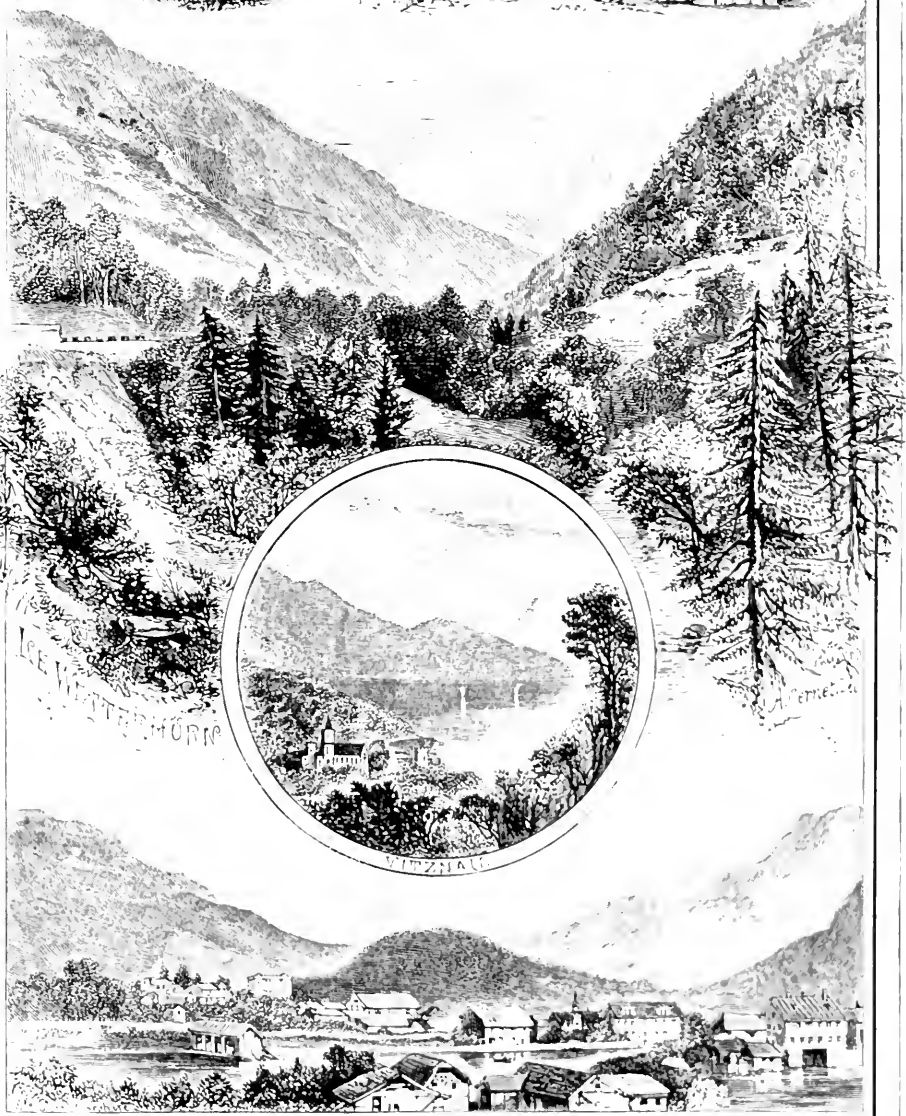
Those visitors who desire to see the Rhone Glacier, can do so by passing over the Furca Pass. To effect this, leave Lucerne by steamer to Flüelen, thence to Hospenthal by the St. Gothard route. The sight of the Rhone Glacier is considered one of the finest sights in Switzerland.

From Lucerne to Interlaken the road is through Meiringen. The Falls of Reichenbach are only a short walk. From Meiringen to Grindelwald, and then to Interlaken, to arrive at which we pass through the Lake Brienz, celebrated for the magnificence of its mountain scenery. Interlaken, as its name implies, is between the Lakes Brienz and Thun. It is fast becoming the Paris of Switzerland and a fit home for the pleasure-seeker and fashionable lounge; to some this definition will imply indifferentism, to others, all that makes life enjoyable. It is surrounded by all the more distinctive features of Swiss scenery. From its main promenade, the Höhweg, may be obtained a splendid view of the Jungfrau; at a short distance are the Falls of the Staubbach. From here may with convenience be visited the Wengern Alp and the Bernese Oberland, whilst a dozen minor celebrities are fairly within reach. Interlaken thus combines a pleasant locality, charming surroundings, and a useful centre for seeing this portion of Switzerland. From Interlaken the route lies through the Lake of Thun to Berne. Nowhere does the peculiarity of Swiss conditions of life come out with greater force than at Berne. The town itself stands at more than 1600 feet above the level of the sea; throughout the city the Swiss emblem—the bear—is to be met with at every turn. They are to be seen alive in the Bear Pits, sculptured on the fountains, prominent in the city arms, and visible in all materials. In the Cathedral there are two points of special interest—the organ and the marble group of the Entombment of Christ. The organ, one of the finest in Europe, is played daily at 6 p.m., entrance fee one franc. In the Federal Council Chamber there are some good pictures. In the Museum there is the celebrated dog Barry, who saved fifteen lives during his career at St. Bernard.

From Berne the most direct route is through Fribourg to Lausanne and then on to Geneva. The inhabitants of Fribourg are both German and French. It has been said, “Go to the upper part, and everybody and everything is German; go to the lower part, and everybody and everything is

PHONE HOTEL & GLASIER.

ROSENTHAL.



INTERLAKEN.

French." The town is very hilly, and with the exceptions of its Lime-trees, its Cathedral, and its Suspension Bridge, that which is most worth seeing is the town itself, with its curious architectural effects. The river which runs through it is some 200 ft. below the level of the streets. When reaching Lausanne, the traveller should not forget to stay at or visit the Hotel Gibbon, rendered memorable as the spot where Gibbon finished his "Decline and Fall." Lausanne itself is pleasantly situated, and has a charming climate. The one special feature is the Cathedral, which will well repay a visit. From Lausanne to Ouchy by omnibus in half an hour, fare  $\frac{1}{2}$  franc, and we are on the borders of the Lake of Geneva. It was at Ouchy that Byron and Shelley remained, and it was here also, at the Hotel d'Angleterre, that Byron wrote the "Prisoner of Chillon."—

Chillon, thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod  
Until his very steps have left a trace  
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod ;  
By Bonnivard ! May none these marks efface,  
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

The Castle of Chillon, to which these lines have reference, is at the end of the Lake near to Montreux, and can be readily reached either by rail or steamboat. The scene on the Lake of Geneva is very beautiful, more especially between Villeneuve and Ouchy. One of the best points of sight from which to see Mont Blanc is at Morges. The best mode of seeing the Lake of Geneva is from the deck of the steamboats, of which there are many. The excursions are usually adapted so as to bring fairly into view all the more remarkable points of interest or beauty in connection with the Lake itself. Full information can be obtained at any of the landing-places on the Lake, or at the Hotels.

The last points to which we will refer are Geneva and Mont Blanc. Geneva has three special associations : Calvin, Watches, and Mont Blanc. Its reputation is well deserved in each case. In the Cathedral, the canopy of the pulpit is the same as when Calvin poured forth his conception of truth, and fiercely denounced the sins of Romanism. At No. 11, Rue des Chanoines Calvin lived for many years. It is situate close to the Cathedral. In the shops can be seen beautiful and elegant examples of that skill in watch-making for which Geneva is justly famed.

From Geneva diligences start three or four times daily for Chamouny, whose great elevation, 3,300 ft. above the level of the sea, combined with its great beauty and intimate association with Mont Blanc, combine to give to it a world-wide reputation. In the immediate neighbourhood is Montanvert and the Mer de Glace, which has been thus described :—"Imagine the ocean to have overflowed the mountains in front of you, and to have descended, boiling, foaming, dashing, bubbling, into the valley thousands of feet below. Imagine the waters in the height of their wild and furious descent to have been miraculously stopped by the Divine fiat, 'Be



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still.' . . . Such is the Mer de Glace. To your right as you look up, are green precipitous banks, and beyond rises Mont Blanc. In front and to your left rises a barrier of rocks and mountains and peaks, that make you cold and dizzy to gaze upon. There is the *Aiguille du Dru*, shooting up alone like an arrow, 6,000 ft. above the spot on which you stand." With respect to the general grandeur of the scenery that surrounds and belongs to Mont Blanc, it would be idle to speak. Its reputation as one of the grand sights of the world, stands unchallenged, not alone from its mere height, but from the varied beauties and wonders by which it is everywhere surrounded.

We have engraved a view of St. Moritz, a village in the valley of the Engadine, which, in addition to the attractions afforded by its numerous walks and carriage drives, is renowned for its baths; these were spoken of in terms of eulogy by Paracelsus as far back as the year 1539.

The Valley of Desolation is in the mountainous group of the St. Gothard.

"The road

Leads through a pass whose grandeur is a load  
Upon the awe-struck mind : the wild Reuss sweeps  
From precipice to chasm, where it keeps  
Boiling and fretting till it throws abroad  
Mist clouds : then, chafed and flying from its goad,  
Like fiery steed, o'er crag and crevice leaps."

The Bristenstock, of which we give an illustration, is 10,085 feet high. It rises in shape like a pyramid, and a fine view is obtainable from near Silenen.

On the Wengern Alp the traveller may witness some of the grander though sterner characteristics of Swiss scenery. The avalanches may here be both heard and seen, dashing in headlong fury over the rugged brow of the Jungfrau, to find a resting place three thousand feet below in the ravine known as the Trümlethenthal.

## MONT CENIS ROUTE.

At the present time the great bulk of all traffic between Italy, France, and Switzerland passes through Mont Cenis Tunnel, and so far as rapidity and economy are concerned, it is the natural route. Those who come from Paris may with convenience break their journey at Chambéry. The situation of the town is pleasant, and it is also surrounded by good scenery. After leaving Chambéry, the next place of importance is Modame, and here all hand luggage is examined. Here, also, travellers change carriages. After starting the train soon begins to ascend, and after two short tunnels, enters the great tunnel under the Alps. In the tunnel itself there is no sense of oppression or discomfort; and, on emerging on the other side, the effect is singularly striking, and the views obtainable at different points in the descent extremely beautiful. At Susa the Arch of Augustus is seen. Gradually the train reaches the level plains of Lombardy, and speeds rapidly to Turin.



St. Nik. 117



Valley of Emulation, St. Gertrud. 118



The Begonia, 119



## THE ITALIAN LAKES.

THOSE who are fond of lake and mountain scenery will scarcely rest satisfied with having proceeded as far as Mont Blanc, without desiring to see those beauties and wonders which are in the immediate neighbourhood. From Swiss lake and Swiss scenery to mountain passes and the Italian lakes is a natural transition of thought and feeling. To those who are in vigorous health and can laugh at the idea of fatigue, there are few excursions more enjoyable than to cross from Switzerland into Italy by one of the mountain passes. The sense of buoyancy produced by the purity and clearness of the air, the wonderful variations in scenic effect, the grandeur and majesty of nature in its more lonely and impressive aspects, will all combine to give a charm to the excursion. Those, however, who are not so strong as to be above fatigue, and who are content with more modest, if less exciting views of mountain scenery, will probably do wisely by working to Chambéry, and from thence through the Mount Cenis Tunnel, to Turin or Milan. The passage over the Alps by any of the more recognized routes is not a great exploit; it is more as a matter of fatigue, than for any other reason, that any traveller need hesitate. There are three principal routes by diligence over the Alps.

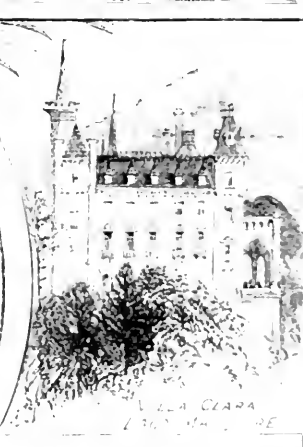
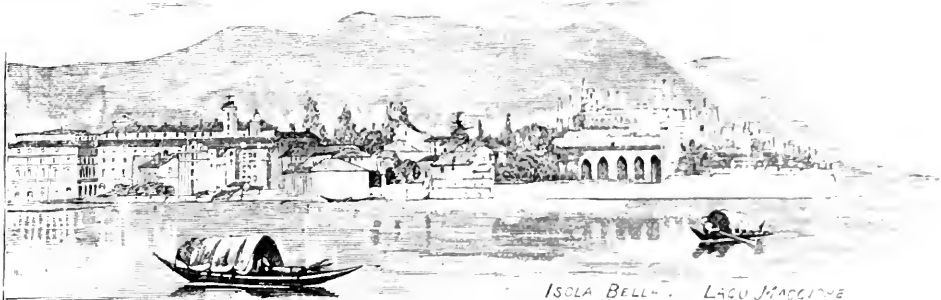
From Coire, over the Splügen to Colico, and thence to Como.

From Martigny, over the Simplon to Arona and Lago Maggiore.

From Lucerne, over the St. Gothard to Camerlata, and thence to Como.

The time consumed in crossing varies considerably; thus, over the Splügen it takes about seventeen hours, over the Simplon about twenty hours, and over the St. Gothard about twenty-four hours. The pass by way of Mont Cenis is now not much used since the construction of the tunnel, and no doubt the same fate awaits the St. Gothard as soon as that tunnel is completed. The beauty of the scenery in the different passes varies considerably, and one author thus expresses himself:—"I have crossed by Mont Cenis Pass, the St. Gothard, and the Simplon, and though each has its own peculiar attractions, yet the Splügen Pass is truly the most magnificent road over the Alps. No one can go over that road and enter into the spirit of it, without feeling that the mind has been enlarged by this communication with Nature in her noble grandeur." We believe the same might be said of each of the passes, so far as nobility and beauty are concerned. The masses of grouping may vary, but the general effects are the same. We will take the route over the Simplon. The railway from Geneva runs past Martigny to Sierre, where the diligences start for crossing the pass, once every day. The scenery in the earlier part of the journey is much associated with ancient castles, which may be seen on almost every hill top. As the diligence proceeds further, it passes the villages of Leuk, Susten, Tourtemagne and Virge, until Brique is reached. From this point the ascent begins, and for the most part follows the road constructed by Napoleon after the battle of Marengo, until at length the splendid panorama of the Alps is brought fairly into view. Those who are enthusiastic about Alpine scenery declare that this portion of the view is well worth the entire





## *The Italian Lakes.*

cost and labour of the journey from England. The summit of the Pass is 6,600 feet above the level of the sea. From thence the descent is through every variety of scenery towards the softer climate of Italy. Now it is a gorge of stupendous grandeur, like the Gorge of Gondo, now it is the waters of the Frassinone which leap from crag to crag until they are lost in the abyss below, and now it is a dark mass of rock which is lost in the clouds above. These alternate with patches of delicious verdure, vineyards and olive groves, until Fariolo is reached, when Lake Maggiore bursts into view with the Isola Madre in the distance. The diligence then proceeds rapidly to Arona. In the case of the St. Gothard Pass, the steam boat passes from Lucerne to the other end of the lake, and at Fluelen the diligence is taken to cross the pass. In the summer season there are two services daily. The scenery is practically the same as that of the Simplon. The points of variation being the Hospice, the post house where travellers stop for dinner, and the final result, for the traveller lands at last at Chiasso, the custom house of Switzerland, and in a very short time is at Lake Como. In the case of the Splugen Pass, the route is the shortest, being about seventy-six miles, and occupying about seventeen hours. One of the most remarkable features on the pass is the Via Mala. It is a remarkable fissure three to four miles long, and about 1,500 feet deep. The carriage road runs through at a great altitude but perfectly safe. Before reaching Como the Lake of Riva is skirted, and the diligence reaches its destination at Colico, where the steamboat awaits its arrival.

The Italian lakes are singularly beautiful, and this beauty is increased by the clearness of the air, the brilliancy of the foliage, and the deep blue of the waters of the lakes. Lake Como is at once the largest and most beautiful of the Italian lakes. The point of greatest beauty is reached at Bellagio, where the lake divides into two arms, the one leading to Como, the other to Lecco. The tour of the lake can be made either from Como or Colico. At Menaggio the scenery is very beautiful, and the spot is much frequented as a halting place. In the upper part is the Villa Vigoni, with some fine modern works of art. At Bellagio there is a good hotel (Grand Bretagne) and pension. At Bellagio is the Villa Melzi, celebrated for its sculpture by Canova and Thorwaldsen. From Bellagio a steamer runs daily to Lecco. The rail runs from thence to Milan. At Como the cathedral contains some fine altar-pieces and pictures. The Lake of Lugano is reached from Menaggio on Lake Como. Monte San Salvatore rises immediately behind the town and commands magnificent views. From Mendrisi on the road to Como is Monte Generoso, known as the Rigi of Italy. From its summit may be seen the whole of the Italian lakes, whilst to the north are visible the whole range of the Alps. Lago Maggiore is the largest of the Italian lakes, being about forty miles long and of varying width. The scenery varies greatly, being more beautiful in the north than in the south. "The glory of the lake culminates in the neighbourhood of Raveno and Stresa, and these are the favourite halting

## *The Italian Lakes.*

places of visitors, as they command views of the strangely beautiful Borromean Isles, and the deep bold bay in which they are situated."

There are four islands in the Borromean group, the one which is considered to be the most perfect is named Isola Bella, but its beauty is largely due to the care and effort of a wealthy count, who found a barren rock and determined to create a terrestrial paradise. At an enormous expense he converted the island into a state of culture and verdure, such as it now manifests. It does not, however, bear the palm of beauty undisputedly. Isola Madre dares to compete, and in some minds it does compete successfully, for precedence, as being of a less artificial type of beauty than her celebrated sister. The question is one of taste, and each visitor must settle it for himself. The other two islands are less important and less interesting.

Stresa is one of the best resting places on the lake. Here there is a fine hotel well placed, commanding some of the best views of the lake, and from this locality Monte Motterone may be readily ascended. The following tour of the lakes has been suggested. "Visit Lago Maggiore and terminate the journey at Luino. Take diligence or carriage to Lugano. Make the tour of the lake and terminate the journey at Porlezza. From Porlezza take omnibus or carriage to Menaggio on the Lake of Como, and if Lago d'Isco and Lago di Garda are to be visited, terminate the Como journey at Lecco, and take train, *viâ* Bergamo." It must be remembered that the tour of these lakes follows the ordinary rules of travelling, and must be regulated by the time, inclination, and previous or pending arrangements of the traveller. It is, however, well to know what is considered the most admirable route by those who have made the question a study.

Our engravings will speak for themselves; reference has already been made to Isola Bella and Bellagio. The Villa Clara, on Lago Maggiore, is the charming house selected by Her Majesty Queen Victoria as a residence during her recent visit to the Italian lakes.

The island of San Giulio is of fairy-like beauty. It is a rock rising out of the intense blue water, fringed with villas and gardens, and crowned by an old church and a campanile, forming from every point of approach a charming *coup d'œil*. St. Giulio was a saint of the fourth century, who was buried in the church, and some vertebrae of a whale are shown as those of a monster he destroyed. In the church are some beautiful frescoes by Tibaldi and Gaudenzio di Ferrara, with an ancient pulpit and some bas-reliefs of the tenth century. San Giulio was a residence of the old Lombard kings. Tomo or Torno is a most picturesque village on a projecting point of Lake Como, to which the boats cross from Moltrasio. In its orchards and gardens grow most semi-tropical and temperate fruits—the pomegranate, olive, vine, fig, and mulberry. Villas and hotels cluster round the picturesque knolls or creep up the wooded hill sides. The lake contains excellent trout, pike, and the agoni, a species of carp peculiar to these lakes of Lombardy.

## The Italian Lakes.

Travellers visiting Italy should remember that there are four questions connected with travelling, each of which it is well to keep in mind, viz. : Routes, Passports, Money, and Luggage, and on each of these we offer suggestions.

In visiting any portion of the Continent, it is wise to apportion the time which is proposed to be expended in travelling, laying out clearly the route which is intended to be taken, and allowing to each place its portion of time. It is not too much to say that more pleasure is derived from care in this particular than in any other. If any one in travelling has to rush to and fro at the last moment, not only is the pleasure of the journey destroyed, but less advantage in every way is obtained. If, on the contrary, care has been taken to allot to each place its portion of time, and also making allowance for possible over-fatigue, a journey will, under such circumstances, more certainly result in satisfaction to all concerned. No rule is sounder than that which urges upon our attention not to do too much, but to do thoroughly that which is taken in hand.

In the same way, it is well clearly to understand what is the exact position of passports. They are not necessary as a rule; but they take up little room, and are always an advantage. Passports may not be required, but they should be taken. They do not need a *visâ* for British or American travellers in Italy. There are many occasions when a passport is of advantage, and as the cost is very trifling, it is well to be provided with one. It will sometimes procure admission to museums or palaces when nothing else will, and it is always useful in procuring delivery of letters from the *Poste Restante*. Only one passport is required for all the members of a family or party, when travelling together.

*Money.*—The most convenient form in which to take money, is by Circular Notes, because whenever they are changed by the bankers to whom they are addressed, the full value is obtained. If only a temporary visit is intended, sovereigns or napoleons will be found most useful. The twenty-franc piece is the standard for France, Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy.

MONEY TABLE.

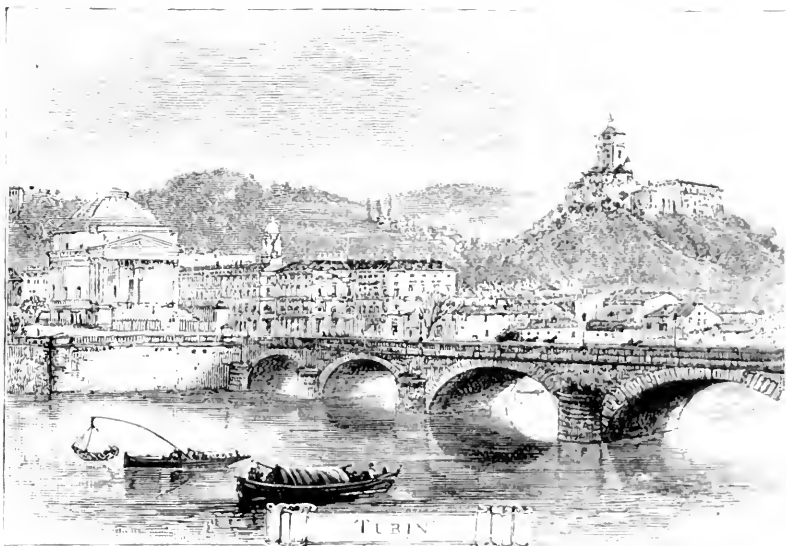
FRANCE.			ITALY.		
10 centimes	.	1 <i>d.</i>	10 centesimi	.	1 <i>d.</i>
50 centimes	.	$\frac{1}{2}$ franc	50 centesimi	.	$\frac{1}{2}$ lira
100 centimes	.	1 franc	100 centesimi	.	1 lira
1 franc	.	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i>	1 lira	.	9 $\frac{1}{2}$ <i>d.</i>
5 francs	.	4 <i>s.</i>	5 lira	.	4 <i>s.</i>
20 francs	.	16 <i>s.</i>	20 lira	.	16 <i>s.</i>

Money is represented by paper all through Italy, and in taking paper see that you obtain your premium.

*Luggage.*—In Italy all luggage that is not carried in the hand is charged for; and throughout the Continent the rules with respect to luggage are much more stringent, and much less generous, than they are in England. The golden rule is, to dispense with all needless luggage, as it is both costly and troublesome when there is any large quantity.

## TURIN.

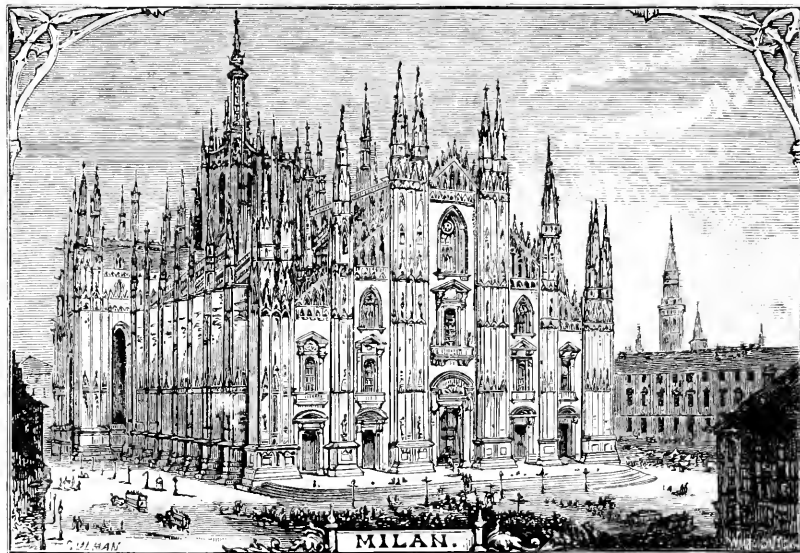
THERE are few cities whose history has been so largely dependent upon the fortunes of a royal family as Turin. It was the capital of Sardinia whilst Italy was passing through the process of development towards its final unity. When the King of Sardinia became the King of Italy, the capital was removed to Florence, and Turin at once lost much of the prestige that had been before associated with it. At the present time it has little claim to attraction beyond its broad open streets and generally handsome look. It has few special objects of art, and still fewer special subjects worthy attention. The streets, however, are wide and handsome, whilst the general aspect of the city is modern and pleasant. The places best



worth visiting are the Accademia, the Cathedral, and the Royal Palace. The Palazzo dell' Accademia, in the Via dell' Accademia, contains a moderately good collection of pictures, in which examples by Paulo Veronese and Guido are somewhat conspicuous. The gallery is open free every week day, from 9 to 4, on Sundays, 9 to 1. On the ground floor of the Accademia is a good collection of antiquities—the Egyptian portion being of special excellence. In the Cathedral there is a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." The high altar is very rich, and is furnished with a splendid service of plate. The Santo Sudario chapel is also worthy of attention. In the Royal Palace, admission to which can usually be obtained, the rooms and staircases are handsome, but the point which is of greatest interest is the armoury. The collection it contains is of considerable interest. Among other things here may be seen the sword worn by Napoleon at Marengo. Here also are two suits of armour of great beauty, inlaid. In the large saloon is a shield of the work of Benvenuto Cellini, under a glass case.

## MILAN.

THE principal points of interests at Milan are these. First, the Church of Santa Maria della Grazia, in the refectory of which is the far-famed "Last Supper." It is a fresco, and the wall on which it was painted being damp, comparatively little of the original beauty and vigour of the painting is now to be seen. There is probably no picture better known: it has been copied and re-copied, etched, and engraved, in all forms so as to bring it clearly before all classes; the original study for the head of our Saviour is in the Brera. The second point worthy of attention is the Cathedral, and the true way to estimate its beauty and elaborateness is to ascend to the roof. The number of pinnacles is very great, and they are wrought out with great care



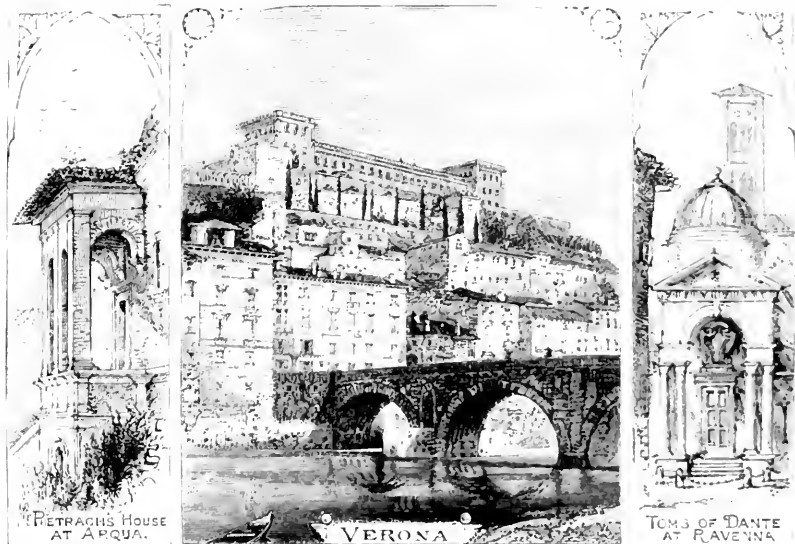
and beauty, From the platform of the Octagon there is a superb view, of great extent, said to be one of the finest in the world. Byron thus describes the Cathedral and its associations:—

'Tis only in the land of fairy dreams  
Such marble temples rise, bright in the gleams  
Of golden sunshine. Truth now here repeats  
What fancy oft has pictured forth in sleep,  
And gives substantial form to fairy flights.  
How bright ! how beautiful ! the turrets peep  
In snowy clouds, while statues crown their heights.  
Oft does the night these towers in moonshine steep,  
Stirring the soul to poetry's delight.

The third point of interest is La Scala, the great theatre and the great centre and school for operatic music. Performances only at Carnival time and in the autumn. At other times the theatre can be seen, fee one franc. In Milan there are several private palaces, admission to which can only occasionally be obtained. The Brera is the joint Academy for Science and Art, and contains a moderately good picture-gallery. The Ambrosian Library is open daily, fee one franc. In the library there is a large volume of drawings by Leonardo da Vinci; of the artist there is a portrait drawn by himself in red chalk

## VERONA.

FROM Milan, the most direct route is by way of Verona to Venice. The distance between Milan and Verona is 106 miles, and from Verona to Venice 72; total distance, 178 miles. The whole journey from Milan to Venice can be accomplished in twelve hours. Most travellers will prefer to break their journey at Verona, at which town may be seen the most *perfect* amphitheatre in the world. It remains at the present day so perfect in its general condition, that it could be almost immediately utilized for the shows that took place two thousand years ago. "Over certain of the arches the old Roman numerals may yet be seen, and there are corridors and staircases, and subterranean passages for beasts, and winding ways



above ground and below, as when the fierce thousands hurried in and out intent upon the bloody shows of the arena." At Verona it is necessary to remember Shakespeare's plays, for have we not the "Two Gentlemen of Verona?" and is not its memory rendered immortal by the play of "Romeo and Juliet?" At the southern extremity of the city they show the Tomb of Juliet—admission half-a-franc. The house of the Capulets is in the street of San Sebastian via Capello. It is a miserable inn, with the sign of a large red hat. In the Piazza Signori is the statue of Dante, who took refuge here after he left Florence. The Campanile of the Church of San Zenone is very fine. It is at the western extremity of the city, near the Brescia Gate. In the cathedral is the celebrated picture of "The Assumption," by Titian; it is in the first chapel on the left. The Church of St. Giorgio is celebrated for its pictures. Two may be specially mentioned, "The Baptism of Christ," by Tintoretto, and "The Martyrdom of St. George," by Paul Veronese. The last-mentioned painter was a native of Verona, and thus his name.

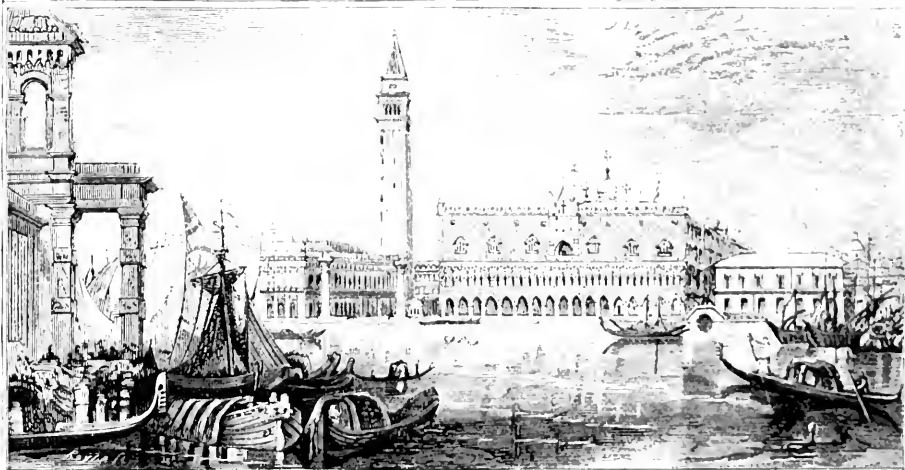
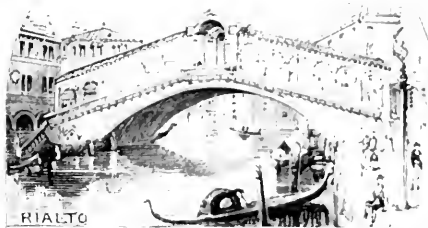
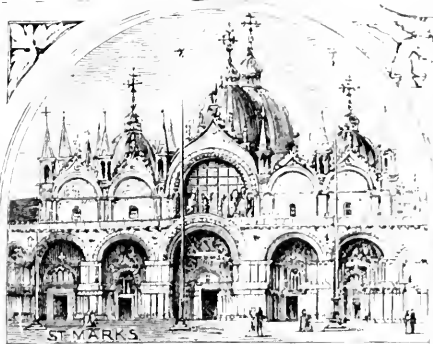
## VENICE.

THE snows and rains from the Alps discharge their waters into the Adriatic, and when the six rivers meet form a broad lagoon. Numerous small islands arose from its surface, and these islands, linked together by bridges, and made into perfect water-ways, embellished by rich buildings, and alive with commercial activity, constituted the framework and setting of Venice. Small islands, offshoots as it were of the original cluster, stretch far out to sea, and are remarkable for their widely different peculiarities. San Lazzaro, about two miles from Venice, is the spot where Byron studied the Armenian language, and where the monks, who are in possession, work for their country and its literary uprising. Murano, about the same distance to the north of Venice, is the home of the glass manufacture, for which Venice is renowned, and will well repay a visit. The Lido is becoming the seaside place for the Venetians, and for that cosmopolitan crowd that visit Venice every year. At this island are to be found good bathing, fresh air, and pleasant hotels. It is the seaside suburb of Venice. Some thirty miles off is the island of Chioggia, which formed the prize of battle between the two cities when Venice and Genoa were struggling for mastery. The one point of interest in going by steamer to this island is that it brings into clear view those giant walls, about thirty feet high and forty feet wide, built by the Venetians to restrain the destructive power of the sea. These walls tell even more distinctly than her art treasures how resolutely and unflinchingly Venice fought her way to her position as the Queen of the Adriatic. In Venice itself the typical beauty and charm of the city are to be seen with the greatest distinctness on the Grand Canal. The great and splendid architectural outlines of its palaces, mellowed by age and enriched by coloured marbles, stand out with a softness and beauty that have won all lovers of arts and extorted admiration from the most widely differing minds. The impression left upon Byron has found expression in those famous lines :

“I stood in Venice—on the Bridge of Sighs—  
A palace and a prison on each hand ;  
I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand.  
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying glory smiles  
O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,  
When Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles.”

These few lines give very vividly many of the more salient peculiarities of Venice itself. They epitomize the fact, thought and sentiment of its history and present condition. For a visitor to familiarize himself perfectly with Venice it is necessary to have clearly in his mind what are its more especial features, and they may be roughly divided into the following heads :—





VENICE

VIEW ON THE

GRAND CANAL

Views on the Grand Canal,  
The Place of St. Mark, churches, &c.,  
The Doge's Palace,  
The Academy of the Fine Arts,  
Houses of Celebrated Men,  
Salvini Glass Works, and  
The Islands in the Lagoon.

The Grand Canal is the great highway of Venice, having along its two sides houses, palaces, churches, and public buildings. On its surface may be seen innumerable gondolas darting hither and thither, and here during the fashionable hours may be seen the aristocracy of Venice. To obtain a thorough appreciation of its beauty it should be visited in the afternoon and at night. The Grand Canal is two miles long, and divides Venice into two unequal portions. It may here be mentioned that the gondolas are to Venice what a cab is to a Londoner, the best and cheapest mode of locomotion. The fares are not high, being one franc for one hour, and fifty centimes for every hour after, or five francs for the whole day of ten hours.

The Place of St. Mark, the largest open space in Venice, is, roughly speaking, a square, and the finest thing of the kind in Europe. It is the great place of resort in the evening. It is surrounded on three sides by colonnades, joining arcades of arches, the fourth side being open to the sea. If a visitor enters the square from the west, facing him is the Campanile, and beyond is the church of St. Mark, with its splendid cascade, its wild horses, and its curiously eastern domes. The Campanile is the bell tower of the church, and should be ascended so as to obtain a full view of the city and its surroundings. The best time is early morning, or, failing that, towards sunset. In the Place of St. Mark are the two monolith pillars of oriental granite, red and grey. The red column bears the marble statue of St. Theodore, the protector of the Republic, whilst the grey column bears the winged Lion of St. Mark. Here also is the home of the white pigeons of St. Mark. The birds are very tame; they are quite a feature of the place, and are fed every day at two o'clock.

The church of St. Mark is built in the shape of a Greek cross and occupies all the eastern side of the Piazza. There are three doors of metal inlaid with silver leading into the church, that on the right having been taken from the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople. The interior of the church is even more beautiful than the exterior, and is thus described by Mr. Ruskin :—"There opens before us a vast cave hewn out into the form of a cross and divided into shadowy aisles by many pillars. Round the domes of its roof the light enters only through narrow apertures like stars; and here and there a ray or two from some far away casement wanders into the darkness and casts a narrow phosphoric stream upon the waves of marble that heave and fall in a thousand colours upon the floor. What else there is of light is from torches or silver lamps burning ceaselessly in the recesses



STATUE OF  
BARTOLOMEO  
COLLEONI



ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN - TITIAN



BRIDGE OF ST. MARK



GIOTTO'S STAIRCASE



JESUS AT THE HOUSE OF SIMON - PAUL VERONESE



A MIRACLE OF THE LORD - CARLO MARZUOLI



FROM A PAINTING BY  
JOHN BELLINI



FROM A PAINTING BY  
JOHN BELLINI

of the chapels ; the roof sheathed with gold, and the polished walls covered with rich alabaster, give back at every curve and angle some feeble gleaming to the flames." This description fairly enough ushers in the general beauty of the interior. To fill in the details would occupy more space than is at our command ; suffice it to say, that the marbles with which it is enriched have been gathered from all nations, whilst the mosaics are the most brilliant in the world. St. Mark's must be seen and studied to be appreciated to its full value.

The church of Santa Maria della Salute is built on 1,200,000 piles, and contains in the ante-room of the sacristy Titian's celebrated painting of "St. Mark and four Saints." In the sacristy is the "Marriage at Cana," said to be the masterpiece of Tintoretto, and one of the three pictures which he signed, the other two are "The Crucifixion" and "The Miracle of the Slave" in the Church of St. Roch.

The church of Gli Scalzi is close to the railway, and is a magnificent mass of coloured marble, precious stones, and mosaics. The effect is gorgeous, and as it is almost unique should be visited. There is a fine picture by Bellini behind the high altar. There are numerous other churches, most of which contain some special attraction, that of the Friari, for instance, contains the monuments raised to Titian and Canova.

The Doge's Palace, interesting from its past association with the old rulers of Venice, and also from the large number of fine pictures which still adorn its walls. From the central window (under picture No. 19, by Tintoretto), there is a fine view of the lagoon and islands.

Academy of Fine Arts, open daily, usually from nine to three. It faces the Grand Canal near the Iron Bridge, and contains a marvellous collection of pictures, principally of the Venetian School. It has a series of twenty rooms. In Room II., No. 24. there is the "Assumption," by Titian ; see also No. 35, the first picture, on the same subject, by Titian. Room XV. contains a large number of fine pictures.

Venice is rich in associations of celebrated men. Here were born, or lived, or died, Titian and Tintoretto, Vittoria and Canova, Sansovino and Palladio, Giorgione and Tasso, Cardinal Bembo, Marco Polo and Byron, and some of their dwellings are still pointed out. At the Palace Mocenigo on the Grand Canal Byron lived for some time, and it was here that he wrote "Beppo," first canto of "Don Juan," "Sardanapalus," &c.

Titian's House, Calle di S. Cancino.

Tintoretto's House, Campo dei Mori.

Marco Polo's House, Corte del Sabbion.

Othello's House, Palazzo Moro Campo del Carmine.

One of the manufactures of Venice which has outlived all changes is the manufacture of glass. There is the Salvini factory in Venice itself, and there are the factories on the island of Murano, the museum of which contains splendid examples both ancient and modern.

## BOLOGNA.

FROM Venice to Bologna is a step on the route to Pisa and Florence, and it affords a pleasant resting-place and an agreeable change. At Bologna there is much to be seen, for this city is full of old world teachings and middle age memories. Here are Etruscan treasures which have no equal in Europe in fulness or in suggestiveness. They are to be seen at the Archiginnasio Antico from 10 to 4. Here also are the churches, some 160 in number, but three or four especially worth seeing. Here also are the towers celebrated for their height, and the magnificent views to be obtained from their summit. It is not a little singular that several of these towers lean much in the same way as the Tower of Pisa. The purpose for which



these towers were erected is not known, and is difficult to conceive. They pass into the same category of riddles as the Round Towers of Ireland. But beyond these more material objects, Bologna has a reputation for both music and art. In the season, an opera at Bologna is a musical treat. The same may be said all the year round with respect to the Academy, for here are the pictures from the men whose names are intimately associated with the Bolognese School. On the walls of the Academy are a large number of paintings by the Carracci, Guido, and others; and here also is celebrated picture of St. Cecilia, by Raphael. The name of the painter is attached to each frame. There are eight rooms, and the Academy is open daily from 9 to 3. Bologna is celebrated for its arcades, and the one which leads to the Church of the Madonna de S. Luca is three miles long, and forms a pleasant covered way. The church itself is exceedingly beautiful, and the view from the summit of the mount on which it stands is one of the finest in this part of Italy, and combines the Alps, the Appenines, and the

Adriatic. The churches most worth seeing in Bologna are S. Domenico, which contains a large number of fine paintings, one over the altar, by Guido, of special excellence; S. Giacomo Maggiore—here is the masterpiece of Francesco Francia, the subject being “The Virgin with Saints and Angels;” this church is celebrated for the number and quality of its paintings; in the church of S. Petronio are some very fine examples of coloured glass in chapels 4 and 9; in the latter the designs are by Michael Angelo; the church of S. Stefano, the cloisters are small, but beautiful. There are several palaces at Bologna; we will mention two:—the Palazzo Publico, celebrated for its staircase; and the Palazzo Pepolii, a handsome building, the gateways of which are richly ornamented. The University at Bologna has a long list of great names associated with it, but the one by which it will be longest remembered is that of Galvani, whose discovery has given his name to a good scientific principle—Galvanism.

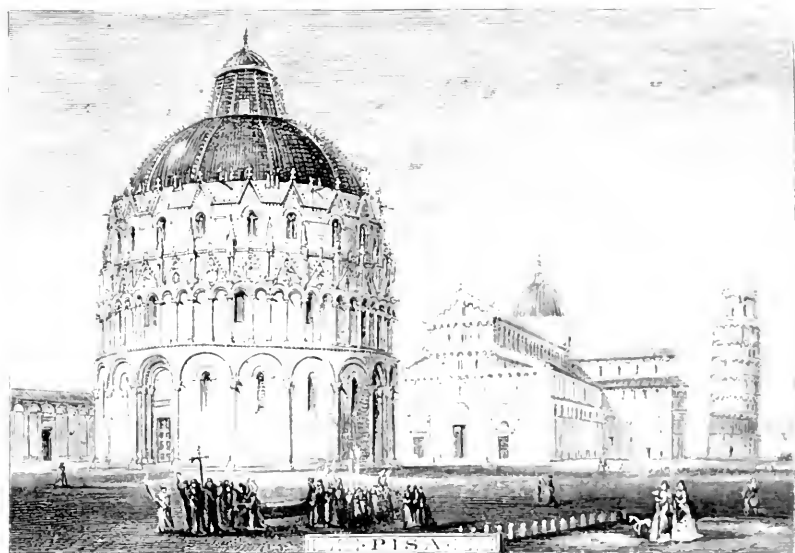
It has been said that Bologna is rich in Etruscan treasures, but how rich only those who have seen them can fairly understand. These antiquities were found in the cemetery in 1871, and are altogether so remarkable, that we will venture to quote from a recent author, who says:—“There is in the middle of the cemetery a modern chapel, in the course of some excavations under which it was discovered that the locality had been used as a place of interment from a period of extremely remote antiquity. There must be something peculiar in the clay soil, for the skeletons of the dead have been found *in situ* like fossils in marl, in excellent condition, and with skill and care are capable of being removed and exhibited. Accordingly, twelve such skeletons are to be seen at the Archiginnasio of Bologna, under glass. . . . Vases and bronzes of the kind we have been so long familiar with are exhibited side by side with objects of a style quite novel and extraordinary. . . . A bronze urn, two feet high, encircled by four or five tiers of figures in extraordinary attire, affords a crucial instance of what I venture to describe as an hitherto unexampled style of ancient art.”

From Bologna to Ravenna and back can be readily accomplished in our way. The journey is about four hours either way. At Ravenna there are two celebrated pictures by Guido, one, “The falling of the Manna,” at the cathedral, and in the sacristy is the picture of “Elijah fed by the Ravens.” Here also is a wonderful throne of ivory. The church of St. Vitali is rich and ornate, containing splendid mosaics which are of great historic interest, as they represent the court of Justinian and Theodora. To many the object which will possess the greatest attraction is the tomb of Dante, which is close by the church of S. Francisco, and which we have engraved as a side-piece to our view of Verona. Byron’s house is close by the tomb, and he resided at Ravenna for some months.

From Bologna to Florence is a very frequent route, but it seems to us better to proceed to Pisa and return to Florence, paying a flying visit to Leghorn.

## PISA.

At Pisa there are the four monuments, consisting of the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo: of these four the Leaning Tower is the most remarkable, but each has some special excellence to render it worthy of attention. The Cathedral itself is magnificent; it is built of white and coloured marbles, and richly ornamented throughout. The swinging-lamp in the nave is credited with having given to Galileo the idea of the pendulum. The roof is exceedingly rich, and the high altar of lapis-lazuli, the crucifix, pulpit, altars, and stalls, are all of great beauty, and are attributed to celebrated artists. Throughout the Cathedral there is abundant evidence of the great position Pisa had formerly held, and tends



to render its present desolation more forcible and impressive. The Baptistery is a beautiful circular building constructed entirely of marble. The great peculiarity is its wonderful echo. The attendant sounds four notes, and the result is a burst of harmony which blends and repeats itself as it dies softly and sweetly away. Before the sound is lost the four notes are repeated, and the two echoes intermingle, producing a delicious effect. The Leaning Tower is 180 feet high—or nearly as high as the Monument at London Bridge—and is 13 feet out of the perpendicular. The Campo Santo is most remarkable for its old frescoes and sculptures. Beyond these four monuments, as they are generally called, there are the churches, the palaces, and the academy. In the Academy the pictures are not numerous, nor, having regard to the general profusion of talent throughout Italian Art, do they call for much comment, but they afford an opportunity for a pleasant change. Among the churches the one best worth seeing is S. Caterina: the effect of the interior is grand and impressive. Of the palaces, the one which will excite most sympathy is that of the Palazzo Lanfranchi, from the

## *Leghorn.*

fact that Byron made it a resting-place. Galileo was born at Pisa, and they show the house and room. Over the door is placed a marble slab on which is engraved. "Here was born Galileo Galilei, Feb. 18th, 1564."

### LEGHORN.

THIS town retains the stamp of its origin and the conditions of its existence. It belongs to our every-day world and is full of activity, energy, and bustling life. It is a free port and a commercial city, and it owes its vitality alike to its business associations and its own natural capacities. In the middle ages the Medici with a wise prescience made it a safe retreat and privileged resting place for those who were outcasts by reason of persecution or civil war. It thus attracted to itself all the more energetic brains that were compelled to exile either from religious or political animosity. Under such conditions the men who found a home here threw themselves into its trading associations, and Leghorn grew into power and position. These qualities remain in full force to-day, and in the changes which are taking place in connection with the traffic through the Suez Canal, this port shares with others in a rapidly increasing prosperity. This prosperity is everywhere apparent and is visible in the broad streets, in the good shops, and the general modern aspect of the town. It belongs to the life of to-day. The streets are broad and open, but the town has the special advantage of a great natural position, its climate being favourable all the year round. It has a cool breeze from the sea in the summer, and it enjoys in common with most Mediterranean cities the charm of winter conditions only to be found along its coast. These climatic advantages tell largely in favour of Leghorn; for during the summer months large numbers of visitors from Florence, Rome, and other cities resort to it for bathing and recreation. Leghorn can boast of few works of art, but it affords a pleasant change from the sense of desolation and decay too apparent in many of the more celebrated cities of Italy.

From Leghorn there are steamers for Civita Vecchia, Naples, Nice, Marseilles, &c. To reach Civita Vecchia takes about twelve hours, and as the steamer keeps near to the coast, the varying phases of the scenery afford an agreeable break to the monotony of sea travelling. Civita Vecchia is about fifty miles from Rome, with which there is railway communication. The railway also runs direct from Leghorn to Rome, and the route is both cheaper and quicker. In travelling by rail it may be as well to remember that Orbetello, one of the stations on the line, is only one and a half miles from Monte Argentaro, from which can be obtained magnificent views.

At Cornetto also there are the subterranean grottos, some of which contain paintings and decorations. In passing up from Civita Vecchia for Rome, from the railway may be seen the Alban Mountains and Sabine Hills. For some distance the train skirts the city walls until it at length passes through an opening, and enters Rome.



## FLORENCE.

THE Italians have a love for designating their favourite cities with pet names, and thus Florence is referred to by them as the "Fairest City in the World." It lies in the valley of the Arno, surrounded by charming scenery, embracing gentle hills, lofty mountains, and rich valleys, to which may be added a lovely climate. For the last half-century it has been the resting-place of a colony of English; whilst to winter in Florence has been the eager hope of large numbers of our fair countrywomen. Its attraction is to be found in its climatic advantages and its wondrous art treasures. There is, probably, no city in the world where such rare combined advantages are to be found. In no other place are there to be found galleries



like the Uffizi and Pitti. In no other city are the memories of great men so spirit-stirring and so numerous: Michael Angelo and Dante, Machiavelli and Galileo, these names alone would suffice to stamp on the city the lines of greatness. To these may be added that long list of artists whose works are to-day to be found scattered over the galleries of Europe. The treasures of art thus produced are enveloped in an atmosphere that bids them live and enthral whilst they live. It is to this and other kindred advantages that Florence owes its wide-spread and justly-deserved popularity. At Florence there are many sights worth seeing: we purpose to name very briefly those that are the most remarkable. They consist of the Cathedral (Duomo), the Baptistery, Loggia dei Lanzi, the National Museum, and the Palaces of Uffizi and Pitti. These two last are quite unique in the number, value, and beauty of their art treasures, being probably unequalled in Europe.

The Cathedral (Il Duomo).—The general appearance has been thus described by Nathaniel Hawthorne :—"The entrance to the Duomo being just across the Piazza, I went in there after leaving the Baptistery, and was struck anew—for this is the third or fourth visit—with the dim grandeur of the interior, lighted as it is almost exclusively by painted windows which seem to me worth all the variegated marbles of St. Peter's. The Florentine Cathedral has a spacious and lofty nave and side aisles divided from it by pillars ; but there are no chapels along the aisles, so that there is far more breadth and freedom of interior in proportion to the actual space than is usual in churches. . . . The dome sits as it were upon three smaller domes—smaller but still great—beneath which are three vast niches, forming the transepts of the Cathedral and the tribune behind the high altar. All round these dome-covered arches or niches are high and narrow windows, crowded with saints, angels, and all manner of beautiful shapes that turn the common daylight into a miracle of richness and splendour. It should be remembered in connection with this Cathedral that its double cupola was the first ever raised in Europe."

The Campanile, or Bell Tower, stands apart from the Church. It was designed by Giotto. It is 276 feet high, and is covered with variegated marble to the top. The ascent is very easy and the view from the summit is very fine. The whole structure is covered with tablets, statues, &c., and has a soft delicate effect.

The Baptistery is also apart from the Church, and held a position distinct from the Cathedral, it being the centre for all baptisms belonging to the city or its suburbs. As the Campanile is the representation of Giotto's work, so the gates of the Baptistery are the examples of the genius of Ghiberti. These gates were thought so highly of at the time, that Michael Angelo pronounced them to be worthy to be the gates of Paradise. The doors are of great excellence and remarkable beauty. They are in bronze, and casts of them are to be seen in the South Kensington Museum. The Loggia de Lanzi is filled with some of the finest sculpture in the world. It contains the "Perseus" by Benvenuto Cellini. A tale is told that Michael Angelo, in his old age, used to sit at the right of the entrance, so that he could see his celebrated statue of David which was then in the Loggia, and that he amused himself by tracing a profile which may still be marked on the rough stone.

Gallery of the Uffizi.—Amid a series of wonderful sights in connection with the Uffizi Gallery, probably the most wonderful is the small room called the Tribune. It is said to contain the choicest works of the best masters, and is the richest collection in Florence. Those whose time is limited should devote special care and attention to this portion of the collection. It contains five groups of sculpture, consisting of the world-famed "Venus de Medici," "The Apollo," "The Wrestlers," "The Dancing Faun," and "The Grinder." On entering the room most of these will be recognized as old friends. They have been copied in marble,



MADONNA DEL SACCO. BY A. DEL SARTO



MADONNA DELLA SPEME. BY RAFFAELLO



MADONNA AND ANGELS. BY SANDRO BOTTICELLI



APOLLO AND THE MUSES. BY GIULIO ROMANO



TITIAN'S  
FLORA

## CELEBRATED PICTURES AT FLORENCE

HEAD OF MEDUSA BY L. DA VINCI



LA BELLA DI  
TITIZIANO

reproduced by casts, wrought into bronze ornaments, and generally utilized throughout the civilized world. Their marvellous perfection comes out all the more strongly under minute inspection. They grow by examination, and are more impressive the longer they are studied. They must be seen to be valued at their proper worth. No engraving or photograph can by any possibility render the subtle and perfect finish which belongs to them. The paintings in the room are said to be equally remarkable with the statuary. There are here several pictures by Raphael, the one 1127 the only one he ever painted on canvas. Close to this, 1129, there is the Madonna with the Goldfinch; there are also several others. Here also are pictures of surpassing beauty by Titian, Guido, Correggio, Paul Veronese, and others, the whole forming a collection of extreme beauty, finish, and value.

One special point in connection with the Uffizzi Gallery is the more remarkable examples of the Tuscan School which may be seen there. The most celebrated names with the pictures are here appended:—Lionardo da Vinci's Head of the Medusa, No. 1159; Fra Angelico, Altar Piece, 1184; Fra Bartolommeo, Madonna and Child, 1235. Besides the pictures and statues enumerated, there is the Medici Vase in the Room of the Painters—the cabinet of the gems—the room itself being very beautiful. In the case No. 6 there is a rock crystal cup by Benvenuto Cellini, a number of vases of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and a variety of treasures which once belonged to the family of the Medici. Close by is the Hall of the Cameos. Here will be seen a bust of Dante, taken after death; cases of Etruscan gold ornaments, and of ancient glass. Among the cameos, numbering some three thousand, the most perfect are pure Greek work, or Greek work associated with the Roman supremacy. They date from 500 B.C. to the second century of our own era.

The most conspicuous examples for beauty and finish may be enumerated—Nos. 6, 20, 24, 48, 54, 70, 106, and 109. In the Hall of Baroccio is a centre table of very fine Florentine mosaic. In the Hall of Niobe are two fine paintings by Rubens, and a series of marble statues, found at Rome, some of which are of great beauty and interest. In the Hall of the Bronzes, No. 424 is very perfect, and of great excellence; it is named "The Idol." In the Gallery Feroni, which is the last room in the corridor, there are woodcuts—old and rare—original drawings by Michael Angelo, and a painting of considerable beauty by Carlo Dolci. From the windows of this room may be seen the Boboli Gardens. There is near here a long corridor opening from the far end of the passage, which links together the Uffizzi with the Pitti Palaces. It will be impossible to give particulars of the many beautiful pictures on its walls. We will mention three only, as being the most remarkable. In the Hall of Saturn there is a painting by Raphael, "The Vision of Ezekiel," No. 174. In the Hall of Jupiter is the Madonna of Raphael, No. 266; whilst in the Hall of Justice is a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, No. 408. It is impossible to particularize the large

# CELEBRATED STATUES IN FLORENCE

FIGURES FROM

THE TOMBS  
OF THE  
MEDICI  
BY



MICHAEL

ANGELO



NIOBE

K&E.TAYLOR



VENUS DE MEDICI



THE WRESTLERS

IN THE UFFIZI



ST. JOHN OF  
BOLOGNA  
AD 1570.



FONTAINE BY VEROCCHIO  
PALAZZO VECCHIO AD 1495.



HERCULES  
AD 1665

number of other great pictures painted by such artists as Rembrandt, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Rubens, Lionardo da Vinci, and others. In the Hall of Prometheus is a mosaic table of great beauty. Throughout the Pitti Palace there is a catalogue in each room, for the convenience of visitors. The beautiful Boboli Gardens adjoin the palace, and from the rising ground can be obtained a fine general view of Florence. The Grotto in the gardens is embellished with four statues by Michael Angelo. We have now enumerated roughly and rapidly the more special features connected with the Uffizzi and Pitti palaces. There are several other palaces, each of which has some special feature, and all worth seeing. Thus the Palazzo Corsini is in the Via del Parione, the Palazzo Ricardi in the Via Cavour Palazzo Strozzi, Via Tornabuoni and the Palazzo Torrigiani in the Piazza de' Mozzi. The pictures are good throughout, and in the last-named palace they are of special excellence. Beyond the palaces and the cathedral, the churches of Florence will well repay a visit. First among them is Santa Croce, the so-called "Westminster Abbey of Florence." The words of Byron will best convey the impression left upon the beholder:—

"In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie  
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is,  
Even in itself, an Immortality,  
Though there was nothing save the past and this,  
The particle of those sublimities  
Which have relapsed to chaos: here repose  
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his  
The starry Galileo, with his woes;  
Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

Within this church are to be seen the tombs of Michael Angelo, Dante, Machiavelli, and others. Two marble statues on the right and left of the altar, of Lorenzo and Giuliano de Medici, are by Michael Angelo, and of very high excellence. They possess that one quality of true art—they live—from underneath the shadow of the Helmet peers out pondering resolute thought; and whilst watching it, one almost forgets that it is wrought in marble. The statue of the Madonna and Child near the altar is also by Michael Angelo. The Medici chapel is magnificent. Among the churches more especially worthy of being seen may be named S. Annunziata, San Michele, S. Maria Novella, S. Spiriti, and Ogni Santa. To particularize the others would be waste of time. Each one of those named contains some point of interest. Beyond the churches and the palaces there is the Academy of the Fine Arts, the National Museum, and the Museum of Natural History, which contains the Temple of Galileo, in which his telescopes and other astronomical instruments are kept. In Florence also may be seen the houses of the celebrated men who lend a lustre to its history. Michael Angelo's house is No. 64, Via Ghibellina; Cellini's house is in the Via del Pergola; Dante's house No. 2, Via S. Martino; Galileo's house No. 13, Via della Costa; Machiavelli's house No. 16, Via dei Guicciardini.

## THE SOUTH OF FRANCE AND ITALY.

THOSE who have once visited the south of France or the borders of the Mediterranean, find as winter approaches a passionate longing to bask once more in the sunshine of those favoured localities. From the midst of London fogs there rises up the vision of glowing skies, brilliant flowers, and the rich glory of an English summer, intensified by the deep blue of the waters of the Mediterranean. The results are commensurate with the temptation. Each year the throng increases of the educated, the wealthy, and the luxurious, and from Paris to Naples every express that flies south carries a heavy freight of English visitors. Some pause at Dijon, a pleasant spot at which to break their journey; others, with stronger health and stronger will, do not linger until they reach Marseilles. It should however be remembered that Avignon has claims on travellers who wish to see those places which have become famous either by association with the memories of celebrated men or from connection with the great events of the past.

At one period in the history of the Roman Church, Europe was scandalized by the exhibition of two popes, each fulminating excommunication against the other. The Italian pope at Rome was challenged as to the validity of his authority by the French pope at Avignon, and the Palace of the Popes reared at the latter named city attests the permanency as well as the gravity of the feud. After some centuries of disruption, peace was restored, and Rome once more became the recognized centre and head of the Catholic Church. At Avignon the Palace of the Popes contains some points of great interest. It is at the present time occupied as a military store, and anyone who desires to learn in a vigorous way what kind of life and thought it represents cannot do better than visit its interior. Let him ask to see the torture-room; he will have to mount a long series of steps until at length he will reach an apartment singularly well fitted for the purpose from which it derives its name. It has a large stone floor and bare walls, across the centre of which runs a huge iron bar, and above the iron bar an immense funnel chimney. In this apartment, far removed from all human aid, the wildest shrieks of agony would die out like the sighing of the wind. The bar in the centre formed the beam to which was attached those who were doomed to perish by fire; the smoke, flame, and incense of burning human flesh ascending through the giant chimney opening to the blue sky high above. We live in a more pleasant age, but this sight has its teachings for both Catholic and Protestant.

At Avignon John Stuart Mill was in the habit of passing the winter, and it is there he now lies buried. From Avignon to Marseilles is but a short run of some thirty miles.

By diligence from Avignon, and passing on the way the famous Pont du Gard—the remains of an aqueduct constructed by the Romans, the traveller will reach the ancient town of Nîmes. Here the Romans established a

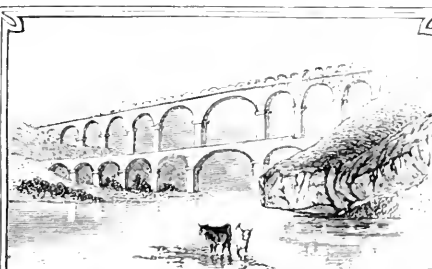
settlement and built the amphitheatre, which is still in a state of good preservation.

The Maison Carrée, or square house, a temple, also of Roman origin, is in perfect preservation, and surrounded by thirty fluted columns of great size. In the Maison Carrée may be seen the picture by Delaroche, of "Cromwell and Charles I." Among other points of interest may be mentioned the two Roman gates, Pont d'Auguste and Pont de France, and the Temple of Diana in the Jardin de la Fontaine.

Marseilles is the great trading port of France in connection with the Mediterranean, and is intimately associated at the present time with the names of Thiers and Gambetta, the former of whom was born here in 1797. The principal points of interest in connection with Marseilles are the Docks, the Palace Longchamps, remarkable for its fine architecture, and its fine gallery of paintings: the museum at the Chateau Bouilly, open on Sundays and Thursdays, and the Church of Notre Dame de la Garde, which is situate on an eminence, and affords a fine view of the city and the port. When thus seen, Marseilles makes a grand view; on the left are the remains of the old city, pointed out as being of Greek origin, beneath are the fine boulevards and extensive docks, whilst beyond is the Chateau d'If at the entrance of the harbour, the scene of Alexander Dumas' "Monte Christo," whilst far and wide spread the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean. Marseilles is a great point of embarkation for Algeria.

Cannes occupies one of those sites on the borders of the Mediterranean which have an ever-increasing reputation for beauty, pleasant surroundings, and a delicious climate. When London is clouded in fog, here may be found bright sunshine, flowers in full bloom, and an atmosphere whose pleasant buoyancy gives a positive charm to life. The name of Cannes is intimately associated with the memory of the late Lord Brougham, whose residence adjoins the grounds of the Hôtel Beau Site, and who lies buried in the English cemetery. The town of Cannes is much frequented by English visitors, and is probably the most distinctively English locality on the borders of the Mediterranean. The climate is mild and equable, and the temperature rarely falls below 55 in the winter months. It is much recommended for pulmonary complaints. The environs of Cannes abound in opportunities for walking or driving excursions. Anyone who desires to obtain a good general idea of Cannes, can readily do so by driving westward along the Frejus Road and ascending to the Croix des Gardes, returning by the shore. Eastward along the shore is La Croisette, where may be seen the famous "Jardin des Hespérides," noted for the orange trees which are here cultivated for the purposes of perfumery. From Cannes the railway runs past Antibes to Nice, and of the last-named place it may be said, that what Brighton is to London, Nice is to Paris. It is a town at once bright, bracing, and brilliant. In the full swing of the season, the Promenade des Anglais, which takes the place of the King's Road at Brighton, and runs by the side of the sea, is crowded with carriages

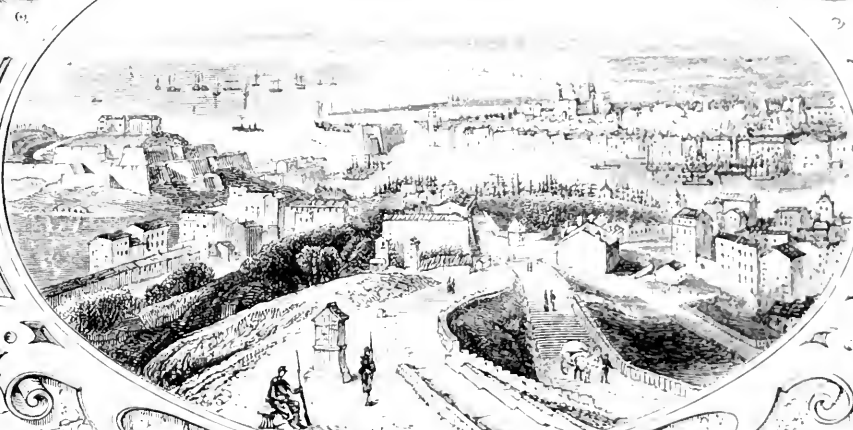




PONT DU GARD. AVIGNON



PALACE OF THE POPES. AVIGNON.



MARSEILLES



AMPHITHEATRE AT NISMES.



MAISON CARREE. NISMES.



GANNES

## *South of France and Italy.*

from end to end, in an almost impassable throng. Here are large numbers of English, but the great majority are French, and they enjoy life as they enjoy it on the Boulevards of Paris or at the Bois.

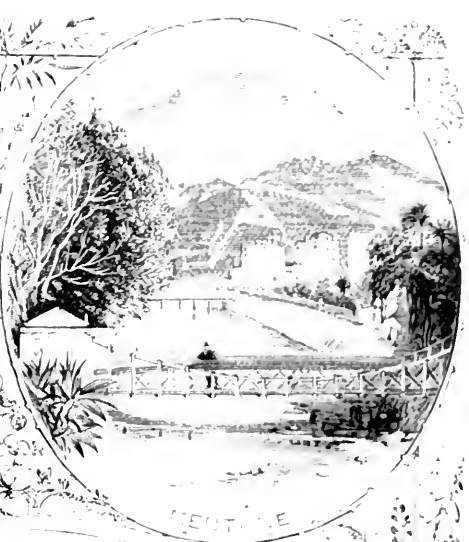
The general aspect of Nice is shown in our engraving. Along the shores, the main promenade, are numerous villas of great beauty, whilst the roadway is flanked by palm trees, which give an Oriental appearance to the locality. Nice during the winter months is one of the most enjoyable places in the world, to those who are in good health. The air is fresh and light, whilst the surroundings are exceedingly pleasant. Up the rocky bed of the *Reglion* is the Grotto of St. André, well worth seeing. Three miles distant up the hills is the old Roman town of *Cimiez*, which contains remains of an amphitheatre, a temple and baths. Within a short walk of three miles is *Villafranche*, situated on a bay of great beauty; the walk itself is exceedingly pleasant by road over Mount *Boron*, the sea being in view all the way. At times the sunset effects at Nice are exceedingly brilliant, every variety of tint, from molten gold to purple azure, being blended together. The buildings of most importance are the Cathedral, the Public Library, and the Museum, the last being open on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Within a few minutes by rail are Monaco and Monte Carlo. At Monaco the Palace is shown on Tuesdays from 2 to 5 p.m. At Monte Carlo the tables form the great object of attraction, and here may be seen all those varieties of life that congregate round the green board. Winner and loser, extreme exultation and extreme depression, the shuffle of the cards, the cry of the croupier, the clink of the gold and the glare of the light, all blend into a common sense of feverish uncertainty, profoundly at variance with the sweet beauty and soothing calm of nature outside. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and every effort is made to make the most of the splendid site.

From Monaco to Mentone is a very short distance, and the drive along the road is one of great beauty. The road rises and falls, bringing at every turn new points of view which add to the charm of the air and the sense of buoyancy and life which it imparts. Mentone has risen rapidly into appreciation as a winter residence; it is more retiring than Nice, and less bracing. It is considered one of the best spots on the Riviera for a winter residence. The whole neighbourhood teems with opportunities for excursions both to mountain and valley scenery. The drive along the coast to *Bordighera* is a continuation of the same general qualities of scenery that characterizes the road between Monaco to Mentone. In the same way it may be said that *Bordighera* and San Remo very closely resemble Mentone. There are individual points of difference, but the same general characteristics of climate, foliage, and beauty are common to them all. One point of special interest in respect of San Remo may be mentioned,—it is very clean. The town is also very old, and has a curious effect, the houses for the most part rest upon arches, and the streets run in many places under vaulted passages.



NICHA



MENTHE



NICE



BORDIGHER



SAN-REMO

## GENOA.

GENOA has been called the City of Palaces, and its earlier glory belongs to a time when Venice was Queen of the Adriatic, and Constantinople was at the height of its power. During the middle ages the wealth of the East, equally with the religious fervour of the West, found its transit through, or its resting place near, the waters of the Mediterranean. At that epoch Genoa rose by its natural position and its commercial enterprise to be the home of merchant princes. The palaces which line its old and narrow streets attest at once the wealth and taste of those who were located there. In the fierce heat of an Italian summer the very narrowness of the streets possessed an advantage, by forming a natural and permanent protection



against the strong rays of the sun. Genoa has earned a great and just reputation for its gold and silver filagree work, also its velvet and lace. In the city there are a large number of palaces which contain objects of great interest or beauty. Many of them possess extremely good collections of pictures. The Pallazzo del Municipio contains some portraits, &c., of Columbus. The Palazzo Doria is beautifully situated, and its gardens extend to the sea. The Palazzo Durazzo, the Palazzo Reale, the Palazzo Balbi, the Palazzo Bianco, and the Palazzo Risso all have some points worthy of being seen, either in the shape of good collections of pictures, splendour of architecture, or handsomeness. The Palazzo Spinola is one of the best examples of the older palaces. The churches at Genoa more especially noteworthy are St. Ambrogio, with its pictures by Rubens and Guido, the Annunziata, Filippo Nero, and San Siro. There is a good promenade in the early morning by the central part of the harbour, adjoining the Via Carlo Alberto.

## ROME.

THERE are many beautiful cities in Italy, but no one that combines so many points of interest, teaching, and beauty as that of Rome. It contains within itself the remains of Imperial Rome. It embraces within itself the memories of those days when Greek thought, Greek art, and Greek philosophy formed the manners, swayed the minds, and created the fashions of the Roman rulers. It contains within itself relics of that day when Christianity was budding into life and men and women perished in the great arena of the Colosseum, whose shattered walls still rear their massive stones in solemn grandeur. It contains within itself that fane towards which the aspirations of hundreds of millions of people turn to-day, as the centre of the universe and the cradle of the sacred teachings of life. It contains to-day the masterpieces of Raphael, Michael Angelo, and all the illustrious painters for whom Italy is famous. It contains to-day the sculptured forms that throb with life, and are instinct alike with the genius of the artist and the people amid whom they sprang. All these and a hundred other treasures are there: the house of Rienzi and the palace of the Cæsars vie in their claims with the galleries of the Vatican and the interior of St. Peter's. The arches of Constantine and Titus invite attention, and take us back to the period when the early Christians found refuge in the Catacombs, and lived and died amid the regions of the dead. No charm is absent: all that is great in art, great in religion, great in that mental force which stamps its impress upon the life by which it is surrounded may be found in abundance. The temptations are as limitless as the conditions with which they deal, and those who ever see Rome feel their thoughts turn back with an abiding reverence and an ever-growing appreciation.

What are the most remarkable sights in Rome, and how are they most readily seen? It may be difficult, if not impossible, to give an off-hand and clear answer to these questions, but considerable time can be saved if it be clearly recognized what are the special attractions of the great city. To see Rome thoroughly is a matter of considerable labour, but the more salient points, as well as the more remarkable objects, may be brought within a reasonable amount of time if care be taken to work on a clearly recognized plan. With that object in view the following pages have been written, and it is believed that all the more celebrated points of interest have been indicated. There are four distinct groups of subjects:—1st, those which have reference to old Roman grandeur, and are exemplified by the various triumphal arches, columns, &c., and by such special illustrative buildings as the Baths of Caracalla and the Coliseum. 2nd, the early Christian relics as manifested by the Catacombs of Calixtus, and also the collection of epitaphs, inscriptions, &c., &c., as formed at the Lateran Palace. 3rd, the picture galleries and collections of Greek sculpture, as formed at the various palaces and the Capitoline Museum. 4th, the various churches, including St. Peter's and the Palace of the Vatican.

Each of these series will afford considerable scope, as each will furnish immense information and pleasure. To these four groups may be added that more general and pleasant occupation of seeing life on the fashionable Pincian Hill, or wandering about the more modern quarter of Rome, not forgetting to take a look at the excavations of the Palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine Hill. Taking these groups in rotation, the first would comprise :—

Arch of Titus. Arch of Constantine. Arch of Severus. It was here that Horace encountered the bore as he records in one of his Satires. Coliseum. Forum Romanum. Forum and Column of Trajan. The Baths of Caracalla.

The second group would comprise the Catacombs, and the collection of epitaphs, figures, and symbols of early Christian worship, as shown in the Museum at the Lateran Palace, and also at the Vatican.

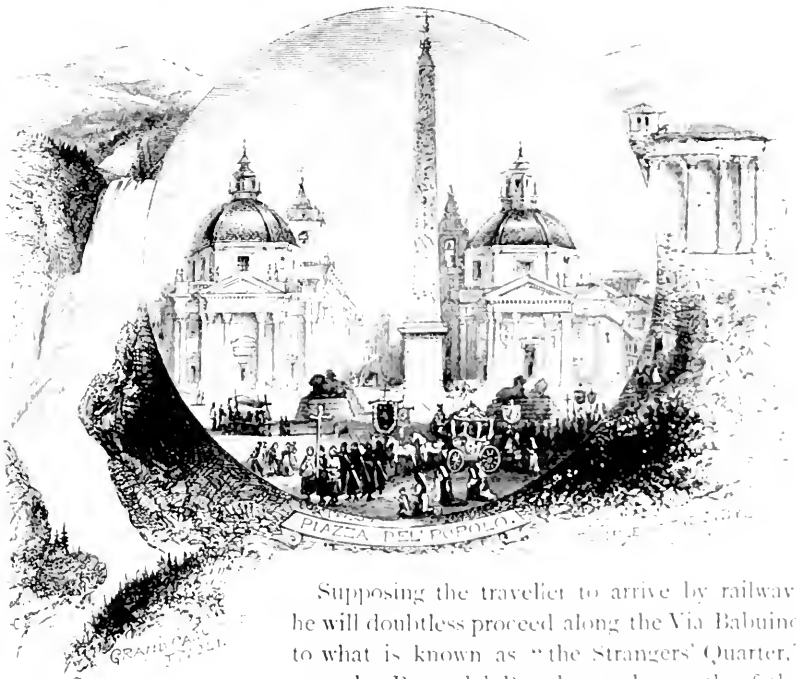
The third group would comprise :—The Roman palaces, so deservedly celebrated for their pictures, and would include Barbarini Palace, open daily; Borghese Palace, daily, except Saturday and Sunday; Colonna Palace, Monday, Thursday, and Saturday; Doria Palace, Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 till 1; Farnese Palace, Friday; Sciarra Palace, 10 till 4, on Saturdays. To these should be added the Capitolini Museum, in which, among others, is the celebrated statue of the Gladiator, rendered famous by Byron's well-known lines. To these, also, should be added the Villa Borghese and its grounds. The ancient sculpture here is exceedingly fine.

The fourth group of the Churches embraces St. Peter's and the Palace of the Vatican. To each of these some time should be given, as they have no equals. The Vatican collection can only be seen by ticket, obtainable from the Pope's maggiordomo; closed on Sundays. The best time to see the Churches is in the morning, when they are generally open.

Rome, the capital of the kingdom of Italy, and of the Roman Catholic world, formerly the capital of the Roman and Western Empires, stands to the east of the Tiber, on the undulating table-land known as the Seven Hills. The city contains the monuments of three civilizations, which might be considered separately. There is that of the Roman Empire, occupying the four hills on the south of the city, and represented by the Colosseum, the Forums, the arches, walls, baths and roads. There is that of the early Christian and of the Roman Catholic churches; and there is also that of the court, the municipality, and their surroundings. The new Rome spreads northward, over what, in the Republican period, was an open grassy plain used for military exercises, and was called the Campus Martius. Modern Rome may, in a sense, be said to begin where Ancient Rome ended; but the memorials of the two ancient civilizations are blended with the innovations of to-day in startling and impressive confusion.

The traveller usually arrives at Rome by the Central Railway, the terminus of which is to the east of the city. The approach is through an opening in the wall built by Aurelian, at a spot about mid-way between the gates

known as the Porta Maggiore and the Porta San Lorenzo. Immediately within the wall a picturesque ruin, overgrown with ivy, is seen on the left: it is the temple of Minerva Medica. As the train enters the station, a part of the ancient wall of Servius Tullius appears, the excavations for the station having unhappily necessitated the destruction of a large part of this interesting vestige of antiquity. The present walls of the city extend for a circuit of about twelve miles. On the outside, owing to the accumulation of rubbish, they are only fifteen or twenty feet high, but inside they are in some places fifty feet high. They retain many of their ancient towers and bastions. There are twenty-four gates.



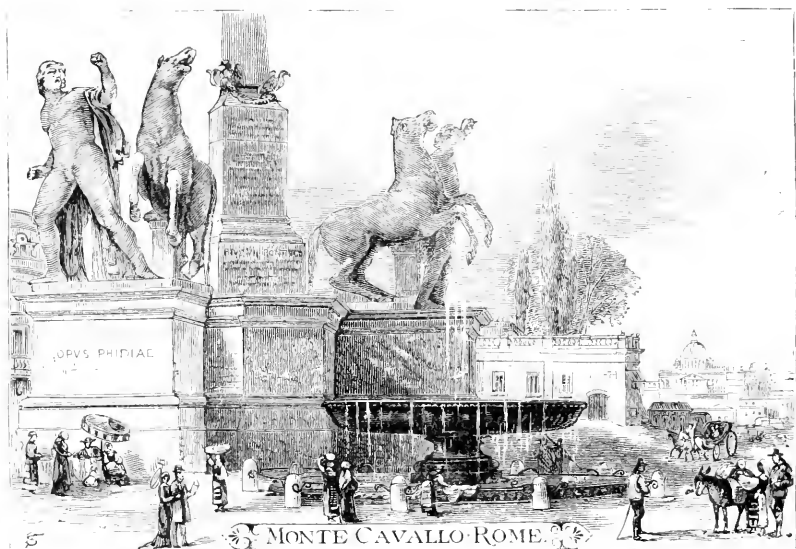
Supposing the traveller to arrive by railway, he will doubtless proceed along the Via Babuino to what is known as "the Strangers' Quarter," near the Porta del Popolo, at the north of the city. The Piazza del Popolo is the most highly ornamented square in the city. It is decorated with semicircular terraces, statues, &c., by Valadier. A granite Egyptian obelisk, brought in 1589 from the Circus Maximus, stands in the centre. On the east are the Pincian Gardens, terraced and planted, and now a fashionable drive. The church of Santa Maria del Popolo is close to the gate, on the site where, it is said, Nero was buried.

Three principal streets of Rome terminate in the Piazza del Popolo. That to the left leads to the railway station. That in the centre, the Corso, passes through the middle of the city to the Forum and Capitol. That to the right bears away towards the Tiber and the west.

The Corso follows the direction of the ancient Via Flaminia. Up the

first street on the left, John Gibson, the eminent English sculptor, resided. Hard by lived the German poet, Goëthe. Pursuing our way along the Corso, we reach the spot, marked by a tablet on the wall, where the Via Flaminia was spanned by the triumphal arch of Antoninus Pius. The column of Antoninus was erected to Marcus Aurelius, A.D. 174. It is 125 ft. in height, and is formed of twenty-eight blocks of marble. It is covered with sculpture in bas-relief.

Behind the post-office is the Piazza di Monte Citorio. Here is the Chamber of Deputies of the Italian Parliament. Admission can be obtained. A little north of the Capitol is the Forum of Trajan. On its



northern side stands Trajan's Column covered with bas-reliefs in spiral series. It is built of thirty-two masses of marble, twenty-one of which form the shaft, one the capital, and eight the pedestal. The summit can be reached by 185 steps cut in the solid marble. A statue of St. Peter has replaced that of Trajan. The whole is 128 ft. high.

The Capitol—identified with the most memorable events in Roman history—stands on the slope of the Capitoline Hill at the north end of the Forum. The Forum stands between the Capitoline and Palatine Hills. The Forum divides ancient Rome from the modern city.

The Palatine Hill, by the time of Alexander Severus, was covered by palatial edifices that formed the Palace of the Caesars. It was commenced by Augustus. After the great fire it was rebuilt by Nero, and was called the Domus Aurea, or the Golden House, and must have been one of the most magnificent structures the world has seen.



## Rome

"The imperial palace : compass huge, and high  
The structure ; skill of noblest architects,  
With gilded battlements conspicuous far,  
Turrets and terraces."

MILTON.

The Mamertine Prison is at the corner of the Forum. It is the place described by Sallust, and here many distinguished prisoners perished. Tradition states that St. Peter and St. Paul were here confined. Above the staircase is a hollow, protected by iron bars, said to be the impress made by St. Peter's head, when the jailer struck it against the wall. To the left on leaving the prison is the ancient Church of Sta. Martina and St. Luke. A



THE FORUM.

little further is the Church of St. Adriano ; in front is the Arch of Septimius Severus, and behind are the remains of the Temple of Concord, built *b.c.* 386, to commemorate the agreement between the Patricians and the Plebeians. Here Cicero, *b.c.* 63, delivered his second oration against Catiline. Other remains crowd this spot fraught with great historic memories.

Twenty triumphal arches erected in Rome remain. Among these one of deepest interest is that of Titus, built in honour of his conquest of Judea, and his taking of Jerusalem : it is of white marble. The inscription towards the Forum tells that it was restored by order of Pius VII. The alto reliefs inside the arch depict two scenes commemorative of the Triumphal Entry of Titus. On one side is Titus in his chariot drawn by four horses, preceded by a personification of Rome, and surrounded by senators and lictors carrying the fasces. On the other are soldiers bearing the chief trophies brought from Jerusalem the golden table, the silver trumpets, and the seven-branched candlestick. No Jew will ever pass under this arch.

The three Corinthian columns that stand out so boldly are the remains of the Temple of Vespasian ; and the eight Ionic columns are those of the Temple of Saturn—from the earliest times the public treasury.

The Colosseum (or "Colisseum," as Byron spells it) received its name in the middle ages on account of its enormous proportions, which made it a colossus among buildings. It was called the Flavian Amphitheatre, after the three emperors of the Flavian family. It was founded about the year 72. It occupies a space of six acres on the site of the ornamental water in Nero's garden. According to tradition, 30,000 Jewish prisoners were employed in building it. It was opened by Titus in the year 80, with games that lasted one hundred days, during which 9,000 wild animals were slain. Its form is an ellipse measuring 1,848 feet in circumference. Externally there were three arcades. The seats were in three graduated series, sloping from the arena to the upper gallery. They accommodated 87,000 spectators. The amphitheatre was designed for the exhibition of wild animals, which could fight together without danger to the spectators. Gladiatorial combats were common, and Christians were here condemned to martyrdom.

In the fourteenth century the Colosseum was worked as a quarry for the sake of the stone and the iron and lead that clamped the stone together. To-day birds build their nests in the ruins, and the benches are festooned with grasses, creepers, and flowers.

Three principal streets, as we have seen, terminate at the Piazza del Popolo: that to the left is the Via Babuino, and leads in the direction of the Quirinal Hill. Here on the high table land, and on what is considered the healthiest part of the city, New Rome stands. Here, towards the end of the sixteenth century, Gregory XIII. directed that the Quirinal Palace should be built, and it has been since enlarged and improved. Here the conclave of cardinals elected the popes, and it was from the balcony above the chief entrance that the name of the new pope was announced. This palace was the favourite residence of Pius VII. Here he was taken prisoner by Napoleon I. Here he died in 1823, and from hence in 1849 Pius IX. made his escape to Gaeta.

The Quirinal Palace is now the Royal Palace of the King of Italy. The state rooms can generally be seen. The Sala Regia, 150 feet in length, was built by Paul V.

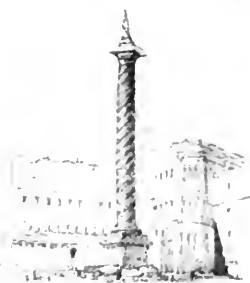
Returning to the Piazza del Popolo, and passing along the Via di Ripetta, we skirt the river bank, and cross the Tiber by the bridge of St. Angelo. The water of the river is of a dirty yellow colour, but the stream is rapid. The castle of St. Angelo, built by the Emperor Hadrian as an imperial mausoleum, was long ago turned into a fortress. The mausoleum was circular in form, nearly 1,000 feet in circumference, and was placed on a square basement, each side of which measured 247 feet. The face was covered with massive blocks of pure Parian marble: on the angles of the basement were groups of men and horses in bronze; and the summit was crowned by a colossal marble statue of the founder, the head of which



Forum of Nerva



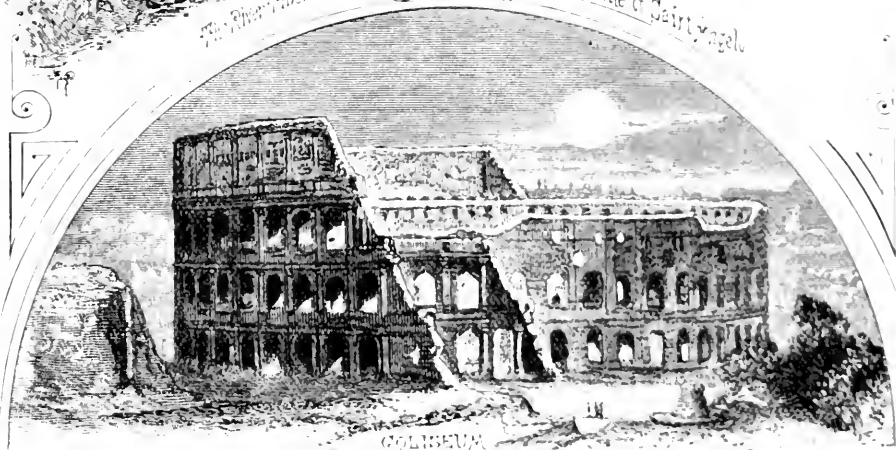
Arch of Constantine



The River Tiber &

# ROME

Castle of Saint Angelo



Colosseum



TRAIAN'S COLUMN



TEMPLE OF SATURN AND JUPITER



is in the Vatican Museum. "The gates were of gilt bronze, with gilded peacocks on the pilasters, two of which are also in the Vatican. Of this magnificent decoration nothing remains. Of the ancient work, all that is visible from the outside is a portion of the circular wall of the mole formed of great rocks of peperino, on which the outer casing of marble was placed. The rest, both above and below, is covered by the works of fortification constructed at various periods." The statues on the summit were flung down upon the Goths when they besieged the castle in 537. Special permission, through an ambassador, is required to visit the castle.

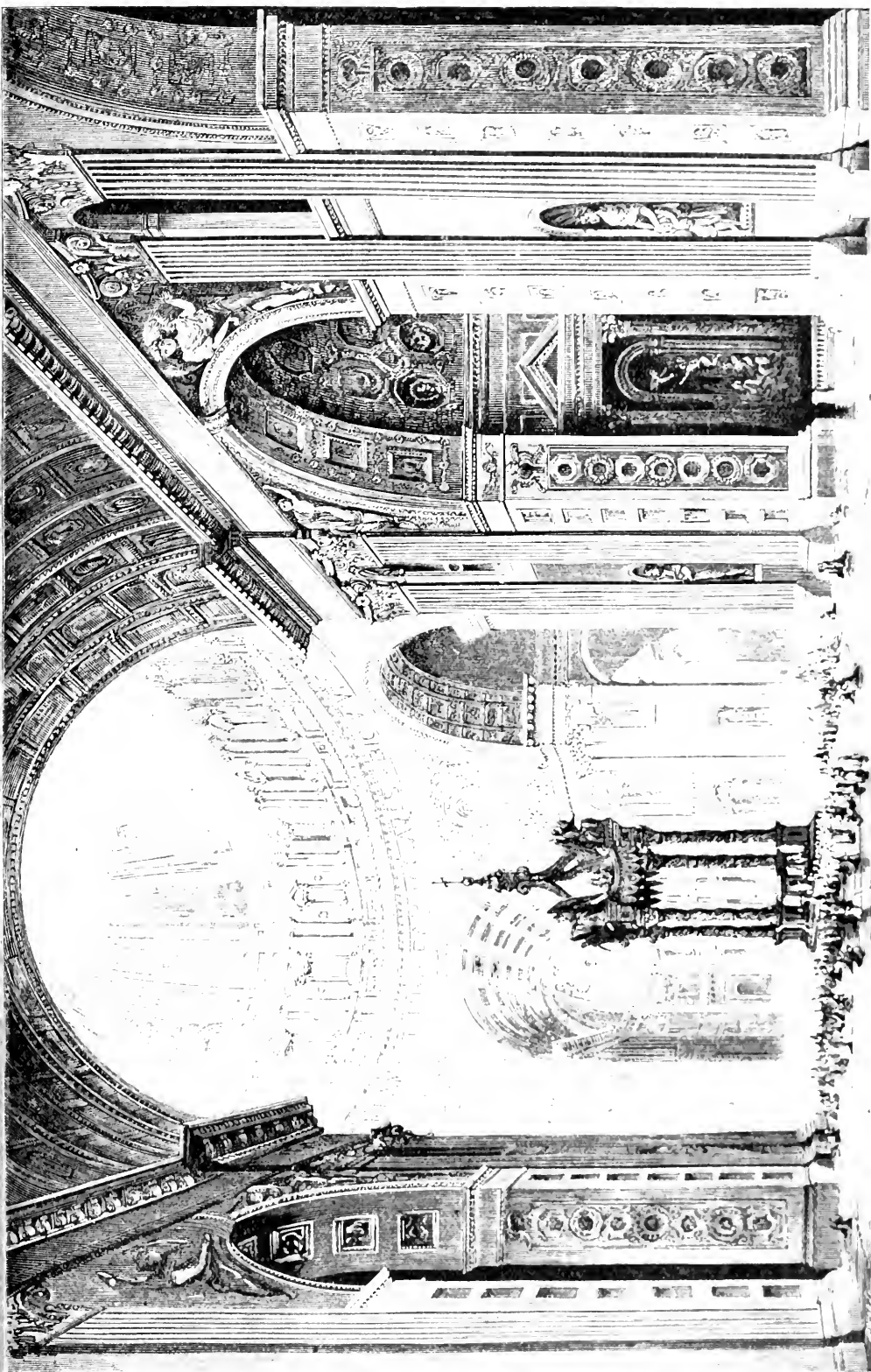
The bridge of St. Angelo is not only "a remarkable example of the solidity and perfection with which the edifices of ancient Rome were constructed, but is also a proof of how many would have remained entire to this day had they not been torn to pieces to supply building material for the modern city. After resisting the inundations of more than seventeen centuries, which have thrown down so many bridges built across the Tiber, it is still as perfect as the day when first opened." (*See SHAKESPEARE WOOD'S excellent "Guide to Ancient and Modern Rome."*)

After passing the Castle of St. Angelo, a plain wall is seen on the right, leading across the moat towards St. Peter's. This is the famous covered passage from the Vatican, constructed to afford the popes a means of escape into the fortress.

We now turn to some of the most remarkable objects connected with the ecclesiastical history of Rome.

St. Peter's is the largest Christian church in the world. It stands on the Vatican Hill, on the spot, according to tradition, where the Apostle Peter, after his crucifixion, was buried; and, according to fact, where Nero's Circus stood, and where many of the early Christians were martyred, and where Constantine, about 330, erected a Basilica. More than a thousand years passed, when Nicholas V. commenced the present edifice. It advanced but slowly till the time of Julius II., when the eminent architect Bramante prepared a new design on the model of a Greek cross. In the reign of Leo X. the plan was altered to a Latin cross; and again, in 1546, Michael Angelo, employed by Paul III., returned to the original idea of a Greek cross, and he designed a dome and a façade like that of the Pantheon. The front was completed in 1632. One hundred and seventy-six years and the reigns of twenty-eight Popes passed away, fifteen architects succeeded each other, and ten millions of money were expended before the building of St. Peter's was completed. The façade is 372 feet in breadth and 152 in height; the atrium or vestibule is 235 feet long and 66 high. The nave is 79 feet wide and 148 high; the aisles are 200 feet long; the internal diameter of the cupola is 141 feet, and the summit of the cross is 470 feet above the ground.

The first view of St. Peter's may create disappointment. The alteration of the design from a Greek to a Latin cross, and the great length of the nave, places the façade so far forward as to injure the effect of the view of the



dome. Entering the nave, the building seems to grow larger as the eye gets used to it. "It appears to me," says Mendelssohn, "like some great work of nature. I never can realize the idea that it is the work of man. You strive to distinguish the ceiling as little as the canopy of heaven. You lose all idea of measurement with the eye. When the music commences, the sounds do not reach you for a long time, but echo and float in the vast space, so that the most singular and varied harmonies are borne towards you." The great cupola is double, with a staircase between the inner and the outer structure. Around the spring of the dome, in letters nearly five feet in height, runs the text "*Tu es Petrus, et super hanc Petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam, et tibi dabo claves regni cœlorum.*" Immediately under the dome is the high altar, above which is the grand baldacchino, nearly 100 feet in height. The bronze weighs nearly 120,000 lbs., and the gilding alone cost £8,500. Under the altar is the Tomb of St. Peter.

The "Cathedral of Rome"—the Lateran, which claims to be "the mother of all the churches in the world"—is in the opposite—the south-eastern part of the city. It derives its name from being built on the site of the house of St. Lateran, a Roman senator. Here the Pope is crowned.

The Vatican is named after the Mons Vaticanus, on which it stands. It is said to be the most extensive palace in the world. It is the residence of the Pope. It is open every day from eight till eleven, and from two to five. It contains "several" thousand rooms. Ascending a fine staircase called the Scala Regia, the visitor enters the Sixtine Chapel, so called after Pope Sixtus IV. It is adorned with frescoes by Michael Angelo, and includes that art treasure of the world, "*The Last Judgment.*" Leaving the Sixtine Chapel, the visitor should turn to the right, ascend the stairs, and knock at a closed door, when he will be admitted into the rooms leading into the Stanze of Raphael. In these three rooms are the masterpieces painted in fresco by Raphael. He commenced them in 1508, when twenty-five years old.

The Vatican Picture Gallery contains comparatively few works, but they are of great value. After the battle of Waterloo, the French were required to restore many treasures they had carried away from the cities of Italy; and, instead of their being distributed among the cities whence they had been taken, they were collected here. In the second room is Raphael's last work—his masterpiece—"The Transfiguration." Ascending the staircase we enter "The Hall of the Greek Cross." On either side is a magnificent porphyry sarcophagus, one containing the remains of the mother of Constantine, the other those of his daughter.

"The Hall of the Candelabra," on the second story, contains objects interesting from an archæological rather than from an artistic point of view. The Vatican Library occupies the long west gallery that looks into the gardens. Though many of its contents—especially the MSS.—are of priceless value, 24,000 of them in Greek, Latin, and Oriental languages are shut up in bookcases, and no books are visible except a few specimens. These are placed in cases which may be opened if the guide is not pressed for

time. There are also 30,000 printed books here. One of the most remarkable manuscripts is the Vatican Codex—a Greek Bible of the third and fourth centuries. The "Great Hall" is 230 feet long by 56 wide. At the end the Library branches off to the right and to the left, and in the rooms to the left are interesting museums of Christian antiquities, containing articles used by the early Christians in their rites.

In the Museum of Sculpture at the Vatican there are nearly 1800 works, many of them of great beauty. Near the Hall of Animals are the four most celebrated pieces of sculpture—the "Laocoon," the "Apollo Belvedere," the "Boxers" by Canova, and the "Mercury." The "Sleeping Ariadne,"



SCULPTURE GALLERY IN THE VATICAN

which we have engraved, is also in the Gallery, and takes very high rank for its general artistic excellence. In the Chiaramonti Gallery there are the "Niobid" and the "Young Augustus."

In passing through the galleries of the Vatican one feeling is very strongly aroused, and that is the feeling of boundless art-wealth that is contained within its walls. In the Etruscan and Egyptian Museums, equally with its rare vases, and still rarer tapestry and sculpture, the immense appreciation of all art objects is vigorously manifested.

The galleries of Rome are exceptionally rich in sculpture. We give some outline engravings of statues that are familiar to us all. They are so celebrated that they have been reproduced in every variety of material and for all uses. There are, however, conspicuous differences between the sculpture of the Antique and that of the Middle Ages. The Moses of Michael Angelo will illustrate the difference. In the Apollo or Discobolus the essential characteristics are grace, beauty, and action, and as a rule these may be said to be the general characteristics of Antique sculpture. In the

Moses these qualities are conspicuous by their absence, but we have in their place force, grandeur, and might ; in its own way, it may be equally perfect, but it is a perfection that has a different ideal. It is natural and inevitable that this should be so. The Greek mind revelled in the perfection of proportion, in buoyant life and in lightness and vitality of expression. These qualities are manifested, not only in their buildings and sculptures, but also in their drama and in their religion. The very opposite conditions are to be found in the teachings enunciated in the Old Testament and accepted by the Teutonic mind of Europe in the Middle Ages. In the latter case the sense of power and force is the preponderating influence, and it is thus that it comes out in the figure of Moses. Here we have the grand head, the immense beard, the nervous fingers, and the huge limbs, each one in perfect keeping with the general idea, and all leading up to the sense of force in repose. The contrast becomes exceedingly forcible when the face of Moses is compared with the face of any Greek statue. It may be worth noting that all antique sculpture is practically Greek work, and although much of it may have been produced under Roman influence and during the Roman era, yet the work is the work of Greek artists and Greek feeling. In no sense does this come out with greater distinctness than in the celebrated statue of the Dying Gladiator, for in it we have all the wonderful subtlety of physical expression, which was the highest evolution of Greek art in its best days. Yet it is essentially a Roman idea. We have only to recall the words of Byron to feel how truly this is so :—

“I see before me the gladiator lie :  
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—  
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
From the red gash, fall heavy one by one,  
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now  
The arena swims around him—he is gone.

The various figures we have engraved are to be found in the under-named galleries :—

The Dying Gladiator in the Capitol (Hall of the Gladiator).

The Sleeping Ariadne in the Vatican.

The Apollo Belvedere in the Vatican.

The Apollo Musagetes in the Vatican (Hall of the Muses).

The Laughing Faun in the Vatican.

Discobolus in the Vatican.

“The Churches of Rome,” says Forsyth, “are admirable by their detail. Their materials are rich, the workmanship is exquisite ; the orders are all Greek ; every entablature is adjusted to the axis of each column with a mathematical scrupulosity which is lost to the eye. One visionary line runs upward, bisecting superstitiously every shaft, triglyph, oge, bend, dentel, mutule, modillion, and lion's head, that lies in its way. Their aisles are generally formed by arcades. Over these are sometimes grated recesses,





SLEEPING ARIADNE



APOLLO  
BELVEDERE



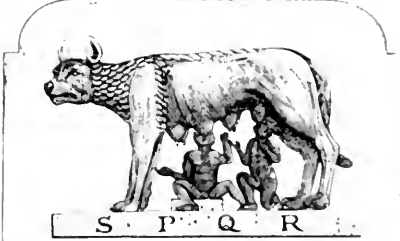
ARIADNE  
MUSAGETES



MOSES  
MICHELANGELO



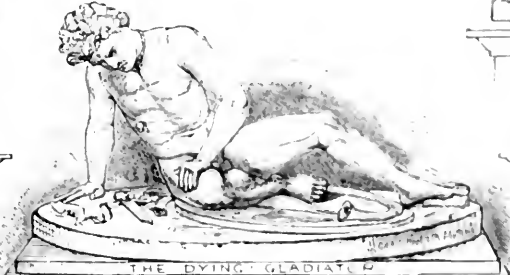
LAUGHING  
FAUN



S. P. Q. R.  
ANCIENT WOLF OF THE CAPITOL.



DISCOBOLUS



THE DYING GLADIATOR

CELEBRATED  
STATUES  
IN THE

GALLERIES  
OF  
ROME

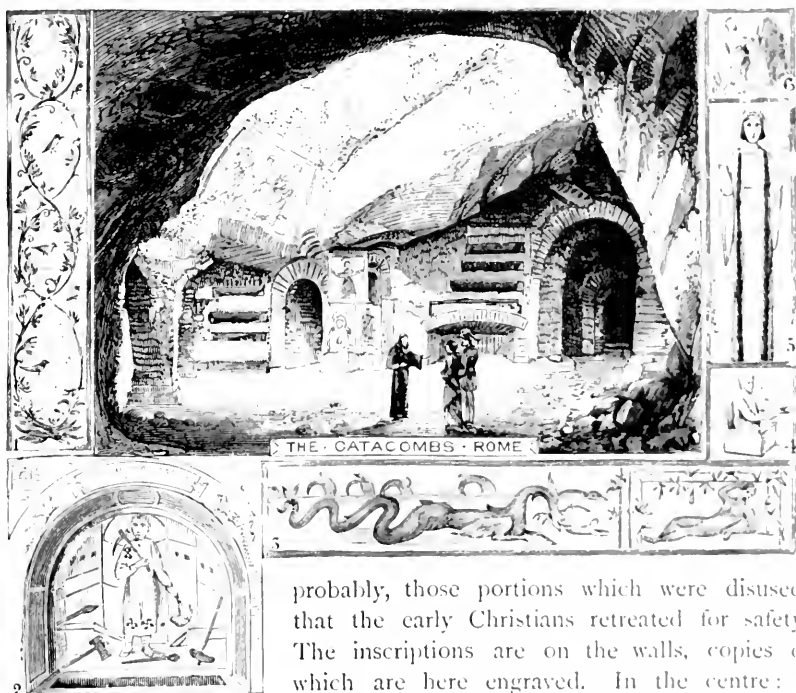
but never open galleries. The choir terminates in a curve, which is the grand field of decoration, blazing with leaf-gold and glories. In the middle of the cross is the high altar. The chapels of the Holy Sacrament and the Virgin are usually in the transept."

Leaving the city, and passing down the Appian Way, the road at length divides—that on the right leading up the ascent, till we find a small door in the wall, which is the entrance to the Catacomb of St. Calixtus. Other catacombs are near, and some six hundred in all have been discovered. They are called *Arenariæ*, because of their sandy nature. They are arranged in two or three, and sometimes even in four or five galleries, one above another, and cross each other in every direction. They were originally excavated for building purposes, and afterwards were used by Christians for secret habitations and places of worship. Most interesting relics have been discovered, and many inscriptions and other memorials have been removed to the Museum of Sacred Antiquities in the Vatican. Bottles, lamps, palm-branches and reeds, mark the graves of martyrs; while others are represented by the dove, lyre, vine, lamb, or shepherd. Some 11,000 inscriptions have been examined.

The soil of the country round the city—the *Ager Romanus*—is volcanic. During the period of the Empire the "rolling surface was well cultivated, the estates being farmed by slaves. Afterwards, as the prosperity of the capital and population decayed, it became a waste, subject to malaria, which is not incidental to the soil, but to the drainage. At present a narrow belt of cultivation surrounds the city walls, then comes a desert for ten or twenty miles, when cultivation reappears." The land is chiefly for pasturage. Some of the farms in the Campagna are 20,000 acres in extent. The Sabine Mountains bound the Roman plain to the east, and afford a striking contrast to the flat and desolate Campagna. "Gentle hills with little lakes embosomed in them, swelling into bold and lofty mountains, crowned with extensive forests, cascades darting down their steep, and smiling plains intervening, brilliant skies and balmy airs usually prevalent." Here a long succession of illustrious ancients retired from noisy Rome, to muse and study. "Amidst the dreary hills of the Campagna you would never dream that a spot so romantic was at hand. For twenty tedious miles you cross its bare and houseless track; you ascend the hill of Tivoli amidst the sad sameness of the pale olive; you enter its narrow streets and behold nothing but meanness and misery; you walk but a few steps, and what a prospect of indescribable beauty bursts upon your view!"

The Catacombs. In all warm climates the disposal of the dead is an important sanitary consideration, and many forms of worship are largely influenced thereby. The Egyptians met the difficulty by embalming, the Greeks by cremation, whilst the devotees of Brahman find the solution of the difficulty in the sacred waters of the Ganges. But to our religion, death has a more tender and sacred association. With us the hope of immortality ennobles the bier, and flings a halo around even the semblance of humanity.

We linger over the elements of decay, and cling with our fondest memories to all the rites of sepulture. In the first portion of our own era, this feeling developed itself with great intensity, and the immediate advent of the Messiah was a passionate element of faith in the early Christian world. This feeling enables us to understand the double use to which the Catacombs were applied. They formed a suitable form of sepulture, fulfilling all the conditions of sanitation, and, at the same time, affording a safe and acceptable hiding-place for the early Christians during the fierce persecutions to which they were subjected. The catacombs were of immense extent, forming a series of galleries, leading from each other, and it was to these,



probably, those portions which were disused, that the early Christians retreated for safety. The inscriptions are on the walls, copies of which are here engraved. In the centre: a view of the crypt of St. Cecilia in the Catacomb of Calixtus, and shows the mode of burial, frescoes, &c.\* The pictures round represent:—An Arabesque of flowers and birds. “A Grave-digger, or Fossor—early Christian.” “Jonah swallowed by the great fish.” “Jonah under the Gourd.” “Noah receiving the Dove into the Ark.” “A Roman Lady—early Christian.” “Moses striking the rock.”

The Picture Galleries at Rome afford a never-failing source of enjoyment to all lovers of art. Hanging on the walls of the various palaces may be seen productions of the great masters, whose thoughts and works are

\* Copied, by permission, from the Rev. Canon Northcote's book, entitled, “A Visit to the Roman Catacombs, 1877.”

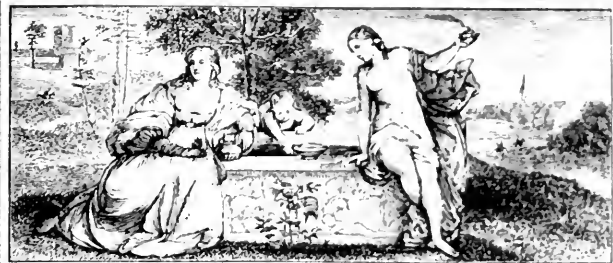
appreciated all over the world. Among these great names we have selected examples of Raffaele, Guido, and Titian. The picture of the "Transfiguration" is in the second room at the Vatican, and is considered Raffaele's masterpiece; it was not finished at the time of his death, but was thought so highly of that, when he lay in state, it was placed at the head of his bier. The picture is a great work of art, even when seen through the imperfect medium of engravings.

Titian, like most other painters, generally had his subject chosen for him. Sacred pictures for churchmen, mythological and portraits for princes. When he did not, he painted, to please himself, what he called "Poesies," real poems on canvas. One of the most celebrated of these is the "Sacred and Profane Love," in the Borghese Gallery at Rome. The allegory must be interpreted by each observer for himself. The design is exquisitely graceful, and the colour golden and harmonious.

In the Barberini Palace is the portrait of Beatrice Cenci, by Guido; it is in the third room. The picture is remarkable for the profound sorrow which is stamped on the face, and it is asserted that it was painted the night before her execution. The tale is a very sad one, and full of sorrow, misery, and crime; it also illustrates in a vivid way the Italian life of that period. In the same room is the portrait of the Fornarina, by Raffaele, the associations of which are infinitely more pleasant.

Raffaele died at thirty-seven years of age. Tradition has ever associated his name with that of "La Fornarina," said to have been a baker's daughter. A portrait of her is in the Barberini Palace at Rome, and another in the Tribune at Florence. This last, however, is now thought to be the likeness of Beatrice Farnese, a poetess known to Raffaele. Dr. Passavant doubts the whole story of the Fornarina.

On the next page but one we have engraved some of the frescoes from the Sistine Chapel, painted by Michael Angelo, and usually regarded as of very high excellence. At the present day they appear somewhat out of date, and seem more curious than beautiful. They present, in a very vivid manner, the change that has crept over the higher class of European thought, for to our scientific age and ideas they border on the grotesque. Let anyone look, for example, at the two frescoes, "The Creation of the Earth," and "The Creation of Adam," and then ask himself how far they coincide with his conception of either grandeur or sublimity. It is difficult to understand the reverence with which they have been regarded, or the exceedingly high standard of artistic excellence that has been accorded to them by common consent. It is only by leavening our thought with the ideas that were prevalent some three centuries since, that we can in any way bring ourselves to the level of a fair judgment. When, however, all this is conceded, it seems difficult to understand how these frescoes of the Sistine Chapel won their great reputation.



TITIAN  
SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE  
IN THE BORGHESSE PALACE, ROME



RAFFAELLE  
THE TRANSFIGURATION  
IN THE VATICAN



THE AURORA, GUIDO  
FLORENCE, ST. PALACE, ROME



LA-FORNARINA



RAFFAELLE



BEATRICE CENCI

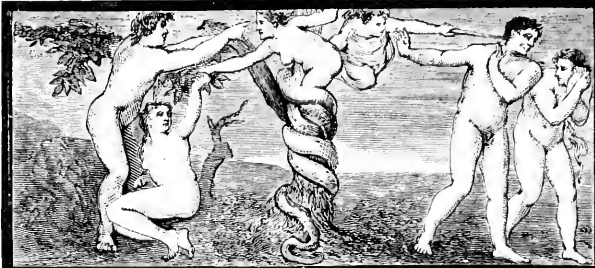


GUIDO





CREATION OF THE EARTH



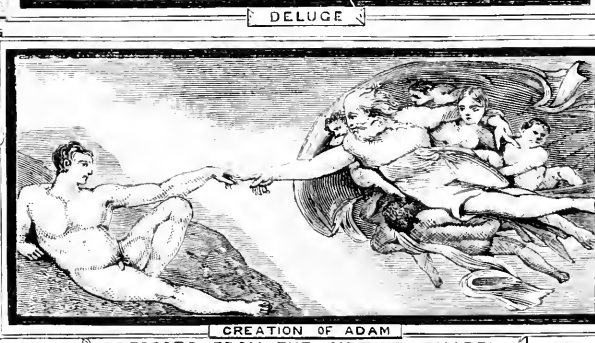
TEMPTATION AND FALL



CREATION OF EVE



DELUGE



CREATION OF ADAM

FRESQUES FROM THE SISTINE CHAPEL

BY MICHAEL ANGELO

## NAPLES.

THE line of railway that runs from Marseilles clings to the borders of the Mediterranean, past Nice and its adjacent health resorts, past Genoa and its palaces, past Leghorn and its commercial life, past Civita Vecchia to Rome. Here and there are breaks in this long line. At Genoa, for example, the branches shoot off for Milan and Turin, whilst at Leghorn they link together Pisa and Florence, Bologna and Venice: thus the whole of the great cities, memorable from their associations with the past, or tempting from their treasures of the present, are bound together by that iron road. From Rome the railway no longer skirts the coast, but branching inland links Capua and Caserta with Naples.

Of all the treasure-cities of which Italy can boast, there are few that can enter into competition with Naples. The site is one of surpassing loveliness, and associated with the life of the past. In its neighbourhood the old Greeks founded their colonies, and their conquerors the Romans built their villas. Here Cicero wrote. Here also is the tomb of Virgil, and near here is that locality which Horace declared was "peerless in the world"—Baiaæ. The luxuriance of vegetation, the brilliancy of light, the soothing calm of the sea, the softness of the air, have all combined to make Naples a great centre of luxury, and a great resting-place for the educated and the idle. To-day its charms still hold their own. In its Gallery, with its large collection of good pictures, men feel that time glides swiftly away. In the other portions of the Museum this is even more distinctly the case, for here are all the treasures of Pompeii, not only boundless in their profusion, but enthrallingly interesting. They recall with a vivid realism the life of the past in a manner not to be equalled in any other portion of the world. The Museum is open daily from 9 till 5; admission, 1 franc. Free on Sundays, from 10 till 1.

In the Museum will be found almost every article of life belonging to the people at Pompeii as they existed 1800 years ago: here are amphore with olive oil, figs and cherries, saucepans with meat, kettles, basins, jugs, lamps, knives, spoons, surgical instruments, toilet articles, &c. Some idea of the vastness of the collection may be formed when it is remembered that there are eighteen thousand objects from Herculaneum and Pompeii. In the large hall is the Farnese Hercules, the most celebrated ancient colossal statue; it is from the Baths of Caracalla at Rome. Here also is the equally celebrated Farnese Bull. In the first corridor are the busts of the Emperors. In the second corridor is the finest equestrian statue yet discovered; it was found at Herculaneum. In the fifth hall is the celebrated Farnese Gladiator. In the eighth hall is the Torso of Bacchus, greatly admired. In the upper floor are articles in silver, gold, &c., and here may be seen the only gold lamp found at Pompeii—on a column. Near the window is the celebrated Tazza Farnese. The picture gallery contains some hundreds of paintings, and our engravings show two or three of the more celebrated pictures, also some of the more remarkable statues, &c. In

Naples there are more than three hundred churches, many of them of great beauty. The cathedral is the most important, and it has been said that the tracery of the arch of the nave is perfect. There are also some fine frescoes and paintings. The more remarkable churches are :—Santo Chiara, S. Dominico Maggiore, S. Filippo Neri, S. Giovanni a Carbonara, L'Incoronata, S. Lorenzo, S. Maria dell' Annunziata, S. Maria la Nuova, S. Severino, S. Sosio. There are several palaces in Naples, but as a whole they are not much worth seeing after the plethora of riches and beauty that may be found elsewhere. In some of the streets of Naples the life is busy and characteristic of energy, whilst in other parts may be seen a portion of the population who roll themselves up like dogs and bask in the sun. On the Mole or on the sea-shore may still occasionally be seen the Italian story-teller surrounded by his group of listeners. Everywhere there are conditions which mark the wide difference which exists between the Italian life and our own at home. One of the special points of attraction at Naples is the Aquarium, which illustrates in a vivid manner the fauna of the Mediterranean. Every traveller who is interested in a mild way with the teachings of geology should make a visit to the Ruins of the Temple of Serapis, at Pozzuoli. It is remarkable as indicating the change of level in the land, the alternate rising and depressing of the sea coast. This spot is also interesting as being the harbour where St. Paul landed when on his way to Rome as a prisoner. It is worthy of note that the religion of Egypt was taught in the Temple until the second century. From Naples and its suburbs there is a natural sense of transition to Pompeii and its wonders. The most sensible way to reach Pompeii is by the railway. Trains from Naples run frequently. There is probably no place in the world of such surpassing interest as Pompeii. It recalls in the most vivid and direct manner the condition and life of a Roman city nearly two thousand years ago. Here is the Temple of Venus standing in its surroundings identically the same as when sacrifice was last offered up.

Here also are the long ranges of streets broken up into every class of habitation, and telling alike of the life of the slave and the free. Here is the Temple of Isis, with its elegant halls, its sacred well, and the smoke on its wall from the sacrificial fires. Here also were found the evidences of the fierce struggle for life of the imprisoned one who strove to hew his way through the wall by the axe which was lying by his skeleton hand. No page of history is so full of dramatic incidents as the city of Pompeii. It bubbles over with ideas, incidents, and suggestions. The cone of Vesuvius has grown larger since the day of its doom, but the sides of the mountain had rocked with earthquakes before the hot rain fell on the joyous city. Warnings were everywhere, but they came to those who would not listen.

There are some pictures at Naples, as also some statues from Pompeii in the Museum, which once seen are rarely forgotten. Two of the pictures are here engraved, and they are typically representative alike in their technical qualities and tone of sentiment. In the Zingarella we have that





subtle tenderness, delicate beauty, and profoundly human sentiment that carry us captive by their charms. This picture also illustrates in a striking manner how small a part mere size of canvas has to do with permanency of reputation. The Zingarella is widely celebrated, and yet the canvas is not more than fifteen inches wide. Anyone, however, who looks at the face of the mother as she bends with infinite tenderness over her child, will understand in a moment why its reputation is so great. In the same way, although for an entirely different set of reasons, it is easy to understand the great renown of the picture, *Pieta*, by A. Carracci. Here we have the great and exceedingly difficult subject of "The Dead Christ" treated in a manner which gives to the picture a solemnity as though we were in the presence of the dead. It is, however, death deprived of its sting, for the figure is living in its natural beauty, and soothing from its sense of repose. To our present century thought, the introduction of the cupids or angels jars on our feelings. They break the grandeur and force of the teaching. The picture is, however, worthy of its great name, and helps to explain the immense influence exercised by the painters of that period. As a broad contrast to the above mentioned pictures nothing can be more fitting than the two frescoes from Pompeii at the bottom corners of our engraving. The female figure on the left is perfect in its buoyant natural beauty, full of living charm, and Greek in its most essential characteristics; the movement of the body, the play of the drapery, the attitude and the expression, are grouped into perfect harmony. It would be difficult to name any single picture or statue in which all the essentials of art are so splendidly blended as in this fresco. The same may almost be said of the small sketch at the right-hand bottom corner; the delicate humour of the little cupid fishing in the same little pool of water with the beautiful Neapolitan Venus, is charming alike for drawing, humour, and sentiment. If we turn from the drawings to the sculpture, the same general excellence is to be found. In the figure named Narcissus, the attitudes of listening attention, easy pose, and natural grace are manifested in every part, and the same may be said of the sitting Mercury. In an equal degree the bronzes and vases bear the stamp of the higher characters of the Greek artist. It must be remembered that Pompeii was a Greek settlement, and the influence of the Greek intelligence was felt in every part of Roman life. The subject race were the supreme arbiters of taste, so that Greek art equally with Greek philosophy dominated the Roman mind. It was the entire supremacy of this feeling amid the ranks of the governing classes at Rome which will probably tend to explain the apparent eccentricities of Nero; it was his ambition to be at once an Emperor and an artist, and under the sway of the feeling of the artist his claim to be a governor was subordinated. This came out with great clearness at Naples, when he played his celebrated cantata, and insisted upon continuing after the theatre in which the performance was taking place had been partly destroyed by an earthquake. The love of art permeated the very fibre of the people, and received a constant impulse from imperial



VASES FROM POMPEII.



J. NARCISSUS



FARNESI HERCULES



LA PIETÀ - COPPIA D.



PIETÀ - COPPIA D.



54. Candelabro



SITTING FIGURE



STANDING FIGURE



FRESQUES, &c. FROM



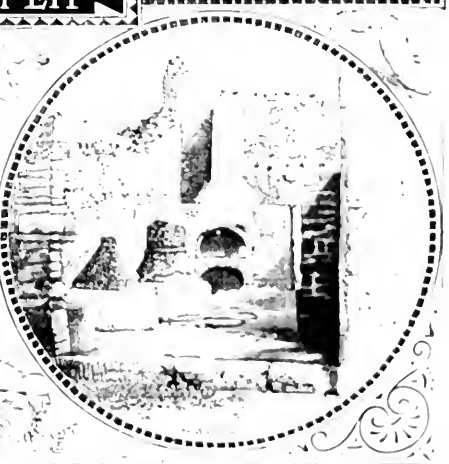
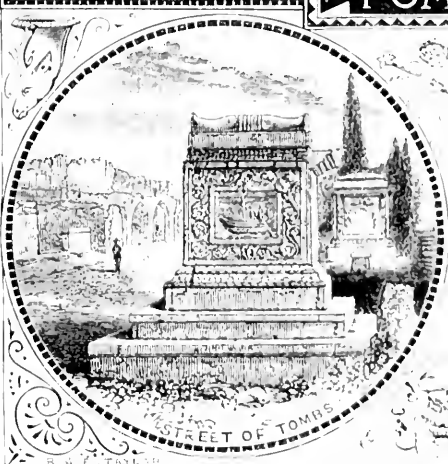
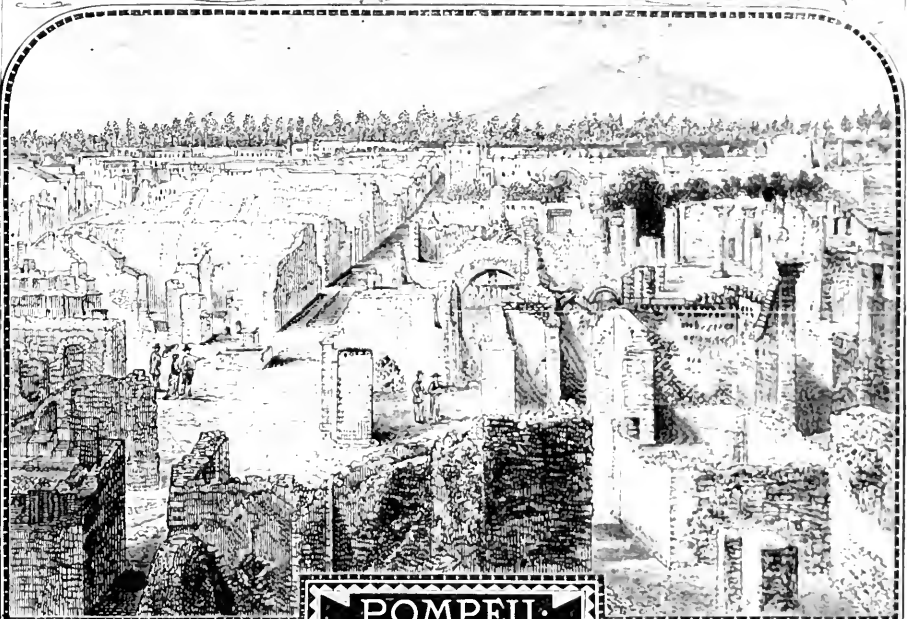
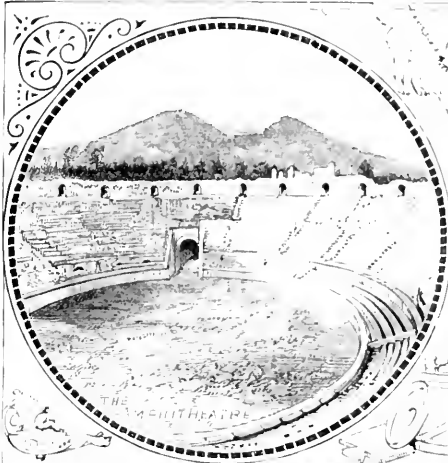
FIGURE

magnificence and sympathy. It is thus that we are enabled to understand the wide profusion of articles of taste and skill which have been recovered from the city of Pompeii.

The disentanglement of the city continues, and enough has already been done to make quite clear the general conditions which belonged to it. There are to be seen the Forum, the Temple of Jupiter, the Prison, the Temple of Augustus, the Temple of Mercury; here are kept a large number of relics, as vases, fetters, wheels, earthenware, &c. Special attention should be given to the white marble altar in the centre of the court. Not far from here is the great Theatre, and adjoining this is the small Theatre. Near here also is the House of the Sculptor, so named from all the implements of that profession having been found there. Our engravings speak for themselves, and represent the Amphitheatre, the House of Meleager, a general view of Pompeii, the Street of Tombs, and the Baker's Shop; many others might have been selected equally interesting, but those taken give a good idea of the general condition of the city, now that it is once more open to the light of day.

It is quite impossible to give minute details of this great store house of interest and novelty. It is enough to say that the best way to see Pompeii is to enter at the Porta della Marina and terminate with the Street of Tombs. The charge for entrance is two francs for each person, which includes the service of a guide, who accompanies the party throughout. Three or four hours should be devoted to the visit. In this visit few things will be found more impressive than the narrowness of the streets, the smallness of most of the houses, the height of the pathways from the road, and the ruts worn into the lava blocks by the traffic of the wheels. They bring before us the every-day life of the people with greater vividness than the temples, the theatres, or the baths. The same may be said of the house of the surgeon, or the shops for the sale of oil or soap. In an almost equal degree we are interested in the announcements found in different parts of the city, having reference to contests for the position of ædile, for drawing attention to the show of wild beasts, or for giving point to the contest at the Baths, two of which we append:—"The Gladiatorial troupe of Suetlius Curius, the ædile, will fight at Pompeii on the last day of May. There will be a chase of wild beasts, and awnings to protect spectators from the sun." Does not this read like the announcement of one of our prize fights and a performance at a menagerie? What shall we say to this:—"At the dedication of the Baths at the expense of Cuacus Alleius Nigidius Maius, there will be a venatio, athletic contests, sprinkling of perfumes, and awnings. Prosperity to Maius, chief of the Colony."

The mode in which Pompeii was destroyed renders its present condition very easy to understand. "Everywhere are seen two layers, one over the other, one layer of small whitish pumice-stone, called at Naples *lapili*; they are about the size of a pea; and above these is a layer of brown dust, exceedingly fine and movable. Pompeii was not then either covered with



the lava, as later so many villages situated near the volcano have been, or drowned by a stream of mud, as Herculaneum. It was buried under enormous masses of *lapili* and the dust of pumice-stone—generally but very imperfectly called cinders. The intense heat of these *lapili* and dust coming red hot from the burning crater, carbonized the roofs of the houses, which were made of wooden beams, and then forced their way through the ceilings. The houses were by degrees entirely filled up by the incessant fall of the volcanic dust." Few things recall with greater distinctness the circumstances than the overturned hour-glass, which points to two hours after midnight. In many parts of the town were found skeletons, indicating those who failed to escape. In the prison there were prisoners who thus perished, and the shackles were around their leg bones when discovered. At the Temple of Jupiter was the skeleton of a man crushed by the falling of a column. In the barracks sixty-four skeletons were discovered, one holding a silver cup, four in the iron stocks, and a number grouped together, and supposed to be the soldiers who were on guard. Treasures of gold, silver, and jewels were frequently found associated with the skeletons of women. Now it was a casket, as in the case of the House of Holonius, whilst in the House of the Faun, there lay by her side, gold rings, bracelets, and jewels, which she appeared to have been taking with her in her flight, when the roof gave way. All these and a thousand kindred illustrations may easily be found, for it is the testimony of a great city sealed up in the depth of night in its integrity, and remaining unopened for 1800 years.

The chief streets of Pompeii are,

The Dominicana, leading from the Forum to the gate of Herculaneum.

The Strada della Abondanza leads from the Forum to the gate of Sarno.

The Strada della Nola leads from the Forum to the gate of Nola.

The Strada della Forum leads from the Forum to the city walls.

The walls were the chief fortifications of Pompeii, and were composed of large stones well and carefully laid, but not fastened together in any way, beyond their own weight.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Pompeii are Salerno, Sorrento, Castellamare, Capri, and a host of other places of beauty and renown. Among these Castellamare possesses special claims as a health resort, as a summer retreat, and as a locality abounding with splendid scenery. Near here is the Monte S. Angelo, from the summit of which splendid views can be obtained of the Bays of Naples, Gaeta, and Salerno. The price for guide and donkey is five francs, and it takes about eight hours to accomplish.

There are two points in connection with Italy which travellers should bear in mind. The first is, never drink water unless well assured of its purity; if doubtful, have it boiled; failing that, drink either beer or the wine of the country. The other point is not to remain out after the sun sets. The reason for this is obvious, as the chill which supervenes condenses any malaria there may be in the air, and thus the danger. This is especially necessary with respect to Rome and its neighbourhood.











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